

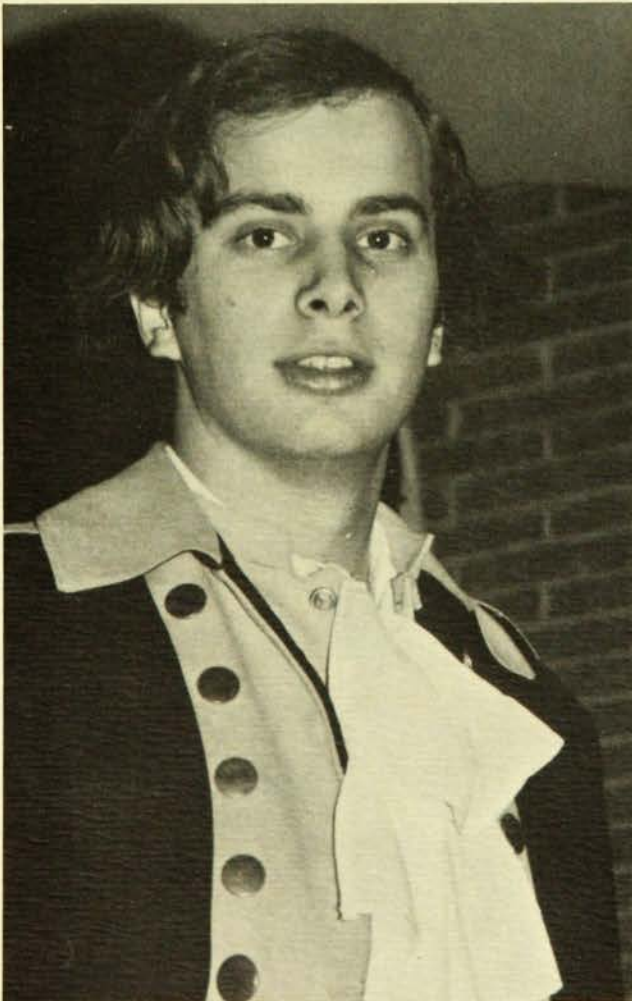
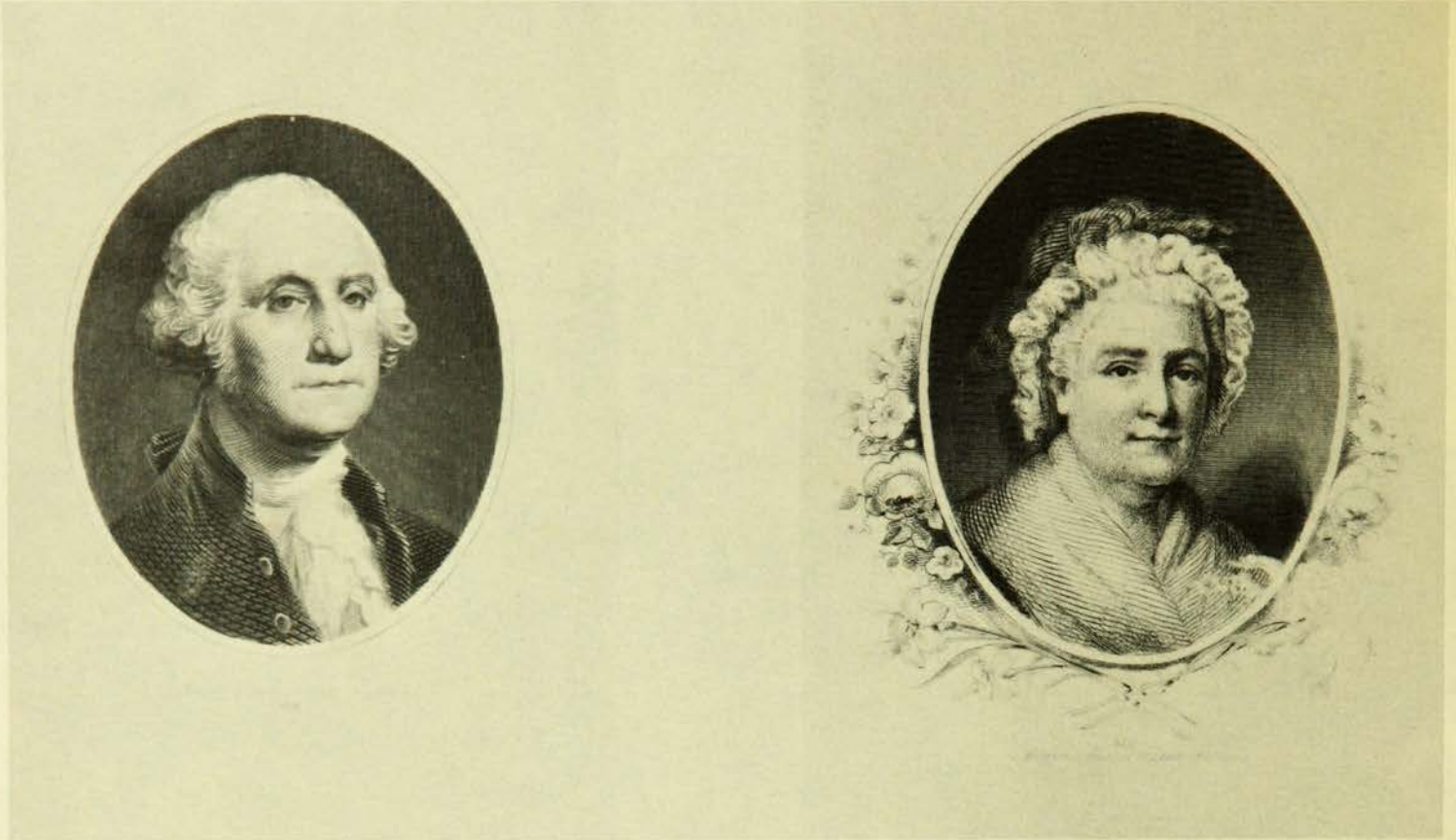
1974 L HERRY TREE

The
George Washington University
Library

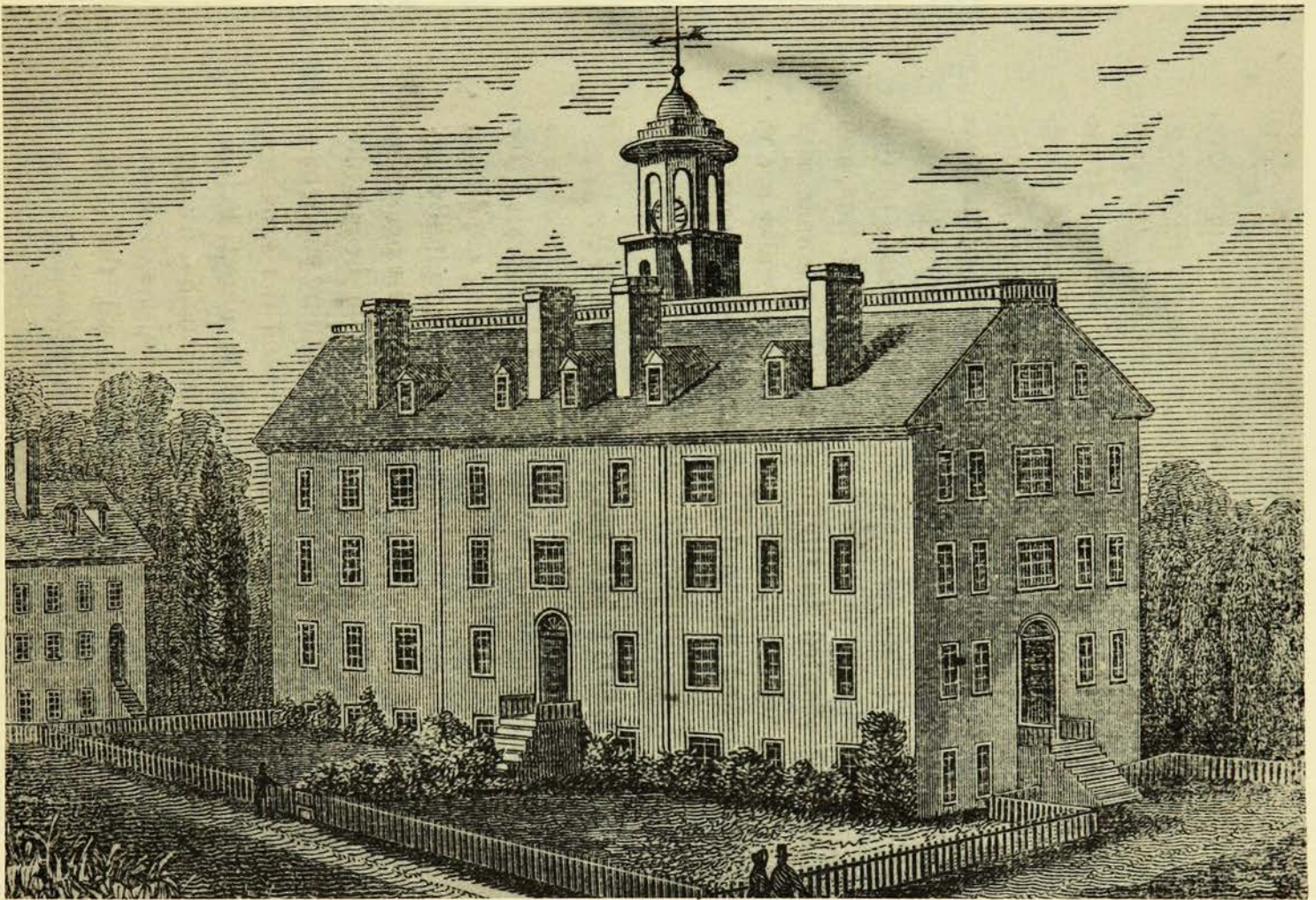


Special Collections
Division





GEORGE AND MARTHA



College Hill

Columbian College,

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

4th. Year *1st*. Term, ending *13th* Aug 1825
 Mr. *Clevering Thomas* Dr,

Tuition,	\$ 30 ⁰⁰
Boarding, <i>10</i> weeks, at <i>2⁰⁰</i> per week	20 ⁰⁰
Library,	2 ⁰⁰
Steward,	4 ⁰⁰
Room and furniture,	9 ⁰⁰
Bed and bedding,	5 ⁰⁰
Coal, <i>11</i> bushels, at <i>40</i> per bushel,	4.40
Wood,	50
Lamps,	2 ⁰⁰
Blacking shoes and boots,	2 ⁰⁰
Servants' hire,	3 ⁰⁰
Washing, <i>3 1/2</i> doz. at <i>37 1/2</i> cts. per doz.	1.25
Average of damages,	1.75
Private damages,

\$ 84.90

Received Payment,

Treas.

A student's account covering all expenses for a term (1825).

Then...

Tuition

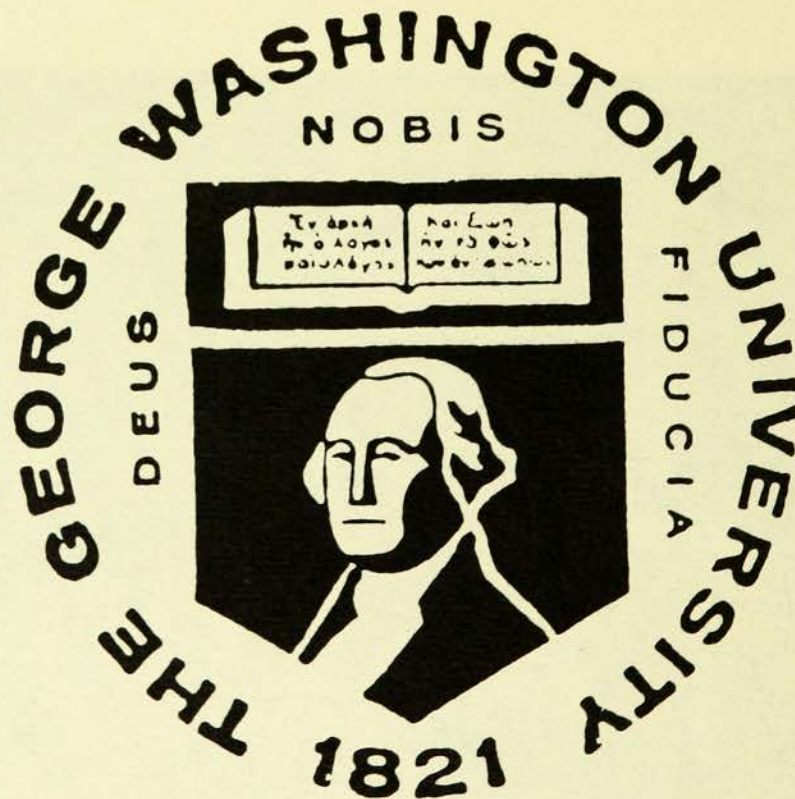
STUDENT NO.	LAST NAME	FIRST NAME	M.I.	DATE OF REGISTRATION	SEM. & YEAR	DIV.	FULL OR PART TIME	DATE THIS CARD PREPARED				
327922	WICE	JEFFREY	M	01-14	SPRING 74	01	FULL	02-28-74				
ADDRESS 2212 EYE ST NW #607			WASHINGTON DC			TEL. NO. 223-2733						
COURSE	SECTION	ADD DROP	CR. HRS.	DESCRIPTION	DATE	REFERENCE NO.	G.L. NO.	DEPT.	ACT.	DEBIT	CREDIT	
ENGL	172A		3	TUITION	01-14			A	890	117500		
ENGL	176A		3	MATERIAL FEE	01-14	TU000000		B	803	11750		
FREN	004B		3	U. CTR. FEE	01-14	TU000000		B	860	3750		
MUS	012A		3	FEES	01-13			B	808	2500		
				FEES	01-13			B	801	600		
ENGL	134A		3	PAYMENT	01-13	RR036627	81402				147850	
				REFUND	01-22	RE002116		28		11750		
TOTAL NO. CR. HOURS				16	DEBIT BAL.				.00	CREDIT BAL.		

REGISTRATION REGISTER

...And Now



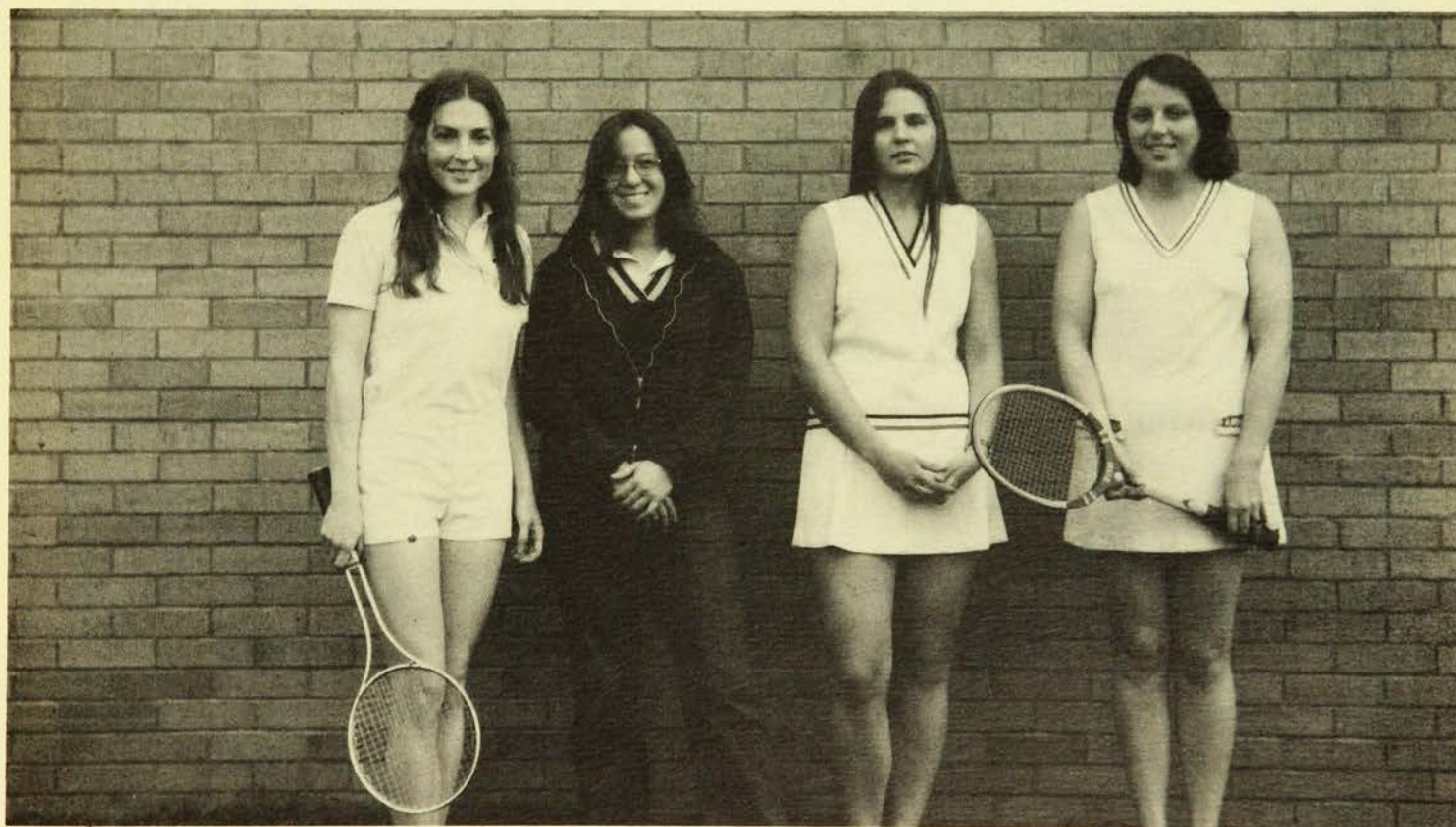




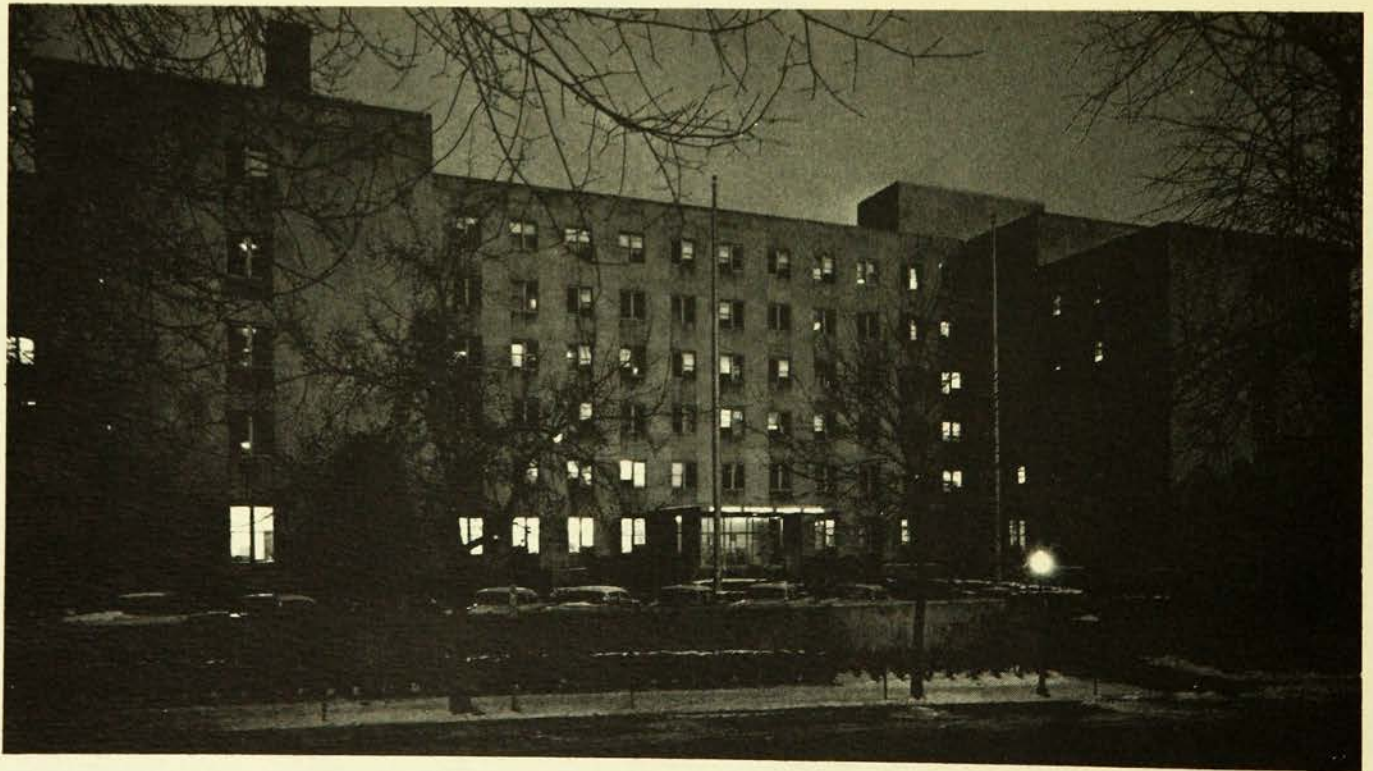
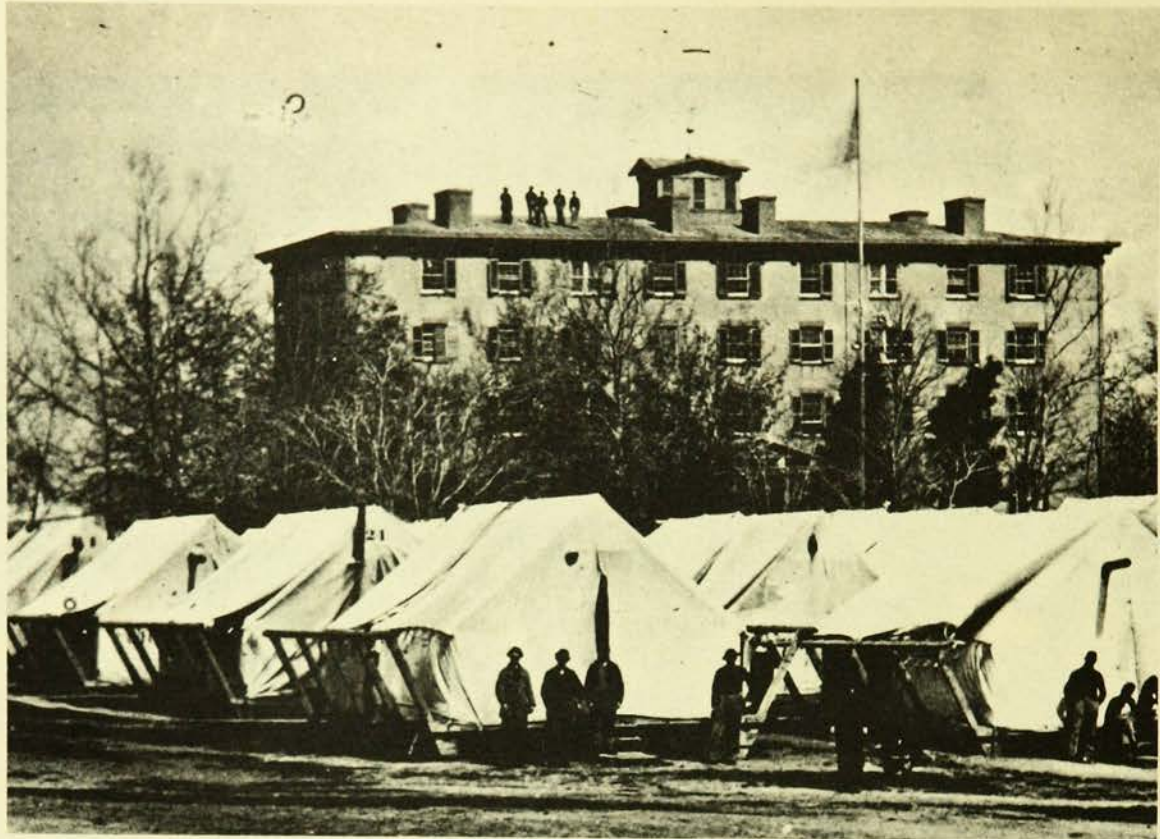
Women's Tennis Team



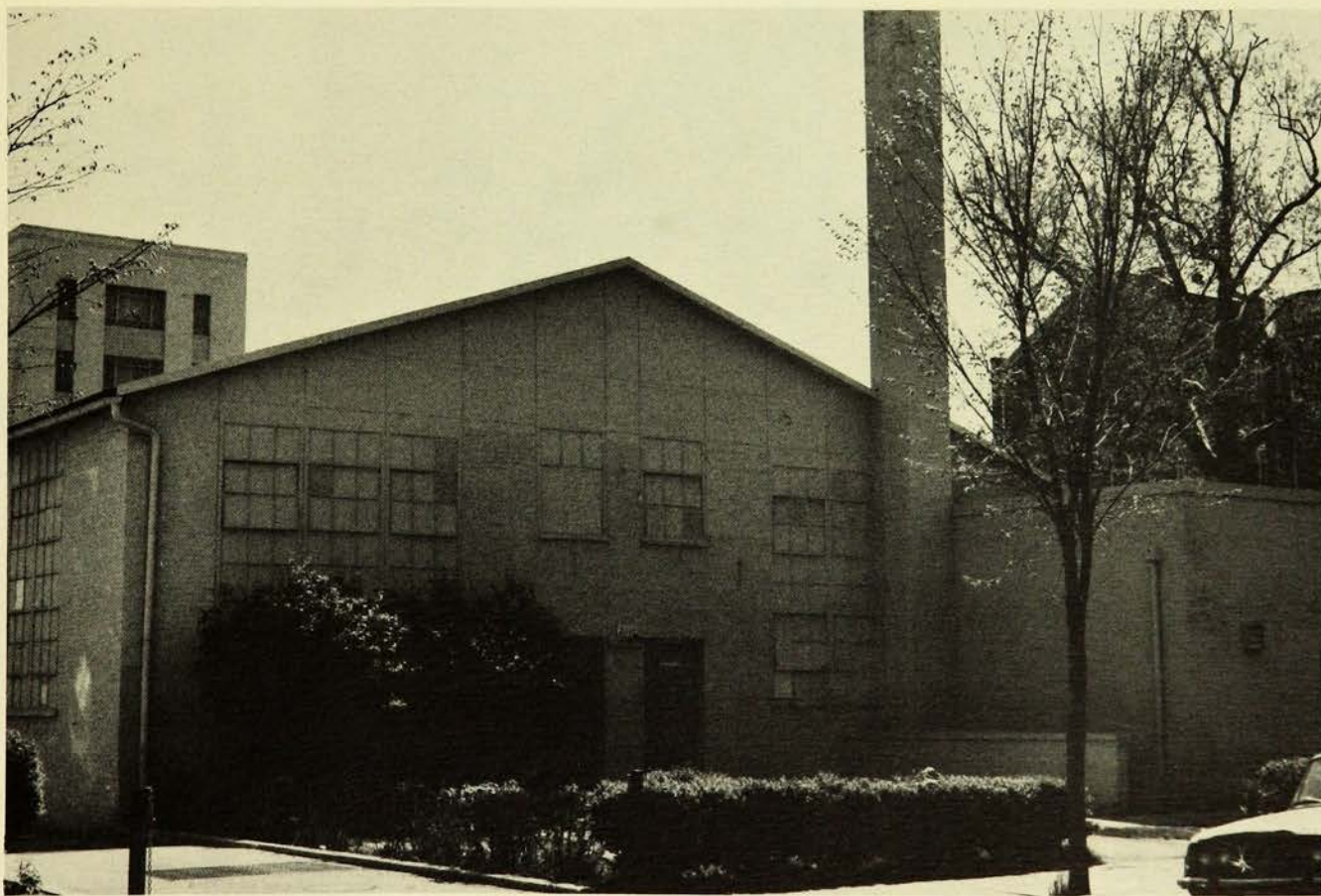
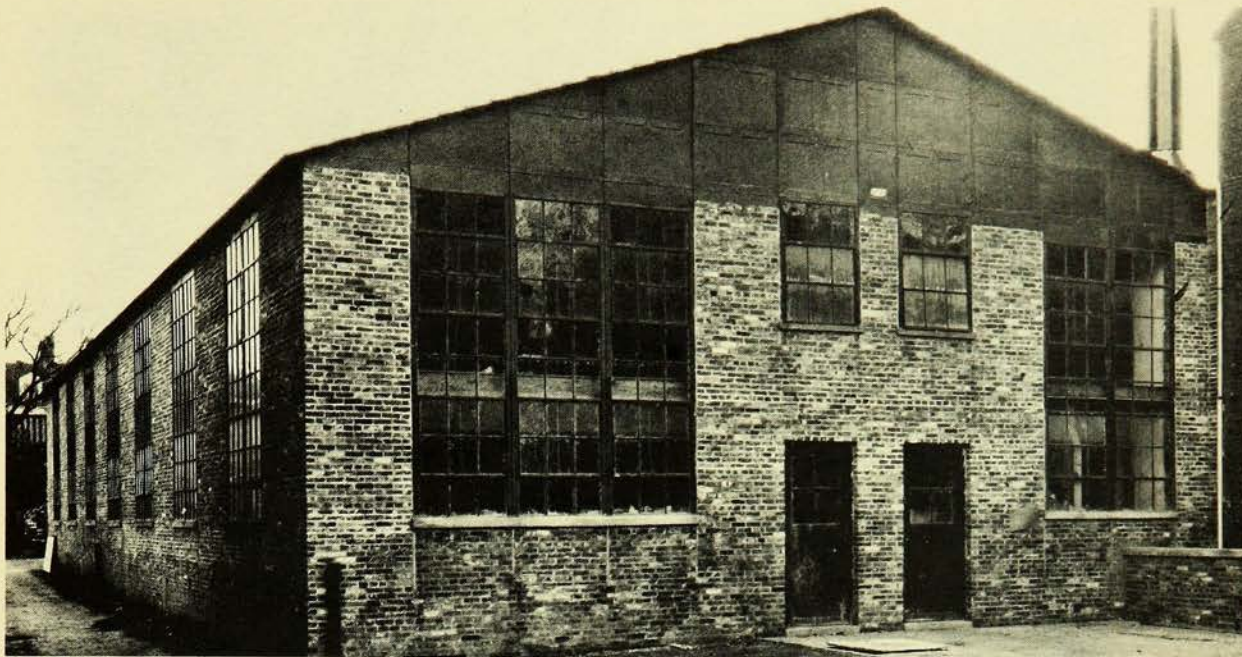
Miss Mabel Thurston is second from left in the back row.



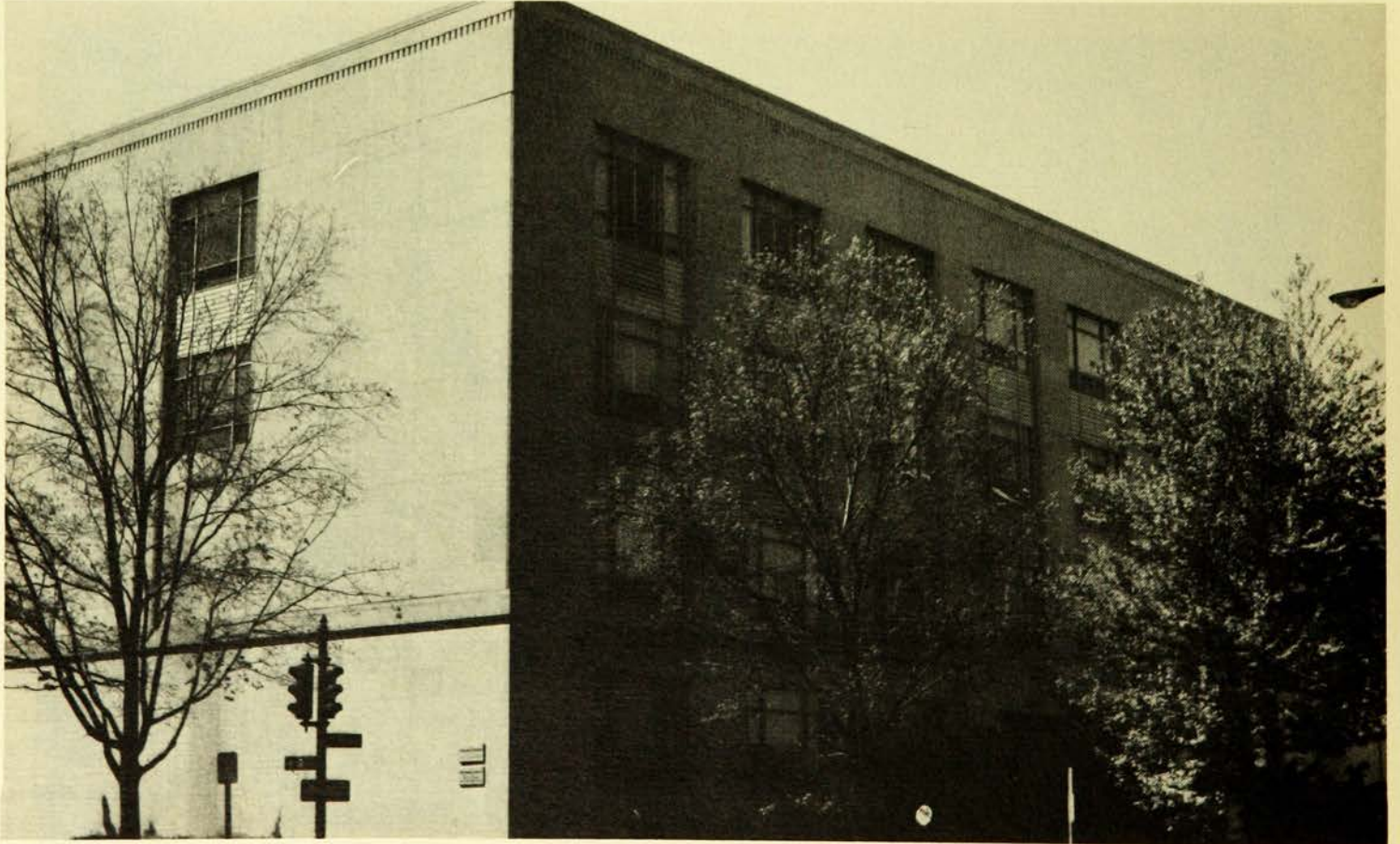
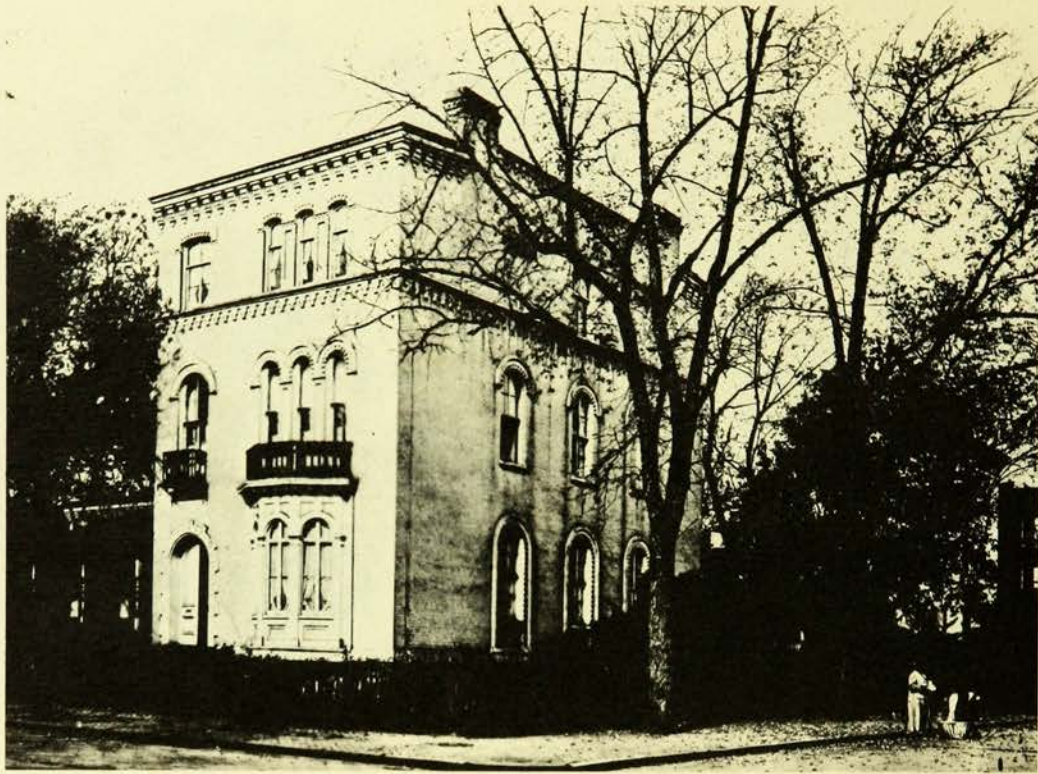
University Hospital



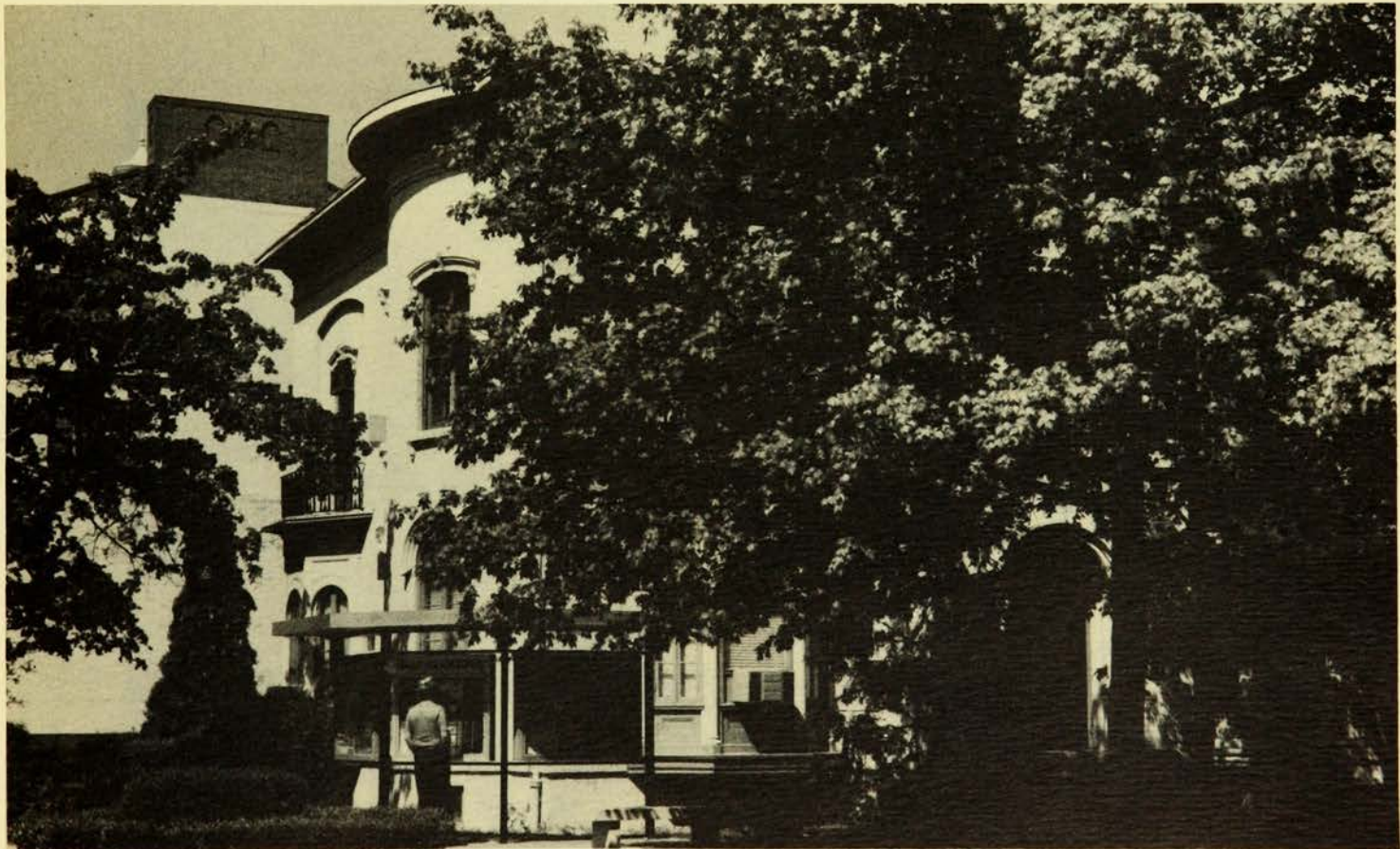
The Tin Tabernacle

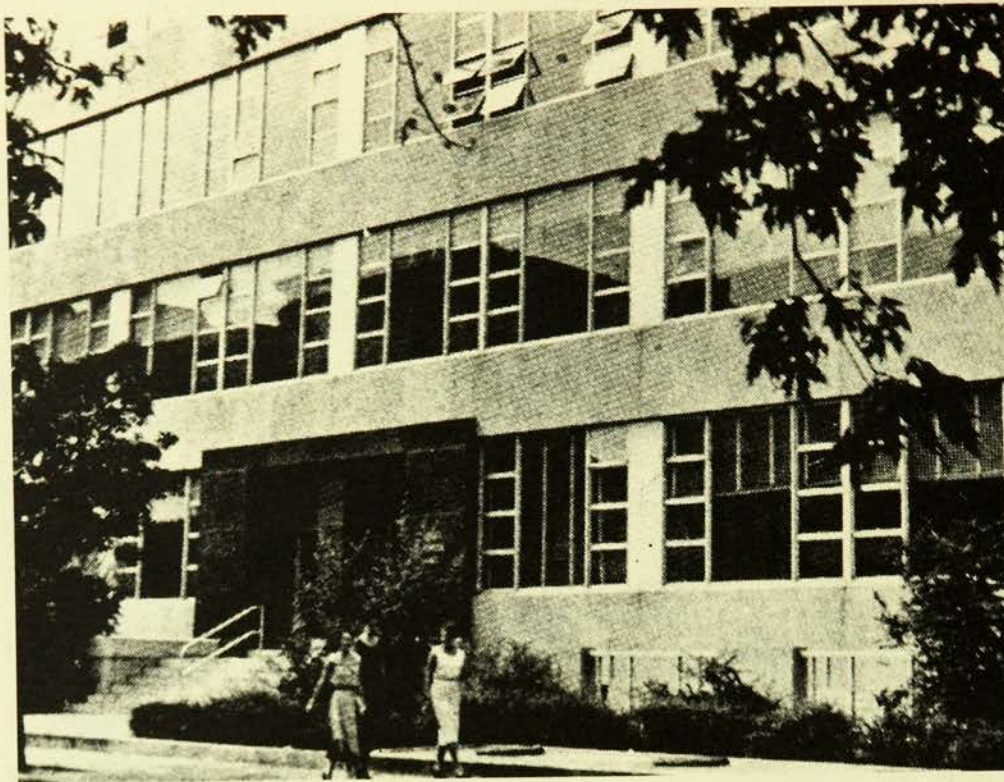


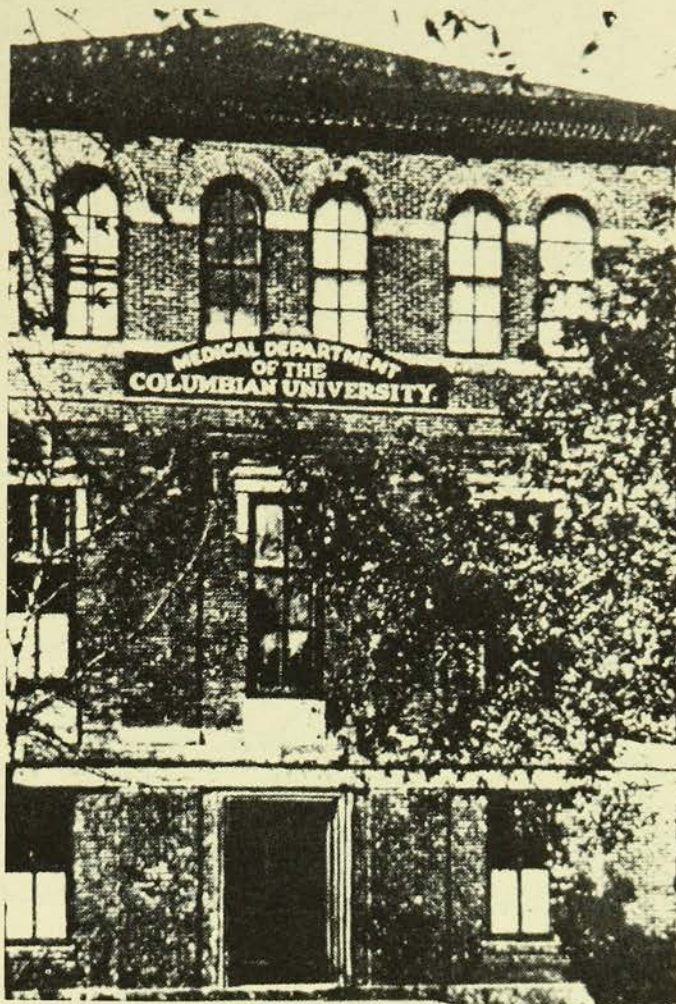
21st and G Streets



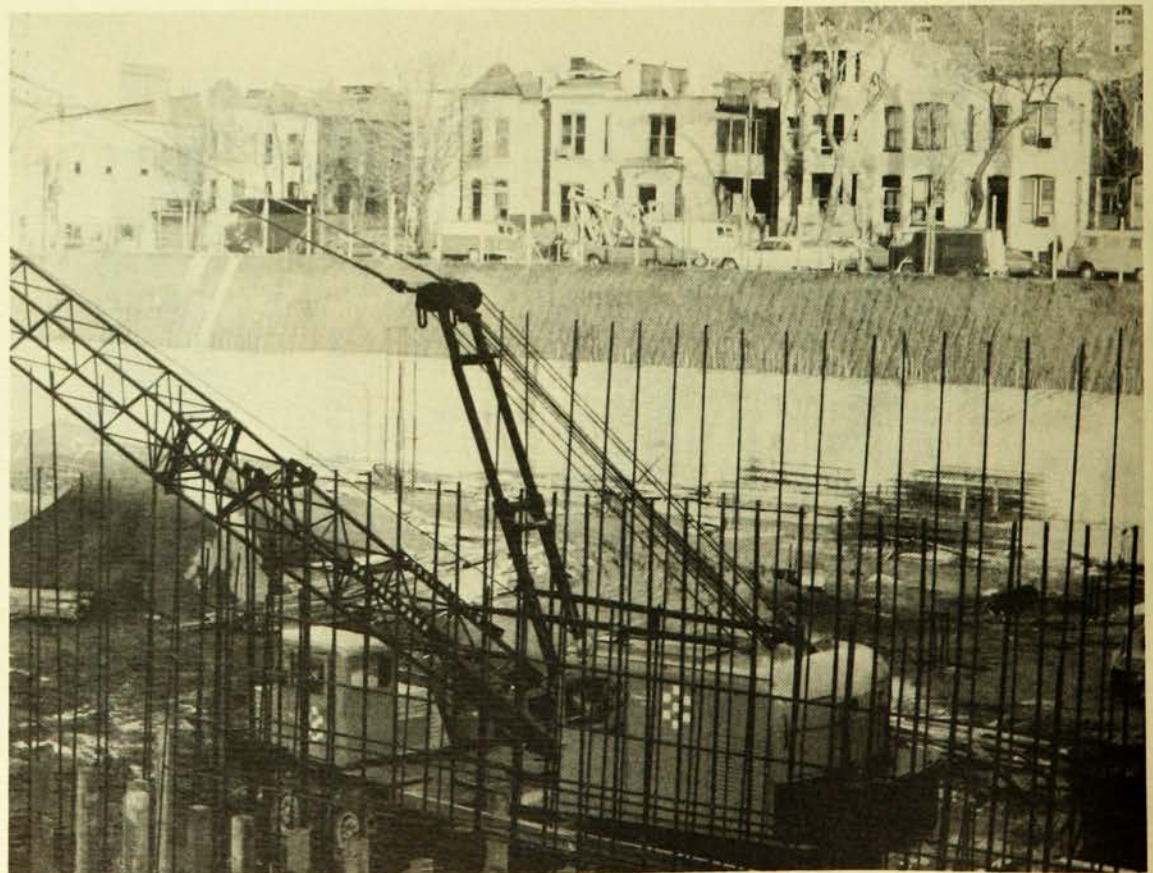
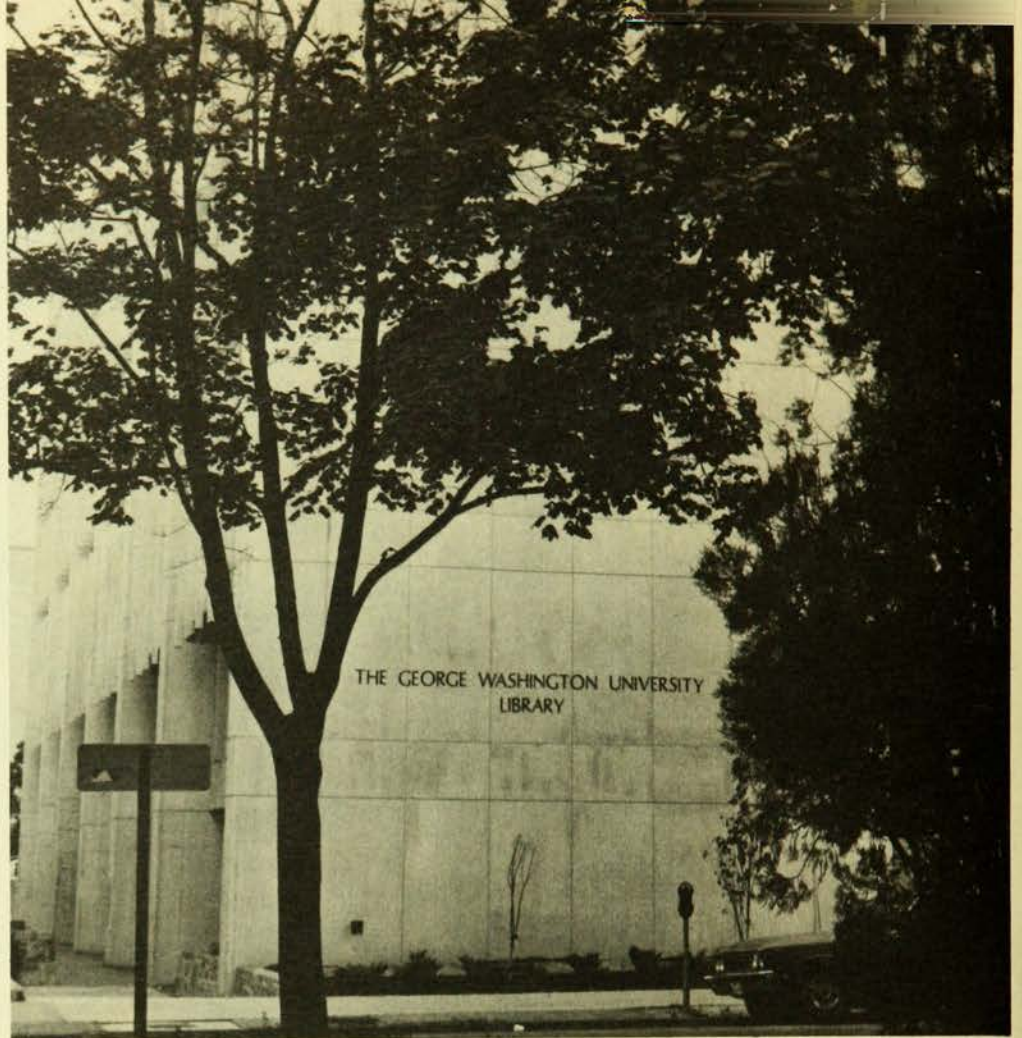
Woodhull House



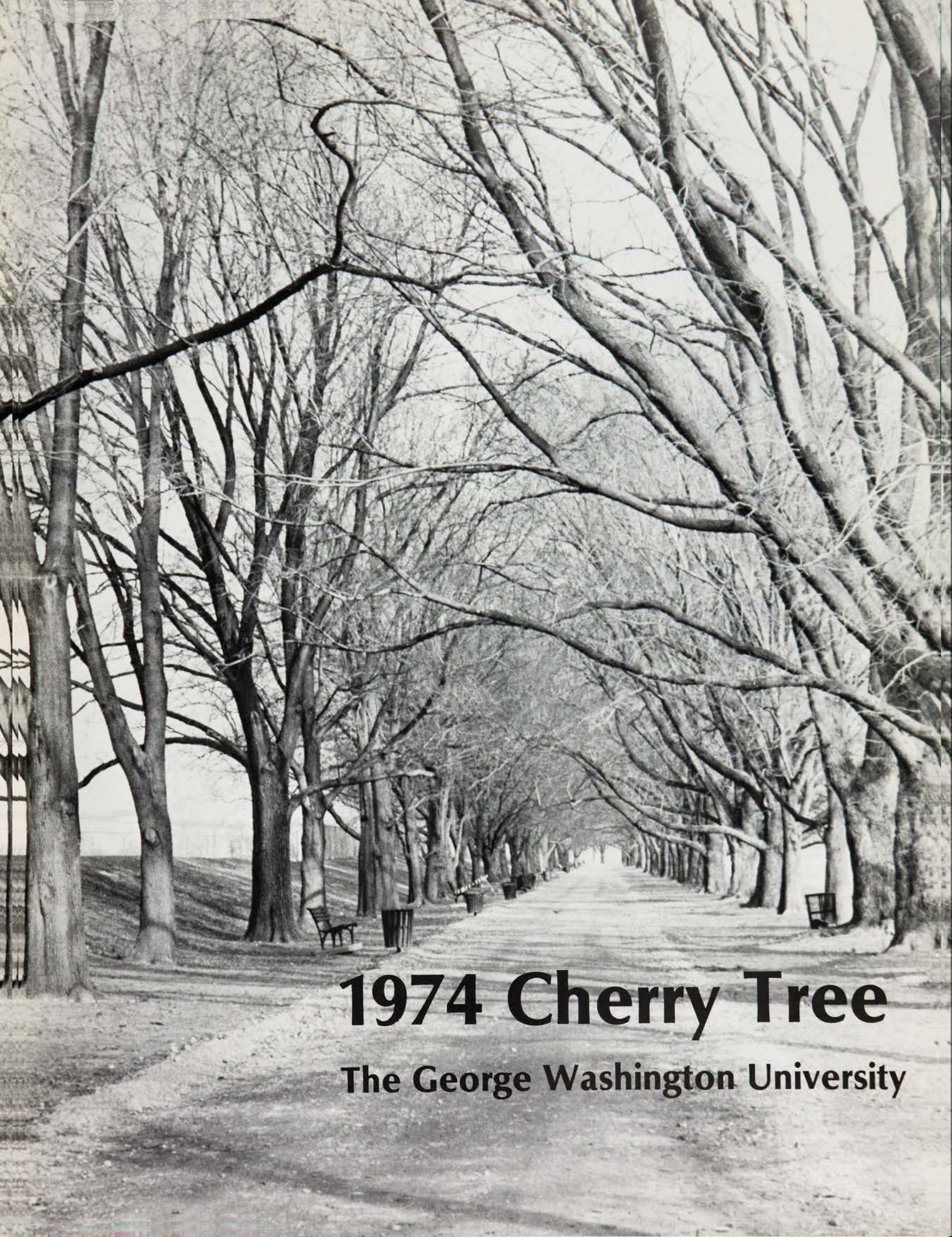




University Library

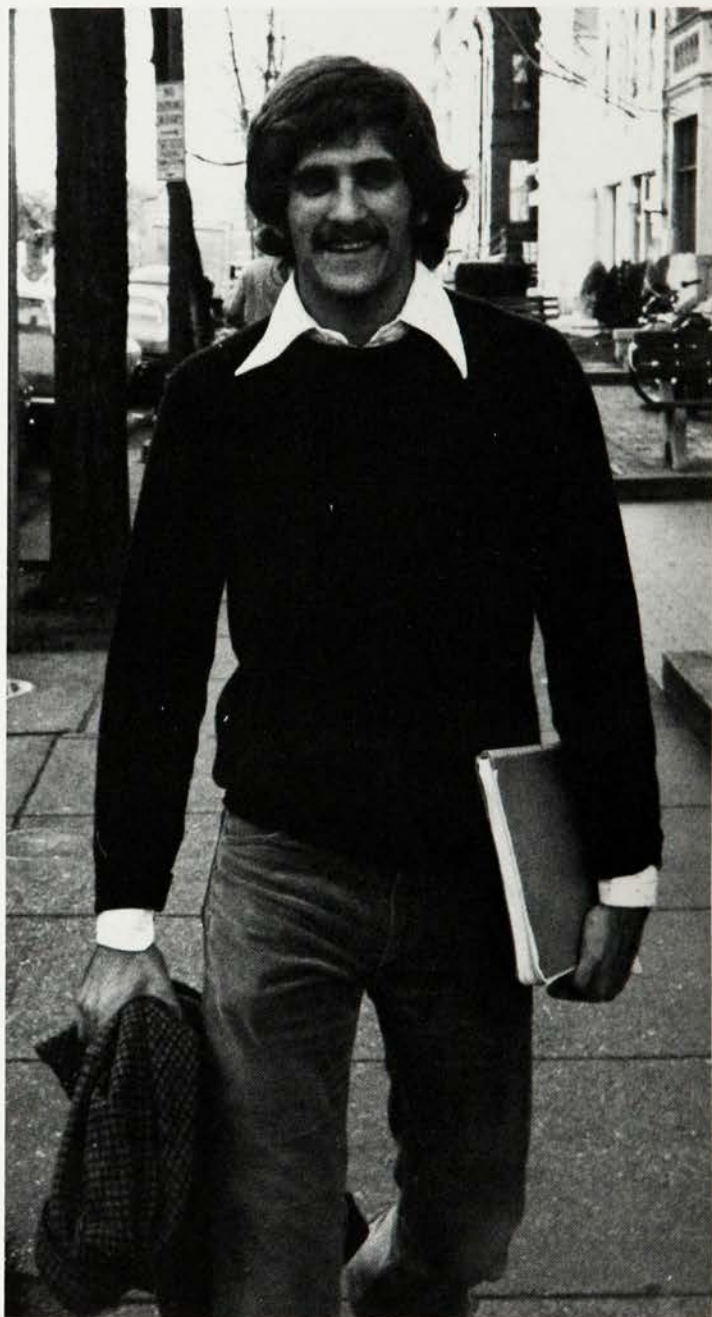


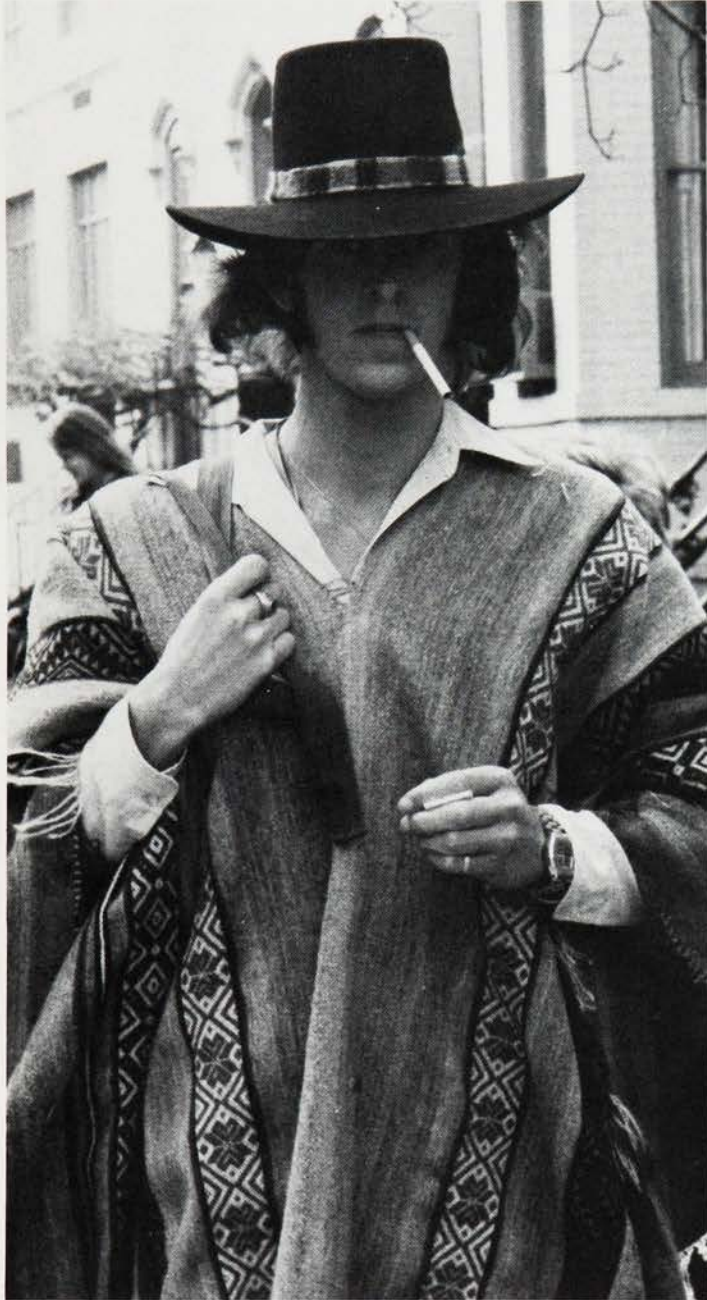
Charles E. Smith Physical Education Center
(under construction)



1974 Cherry Tree

The George Washington University



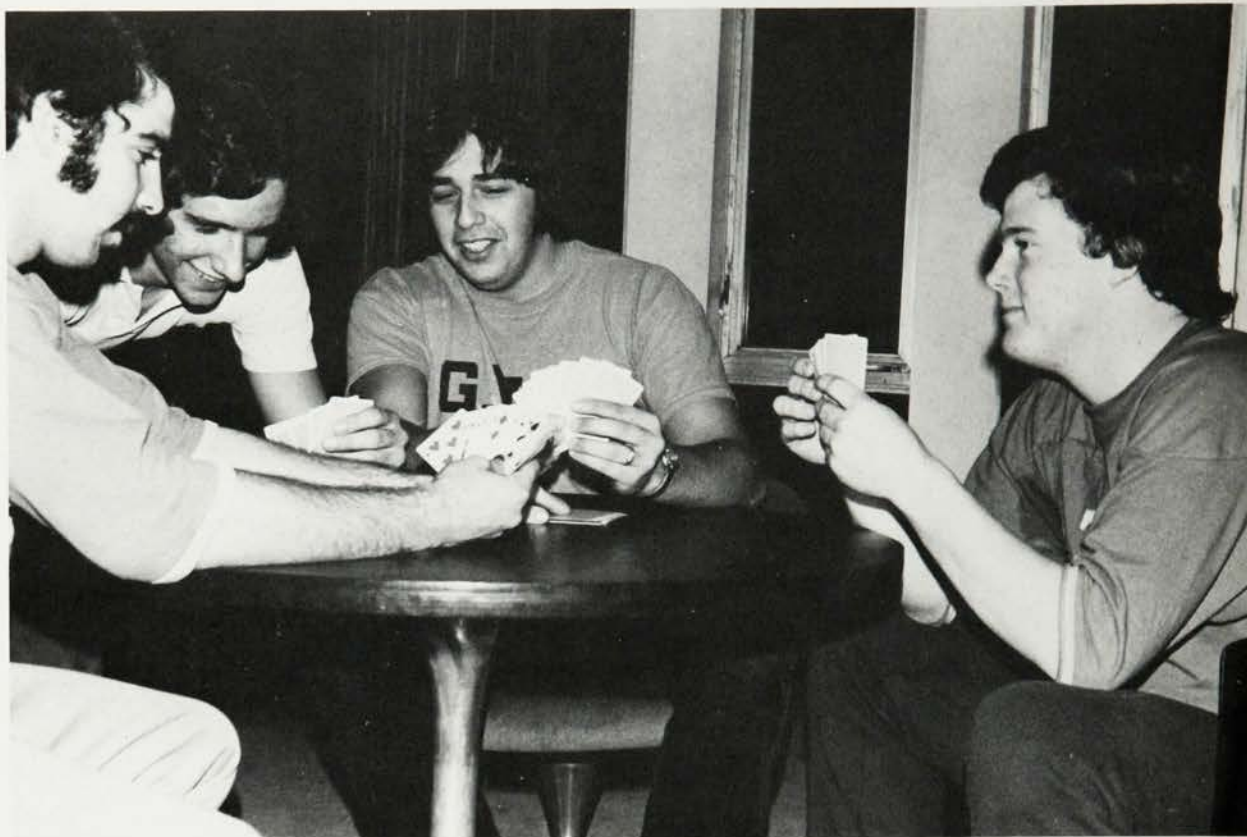






President Lloyd H. Elliot

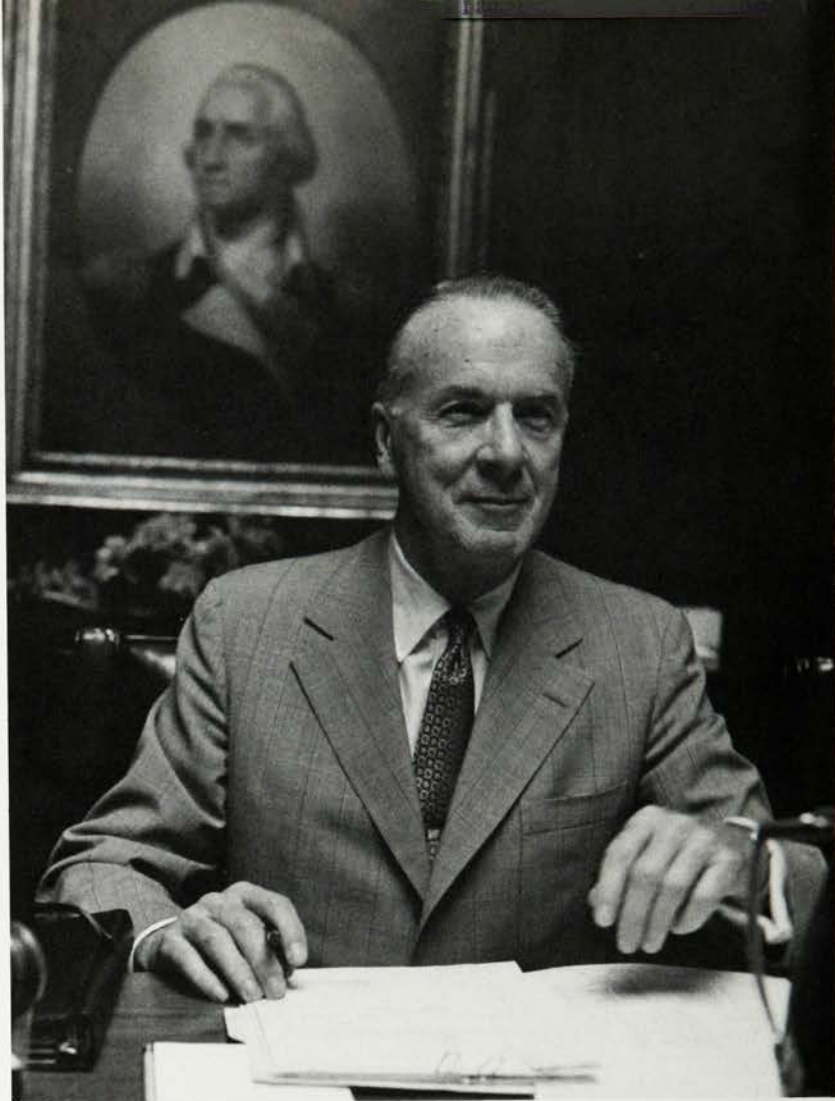




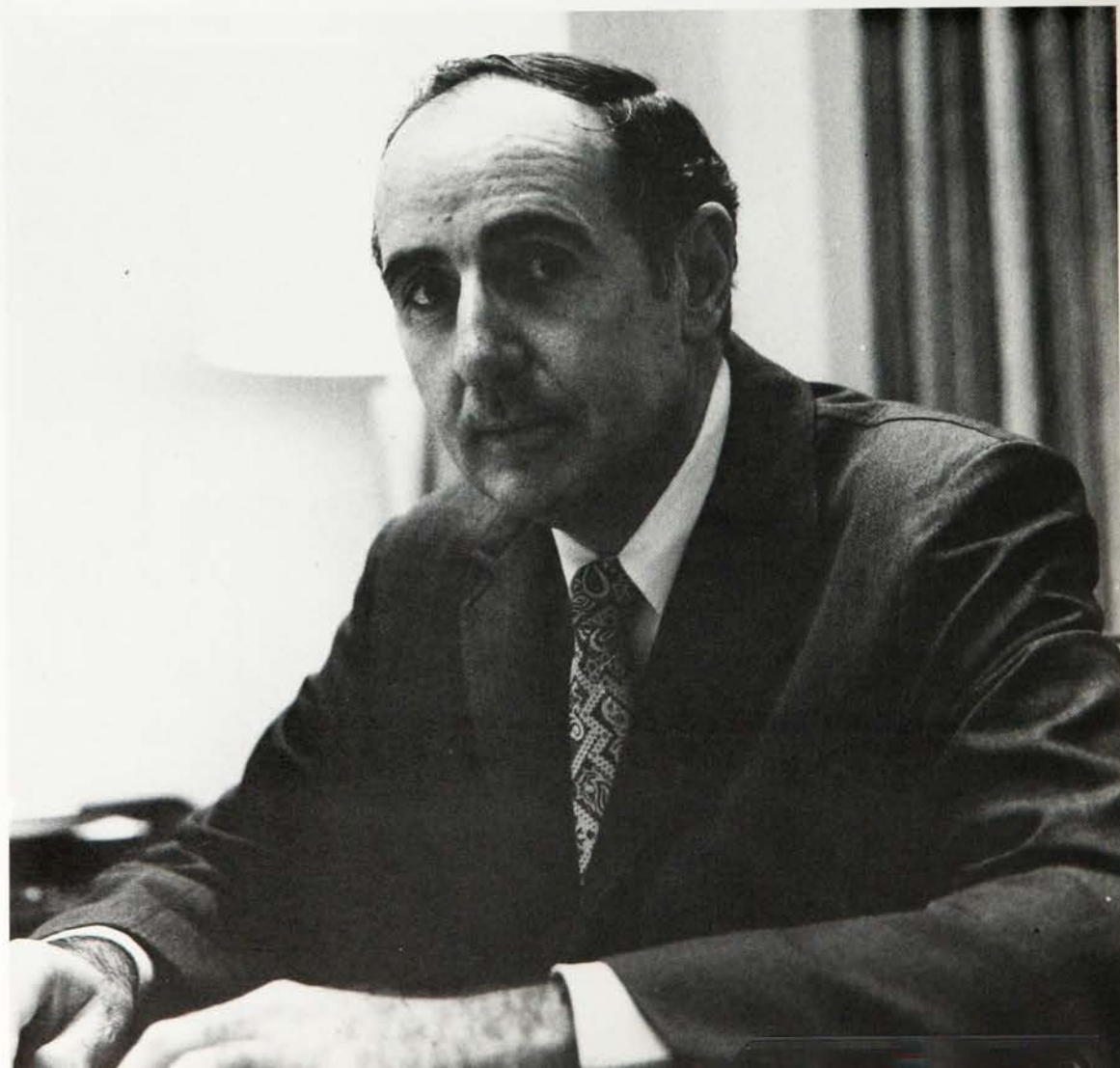








Charles Phillips
Chairman, Board of Trustees



Vice President
John Cantini



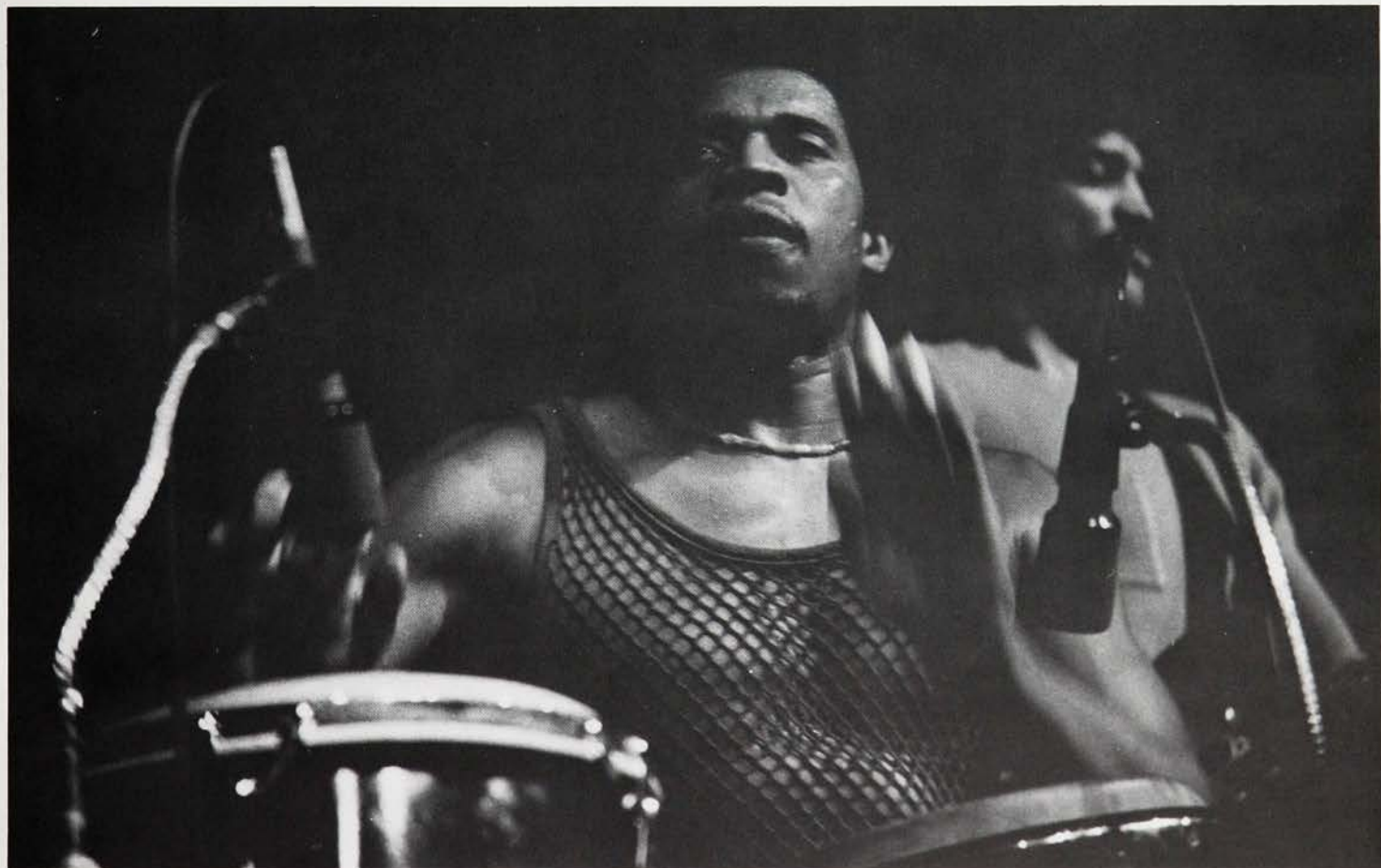
Mankind must put an
end to war or war will
put an end to mankind.

— John F. Kennedy



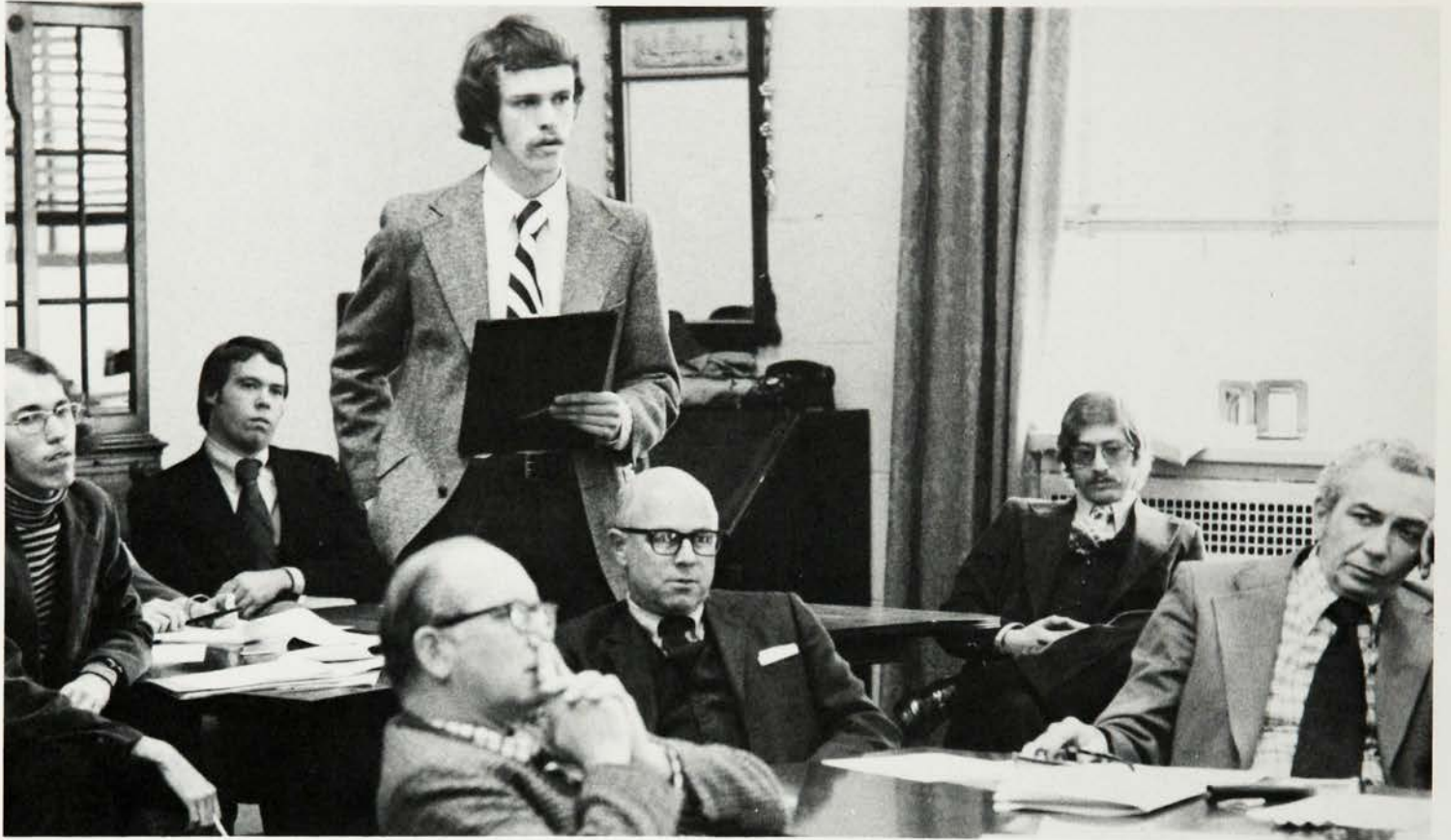


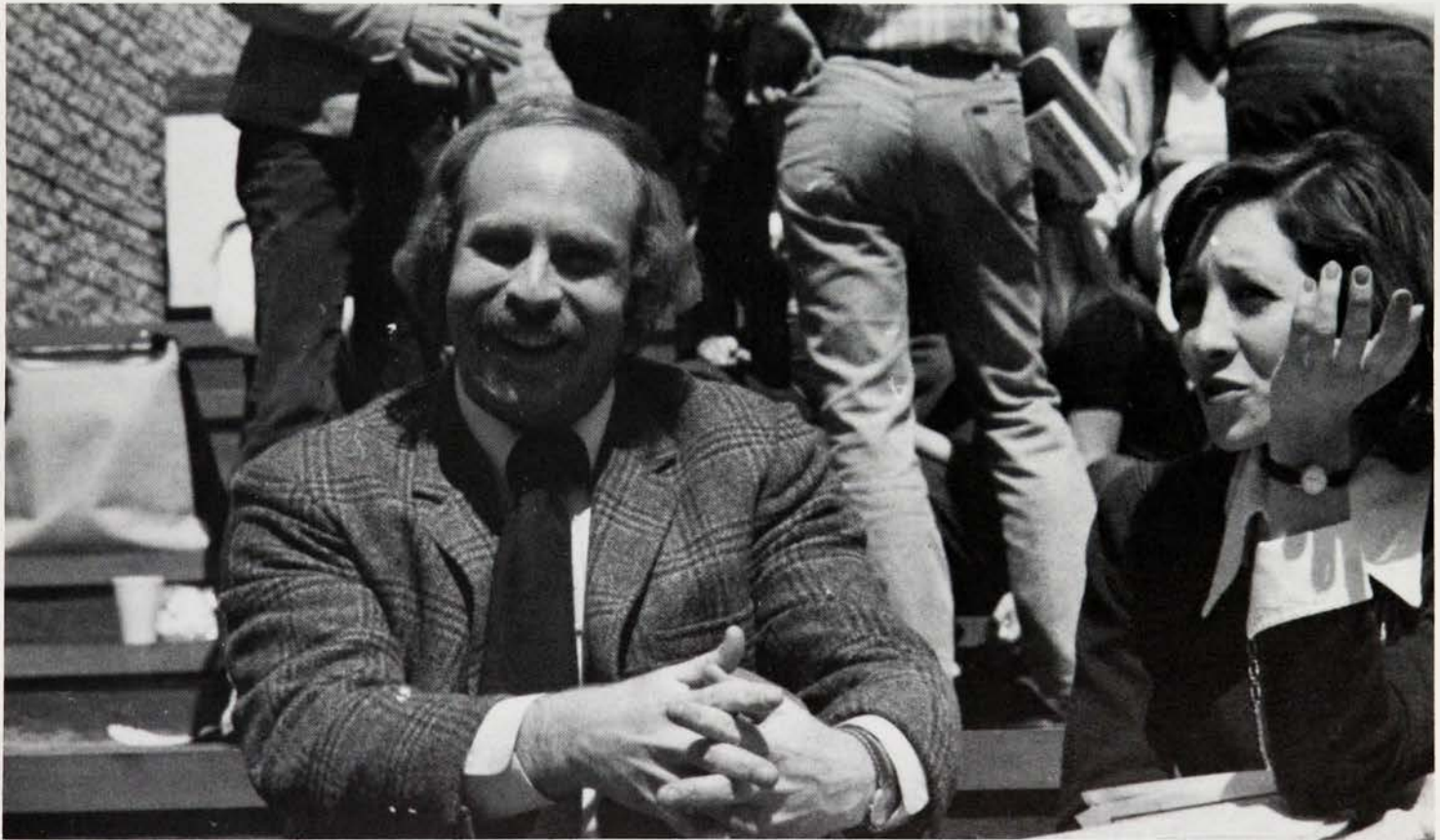
Liz Meyer

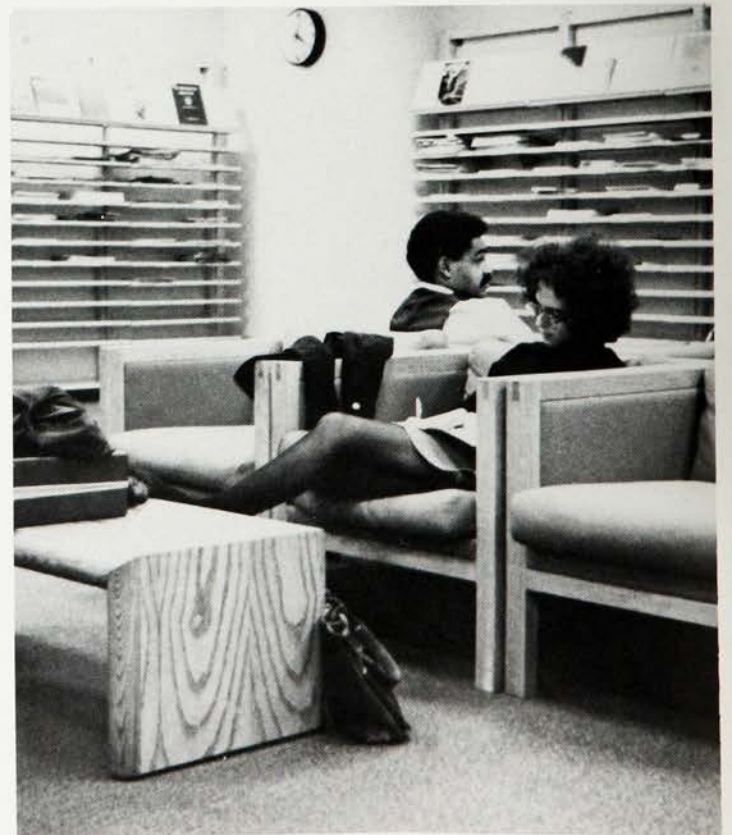
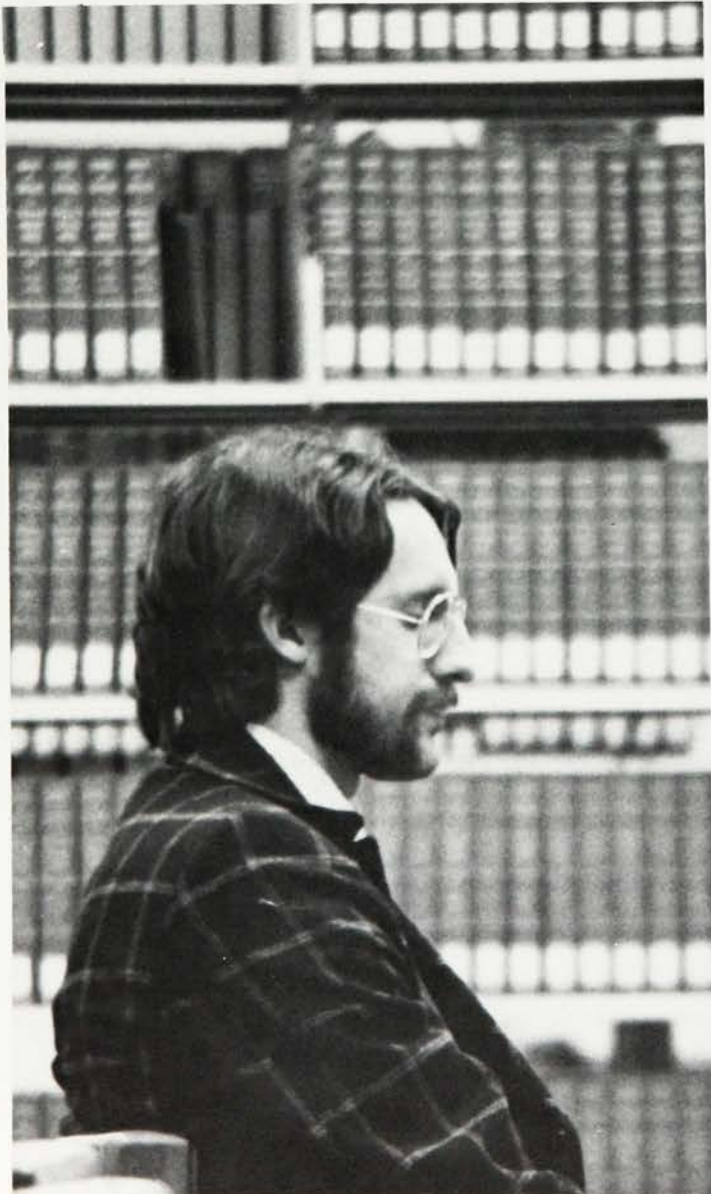


Little Feat

FACULTY SENATE

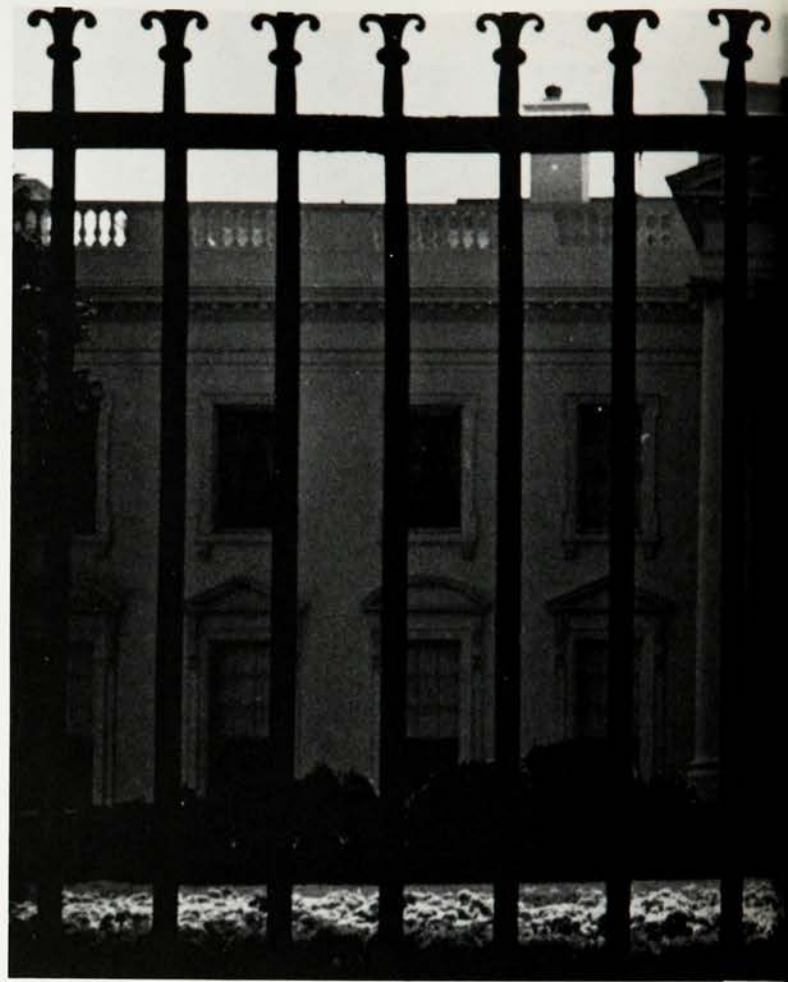


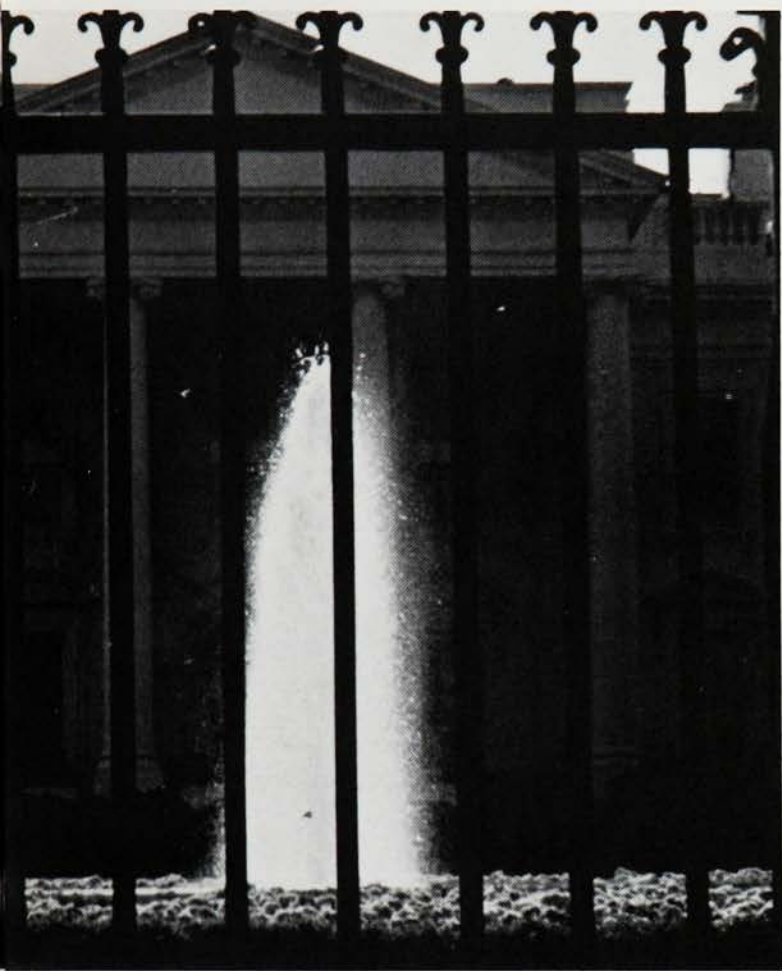






AROUND TOWN

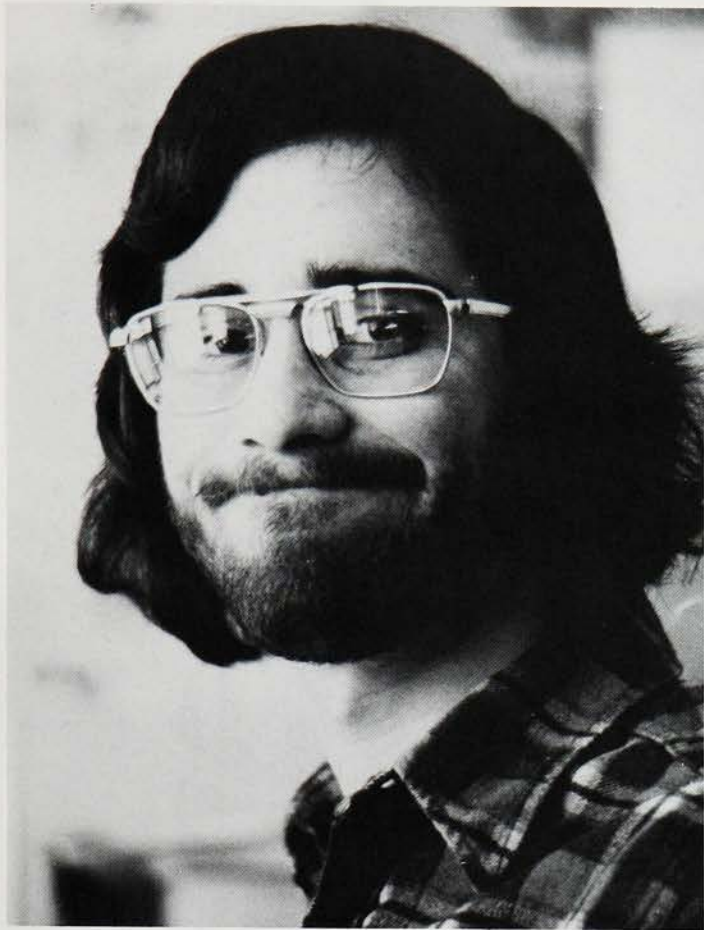




IMPEACHMENT







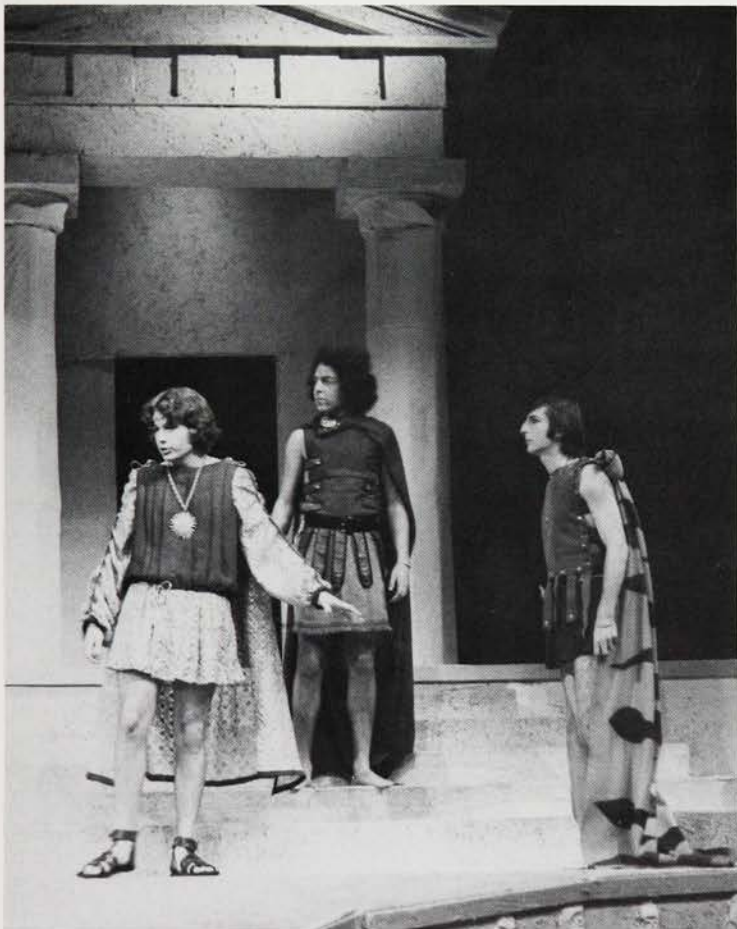
THE College PUBLICAN CLUB





THE ROPE

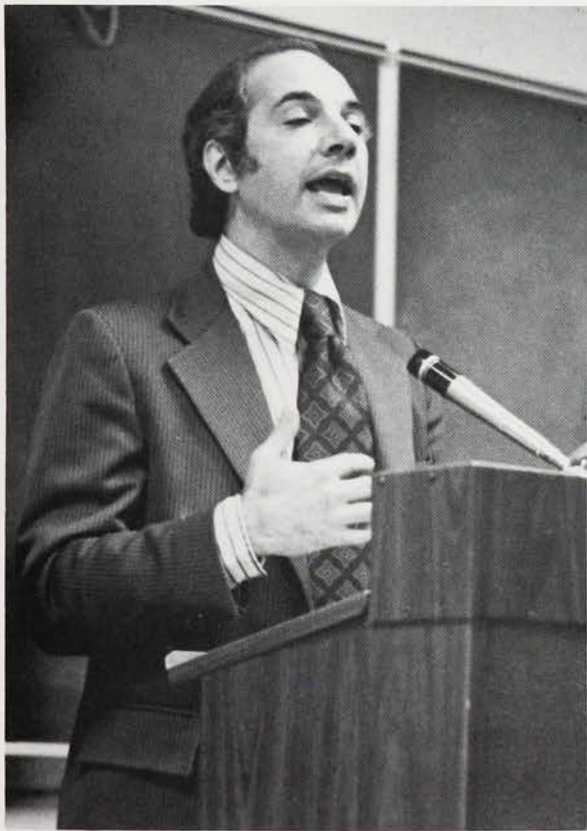




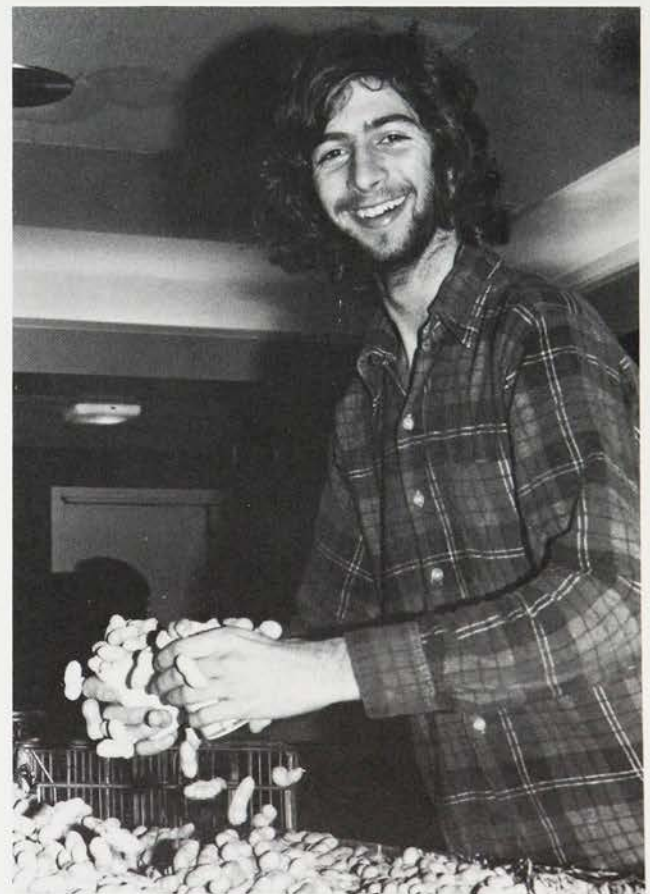


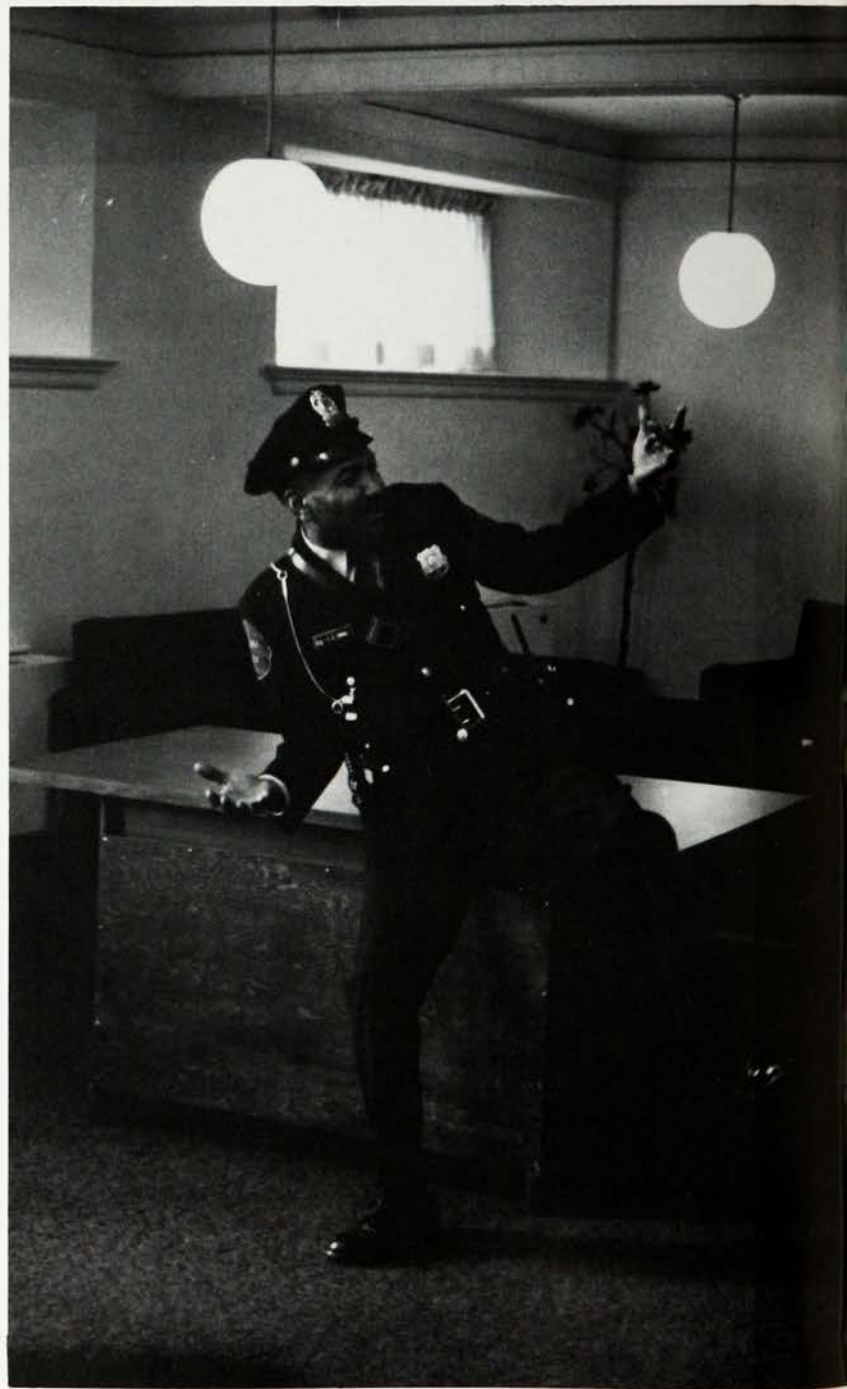
Provost Harold F. Bright

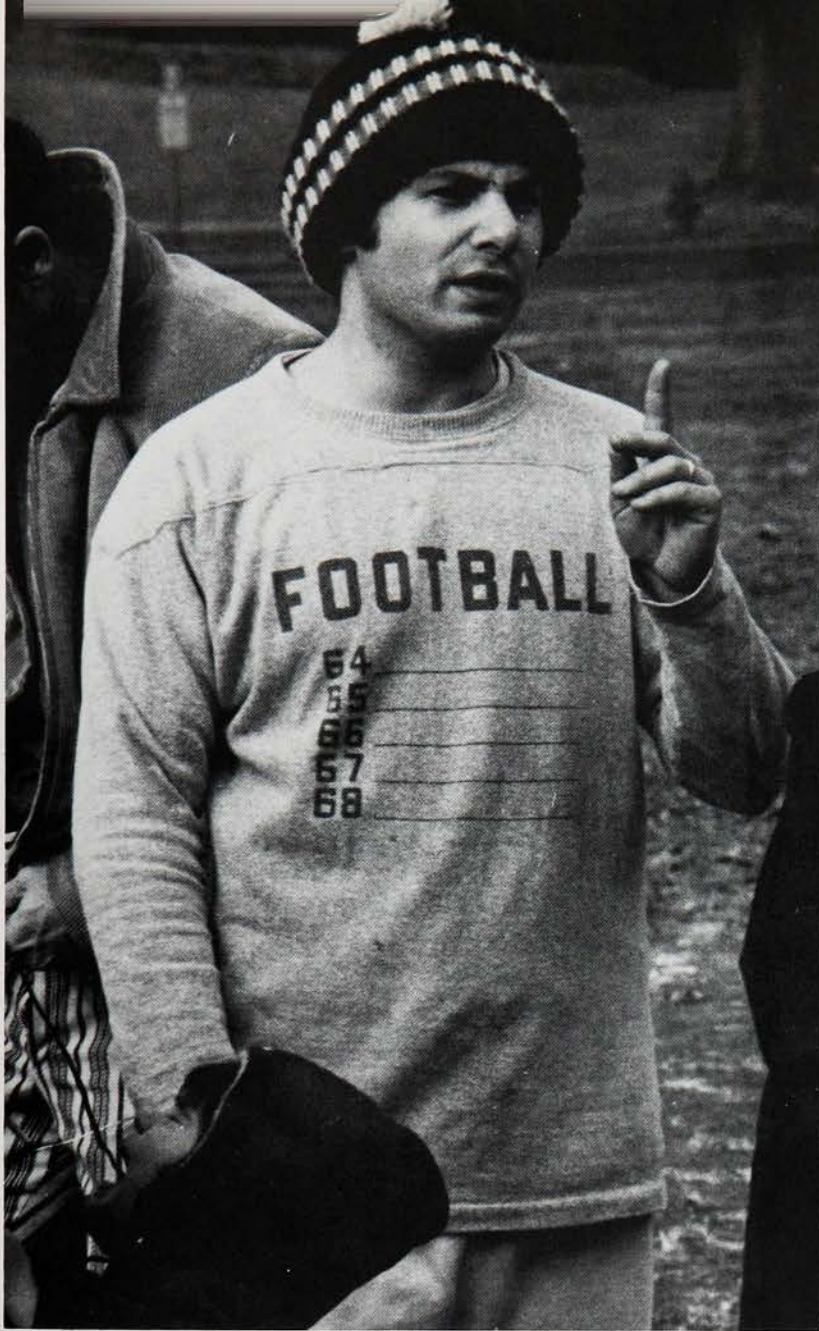




Ron Nesson
NBC News

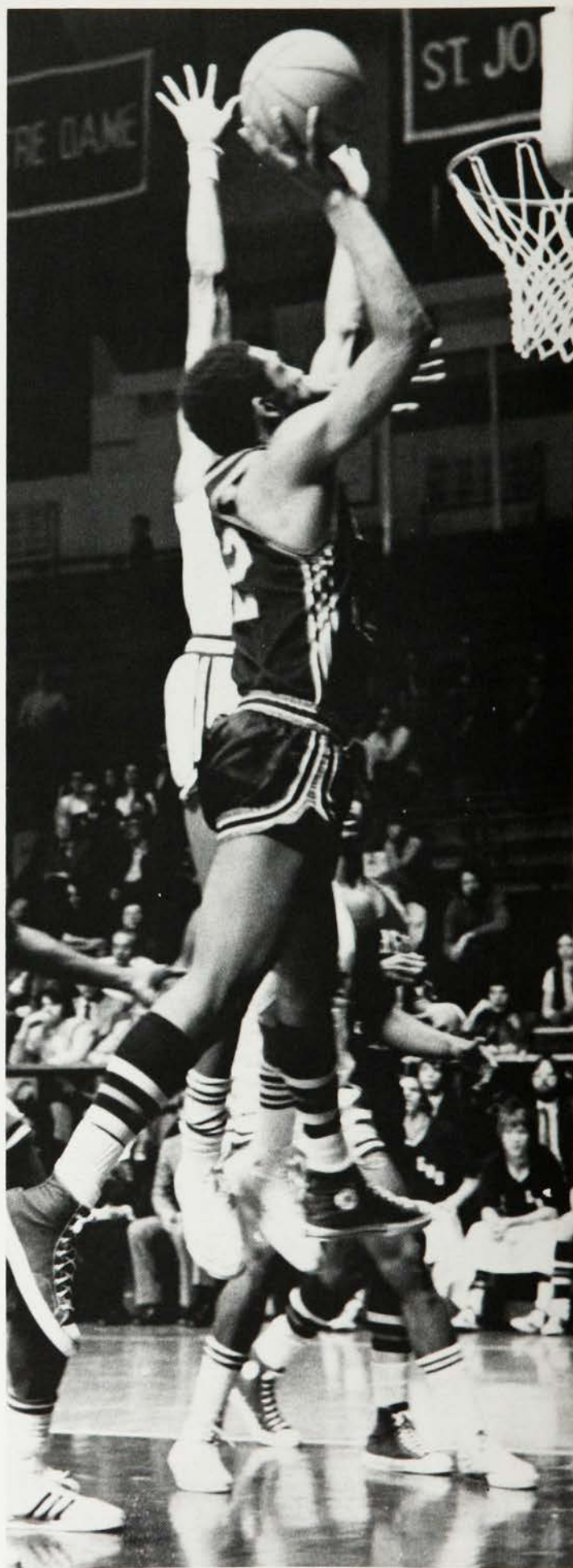






David Speck
Director of Student Activities





STIANITY IN NEW HOP

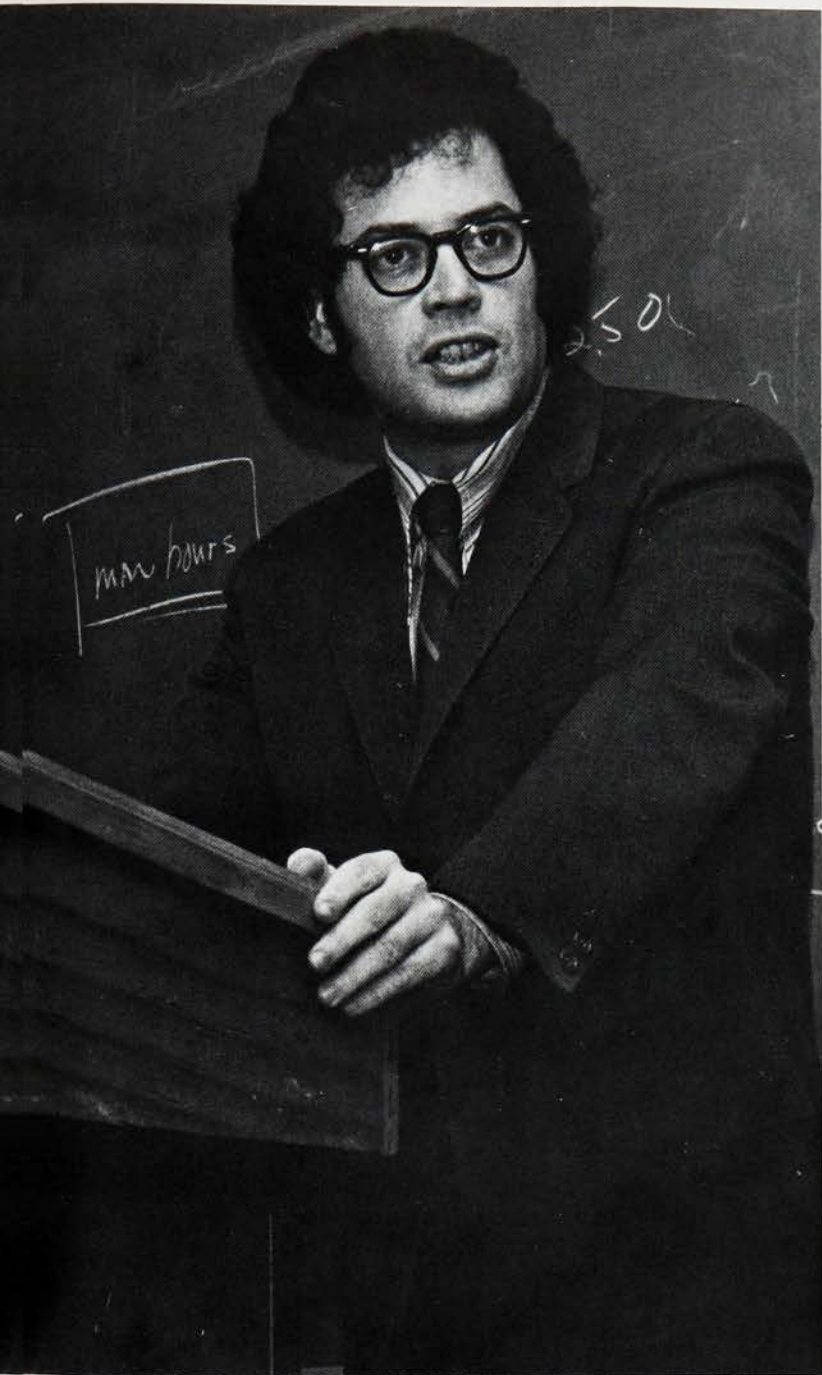


Reverend Sun Myung Moon

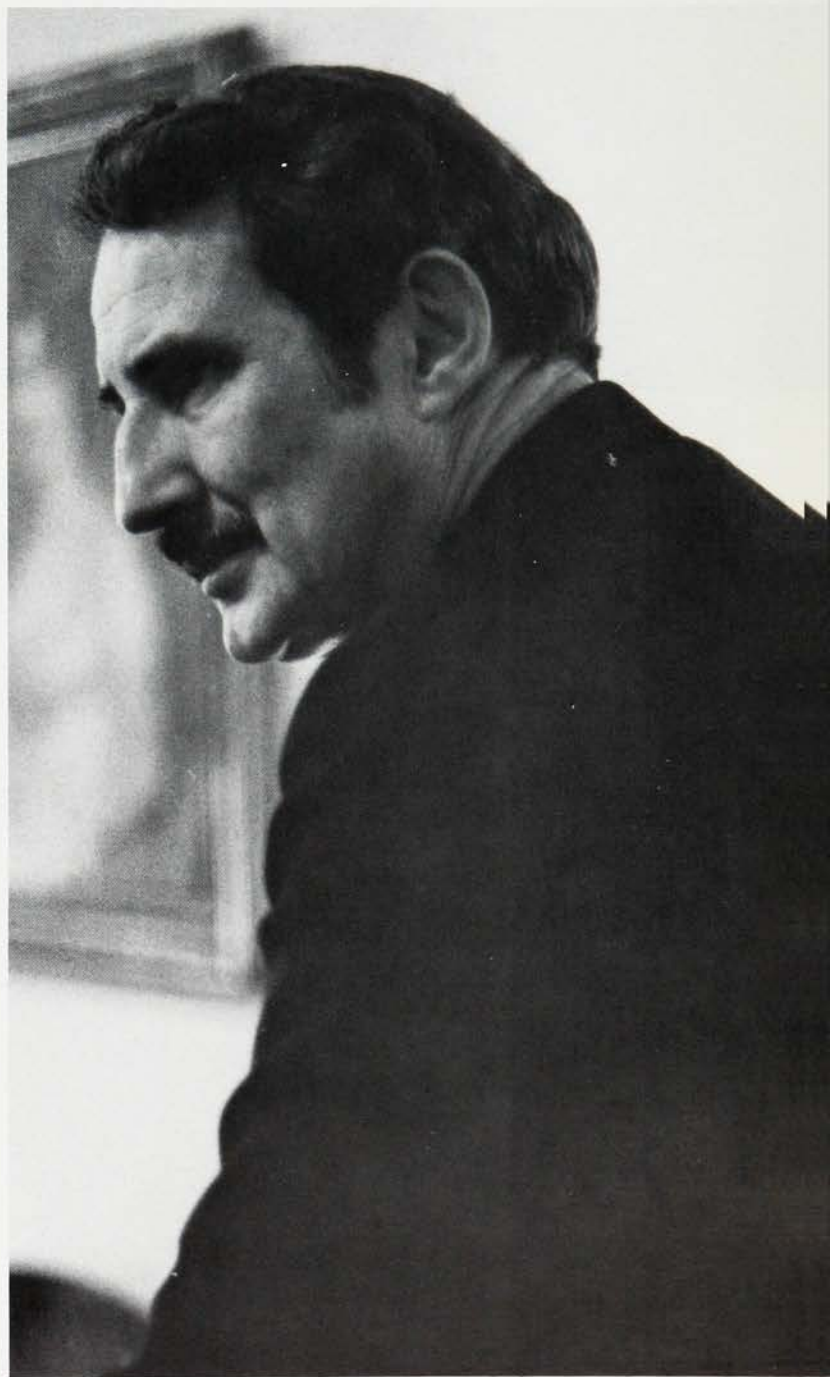


REGISTRATION



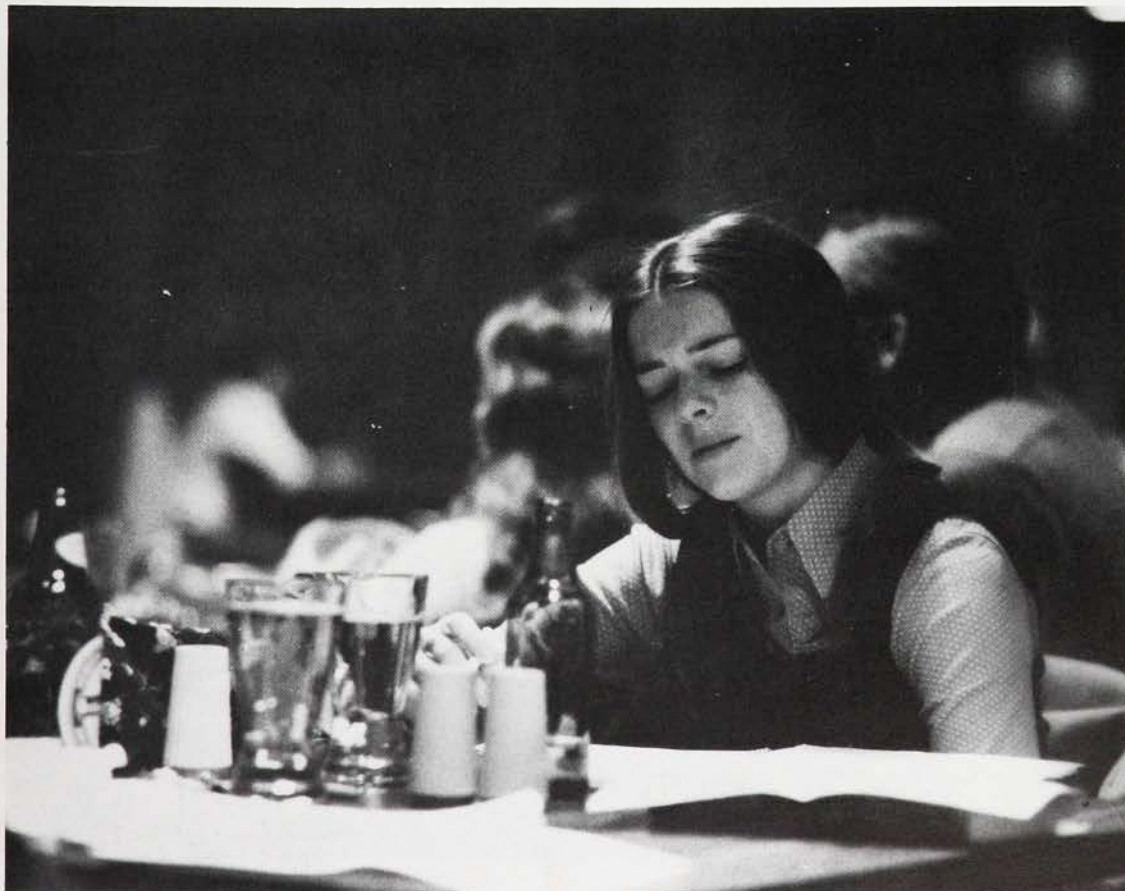


Professor Stephen Wayne

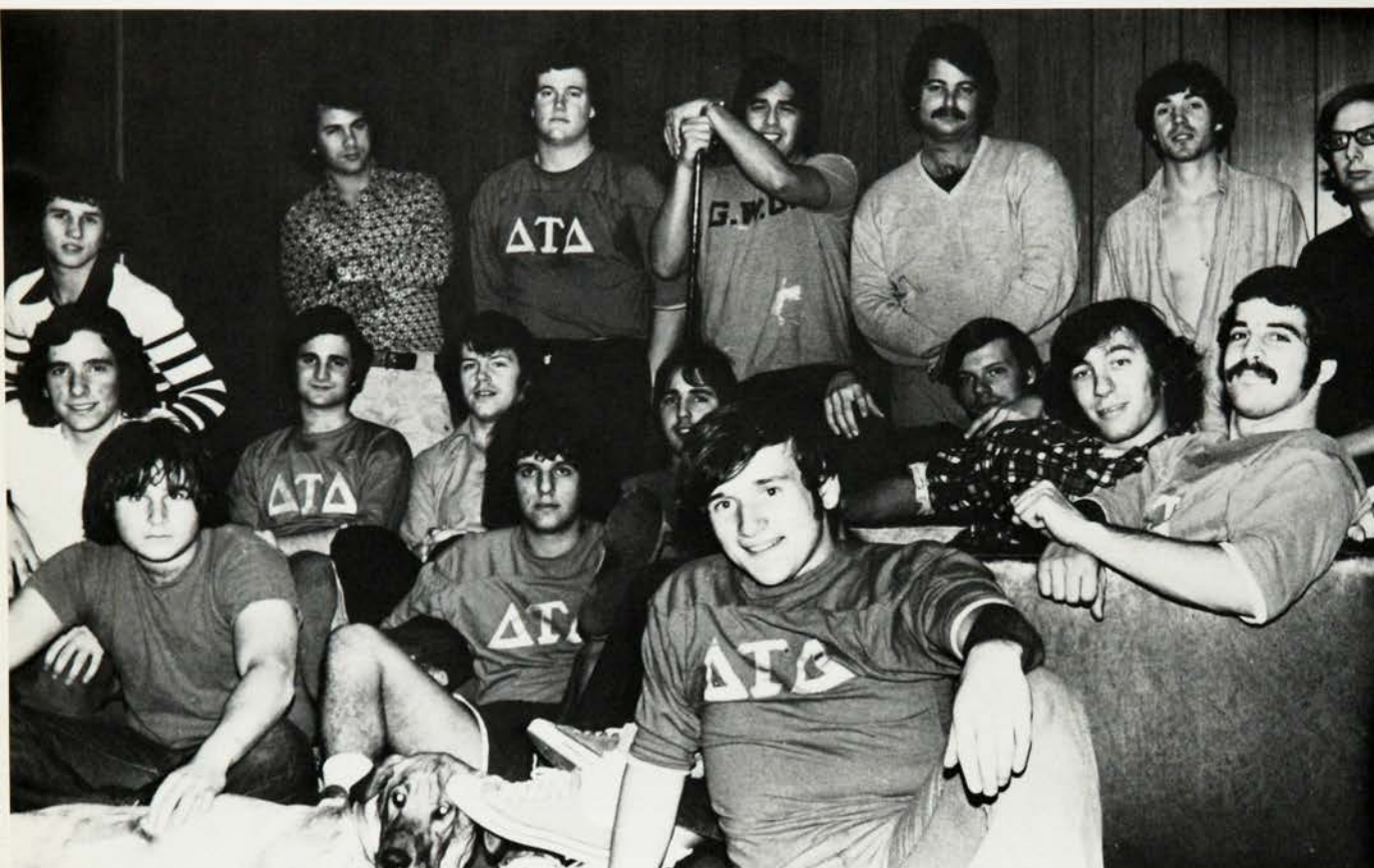


Professor A. E. Claeysens





DELTA TAU DELTA



KAPPA ALPHA THETA



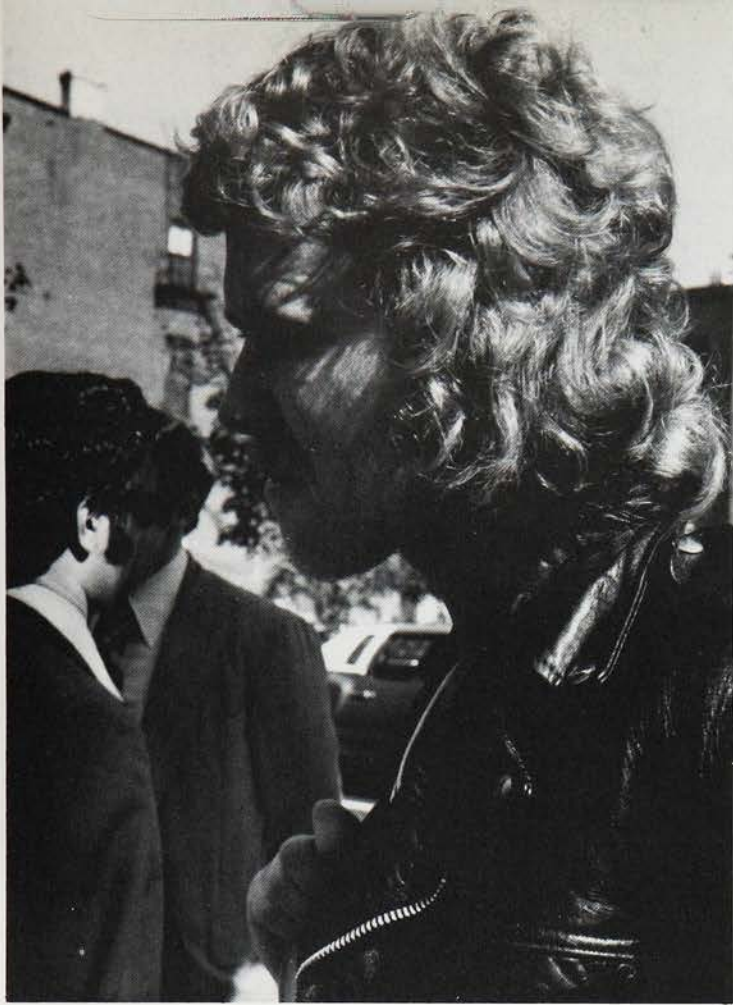


Professor Lois Schwoerer

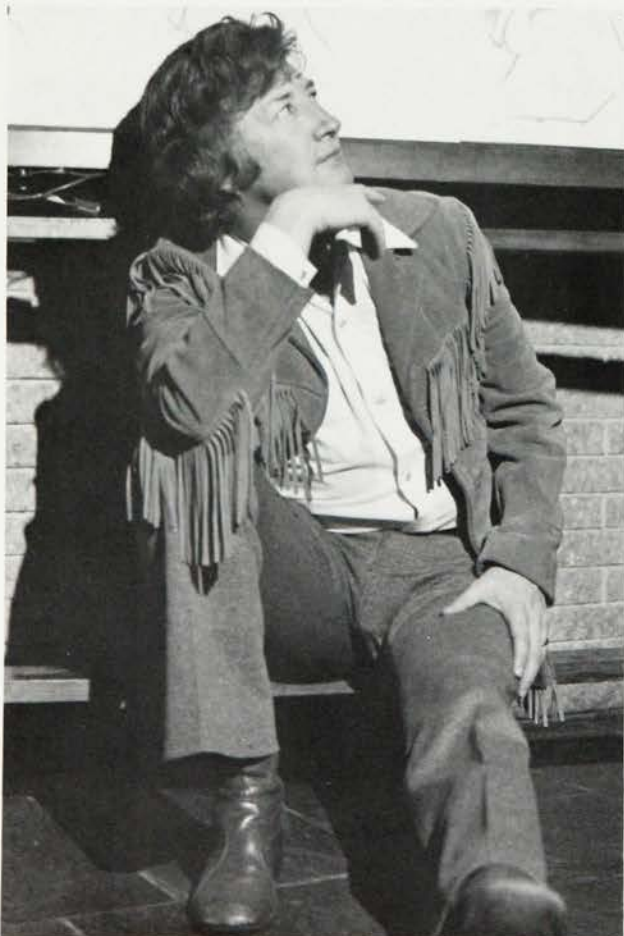


Dr. Elmer Louis Kayser
University Historian





PROGRAM BOARD



Sidney James

GWU DRAMA DEPT. PRESENTS
THREE PENNY OPERA
 BY HURT WEILL & BERTHOLD BRECHT
 FEB. 4-10 MAT. FEB. 5
 MARVIN THEATER
 21ST & H STS. N.W.
 PHONE 676-6177
 BOX OFFICE OPENS
 JAN. 29 10AM-5PM
 TICKETS \$3.00 GEN AD
 \$1.50 STUDENTS AND
 SENIOR CITIZENS

GWU DRAMA DEPT. PRESENTS
THREE PENNY OPERA
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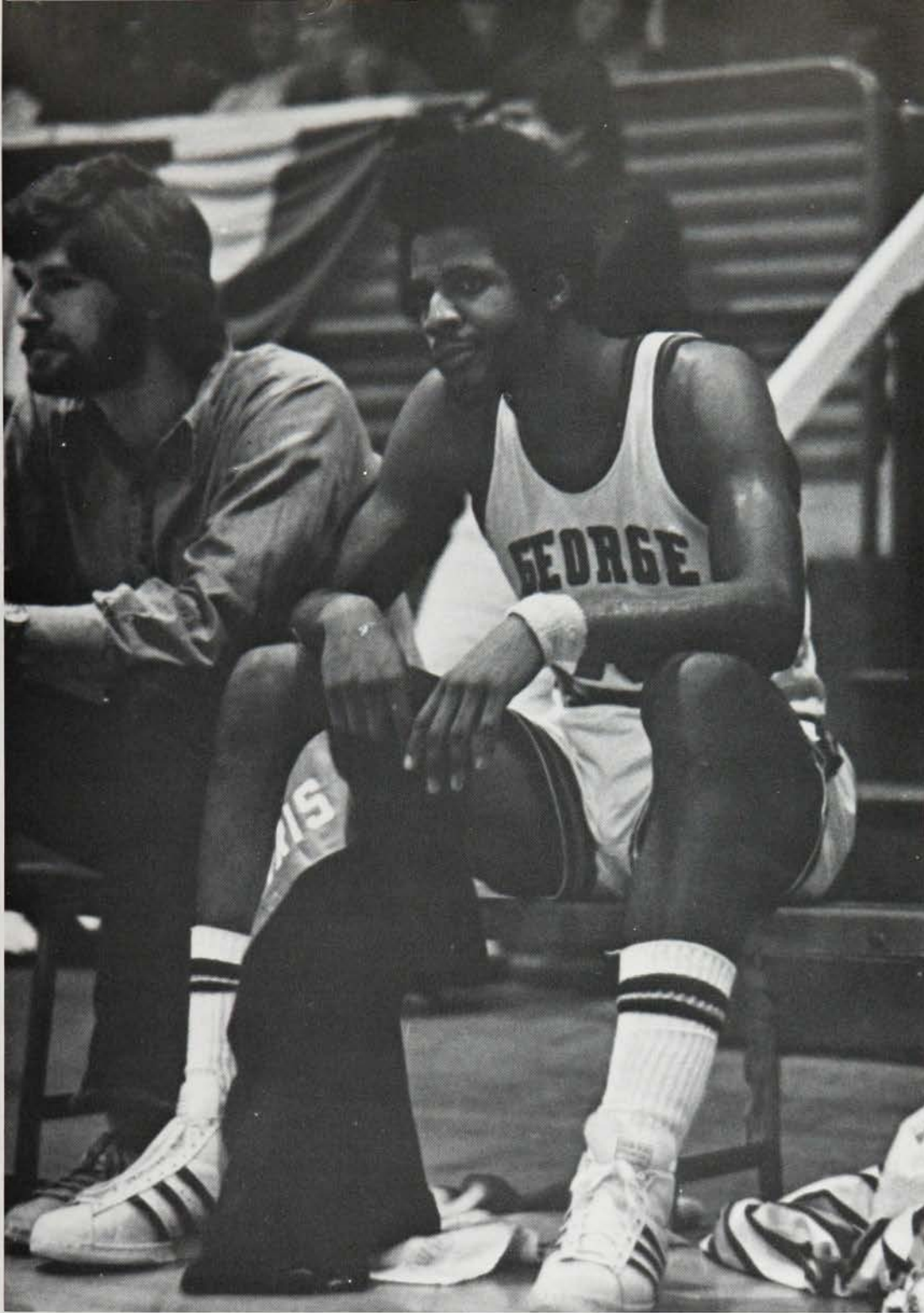
GWU DRAMA DEPT. PRESENTS
THREE PENNY OPERA
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 FEB. 4-10 MAT. FEB. 5
 MARVIN THEATER
 21ST & H STS. N.W.
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 FEB. 4-10 MAT. FEB. 5
 MARVIN THEATER
 21ST & H STS. N.W.
 PHONE 676-6177
 BOX OFFICE OPENS
 JAN. 29 10AM-5PM
 TICKETS \$3.00 GEN AD
 \$1.50 STUDENTS AND
 SENIOR CITIZENS

three penny opera

FEB. 4-10
8PM
MAT. SAT
2PM.





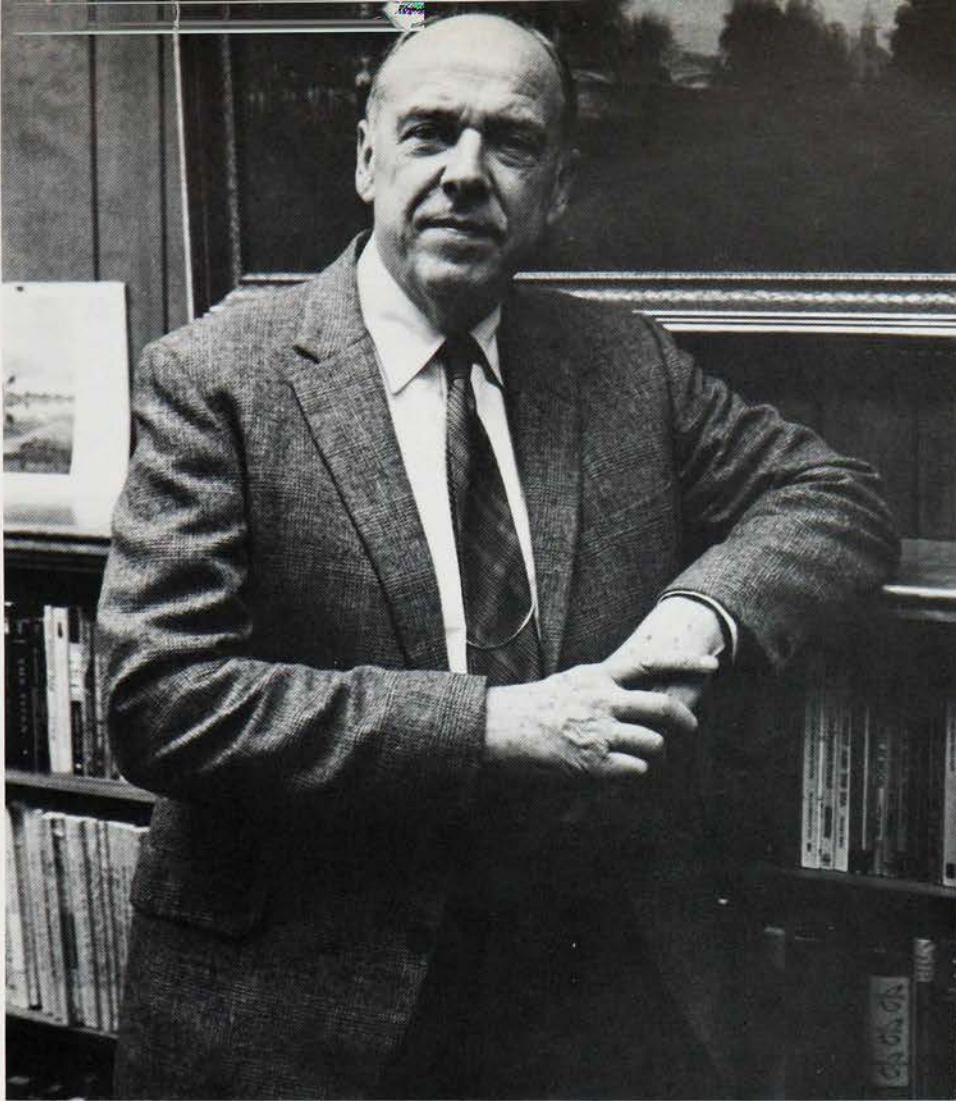
Keith Morris



Professor John Morgan



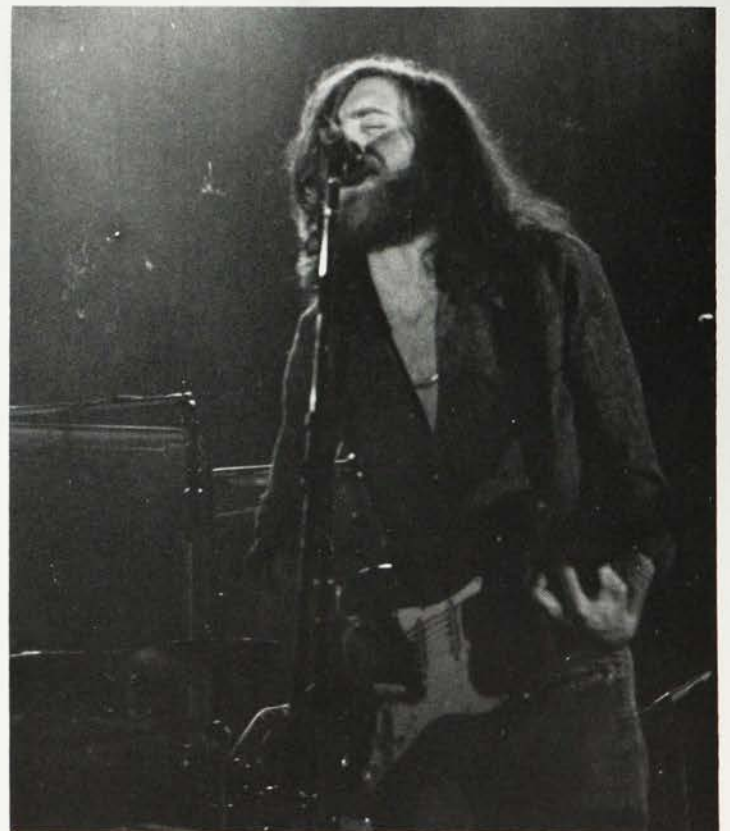
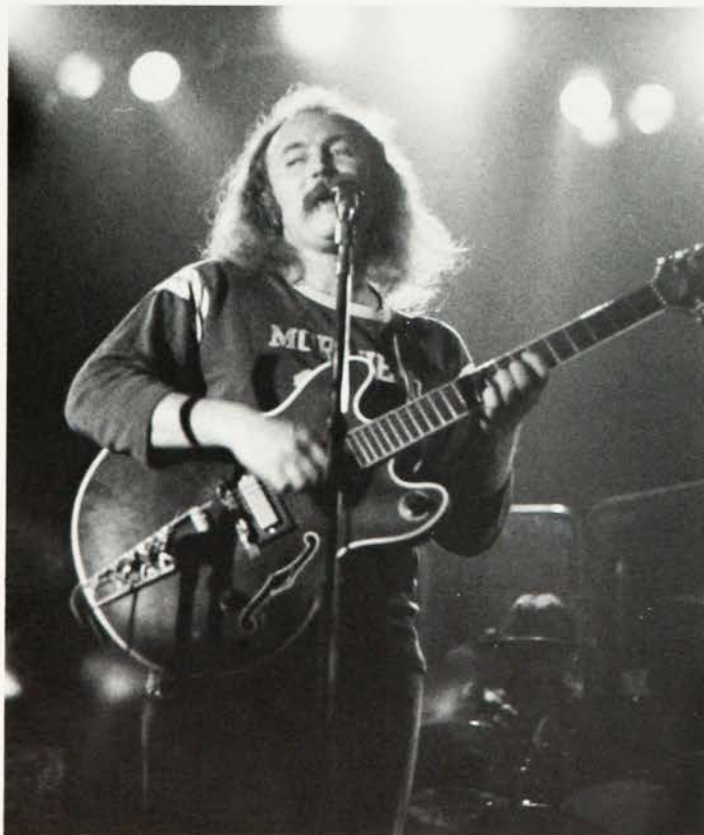
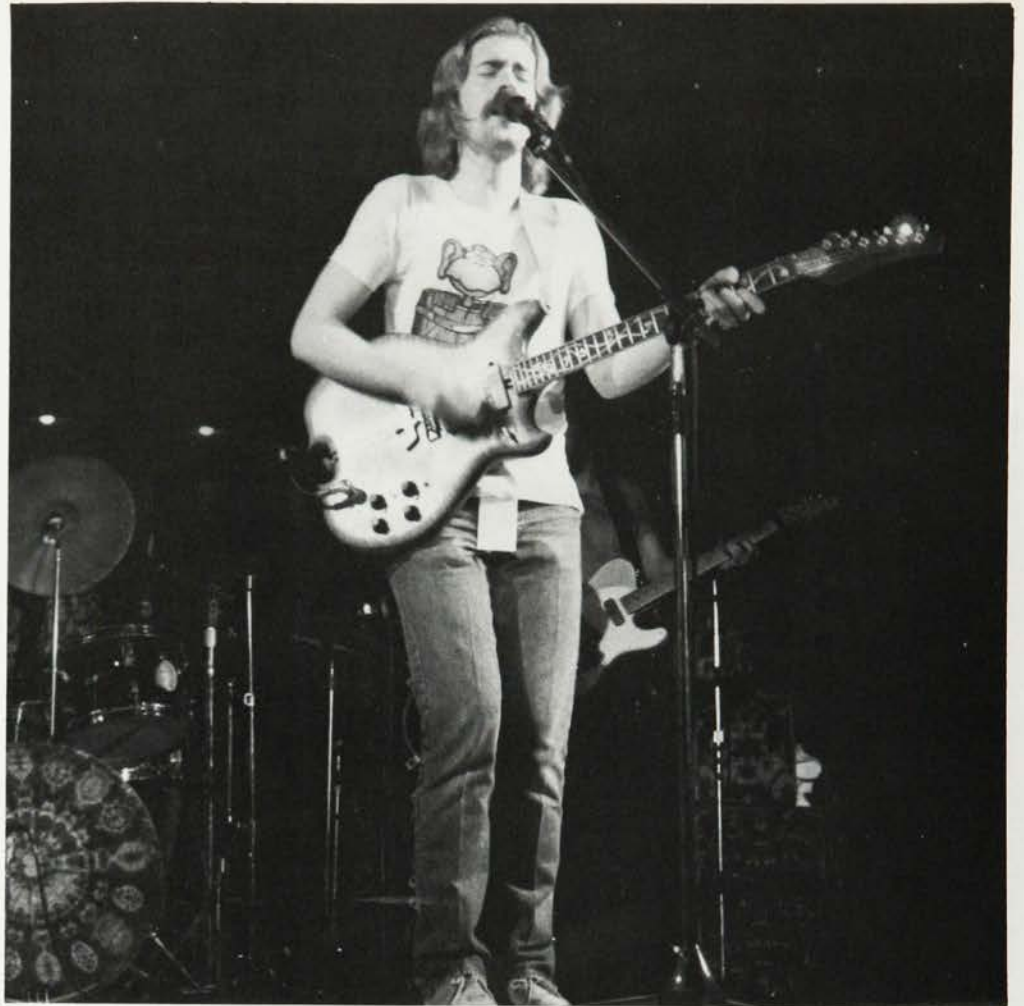
Professor Judith Plotz



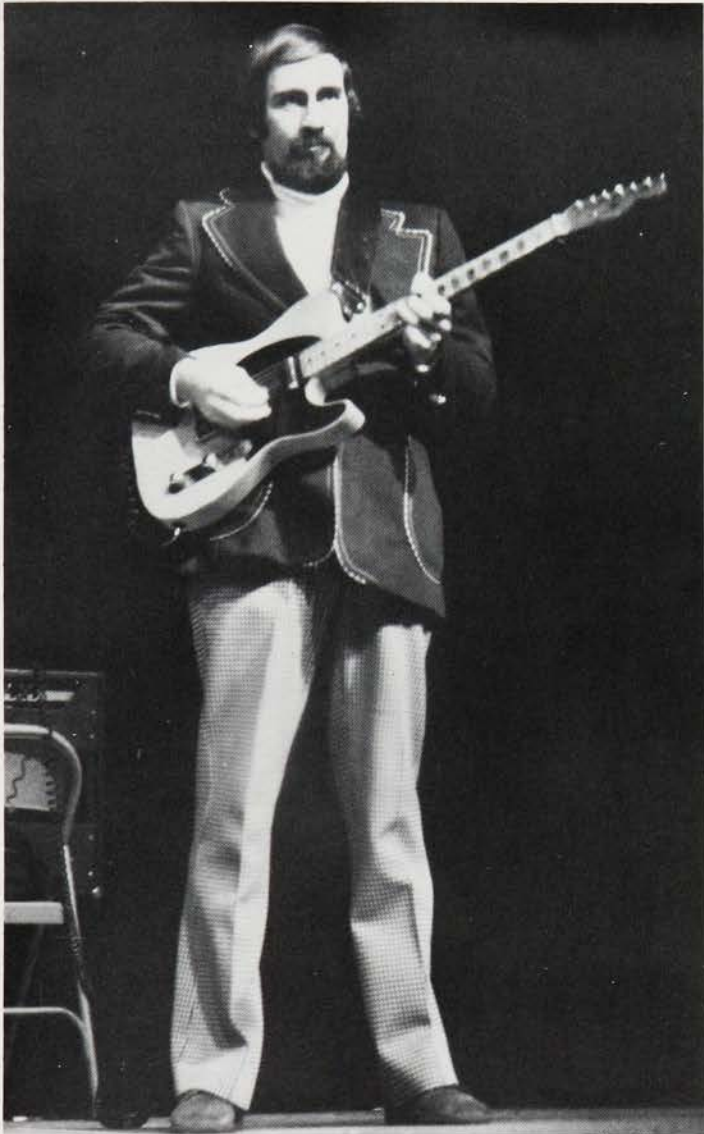
Dean Calvin Linton
Columbian College



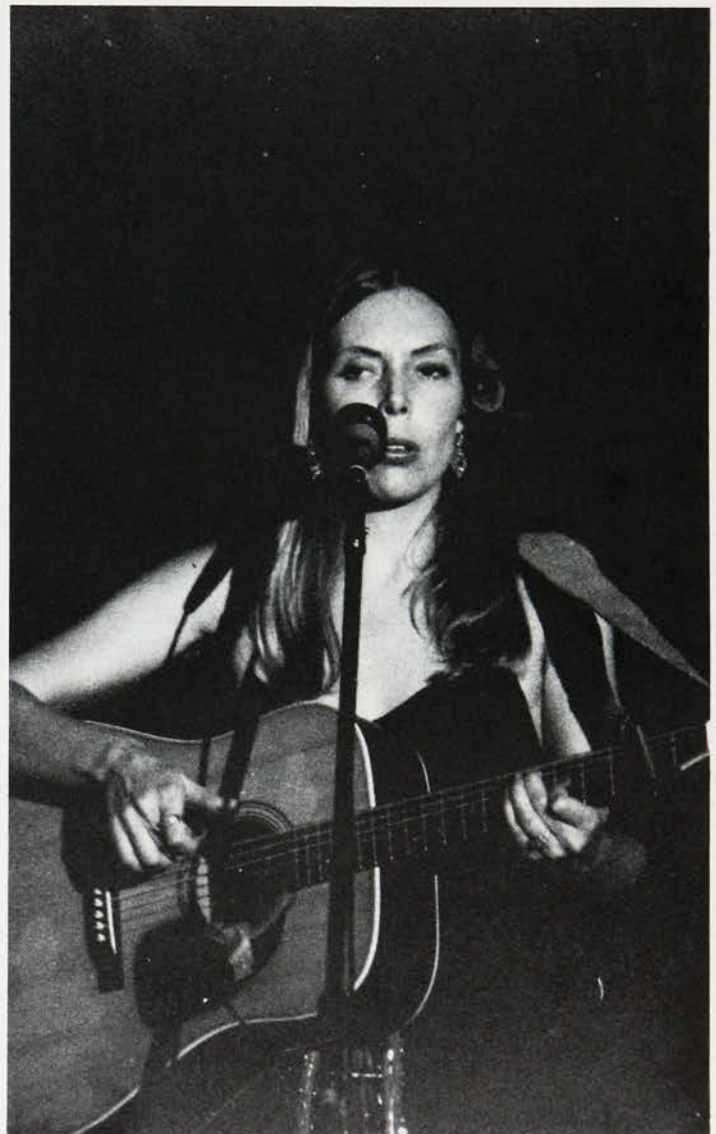
New Riders of the Purple Sage
John "Marmaduke" Dawson



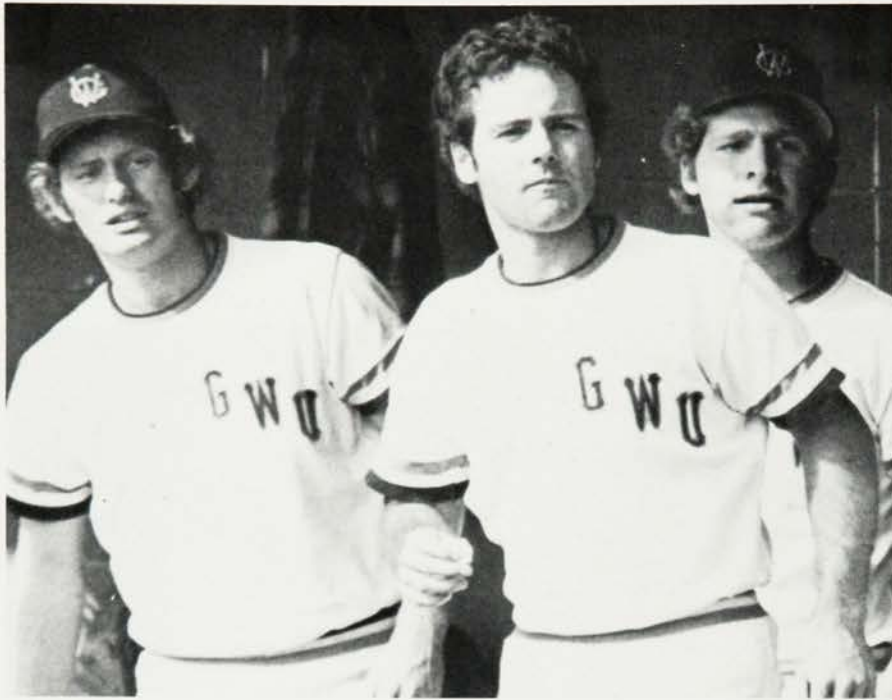
David Crosby and Graham Nash

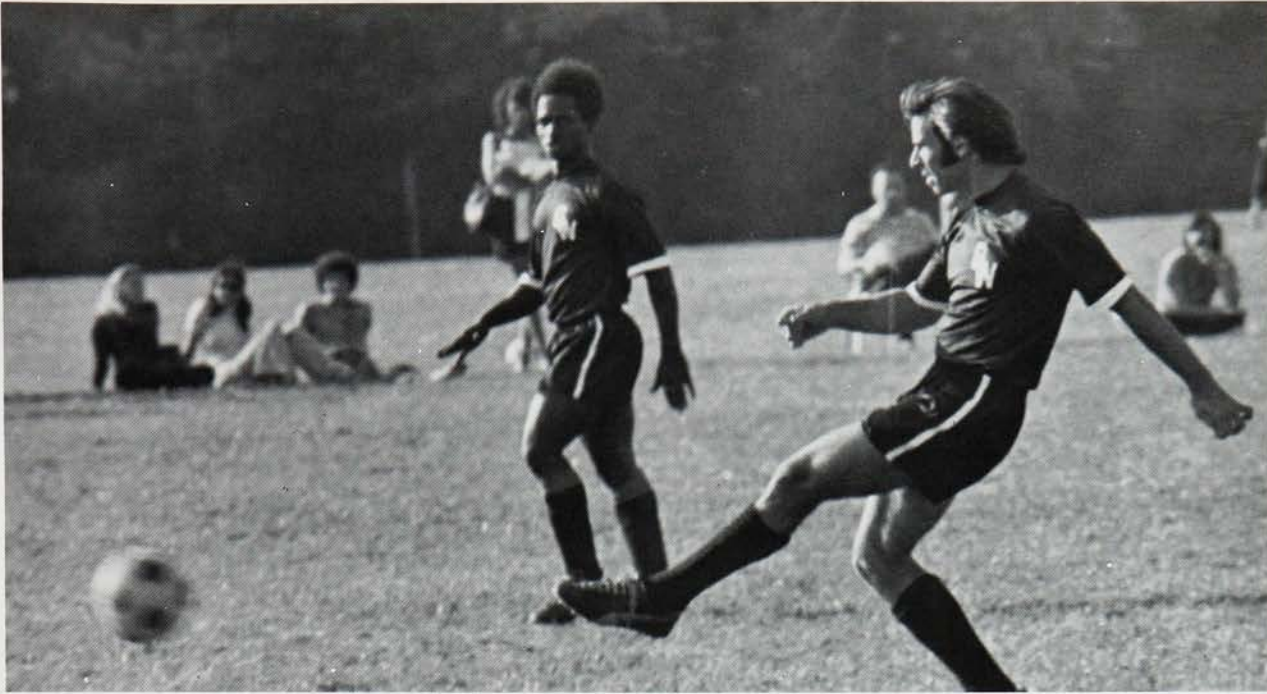


Roy Buchanan

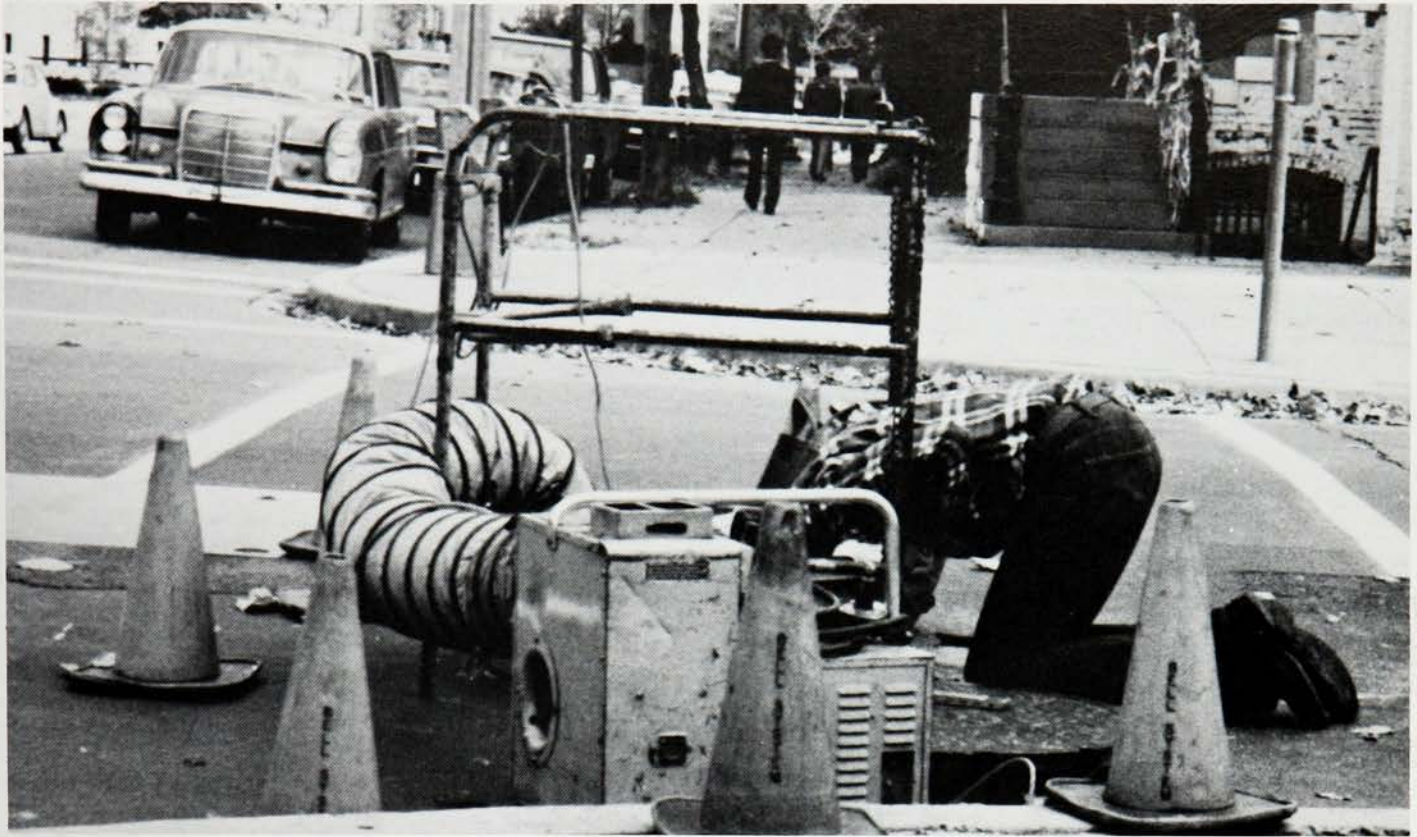


Joni Mitchell





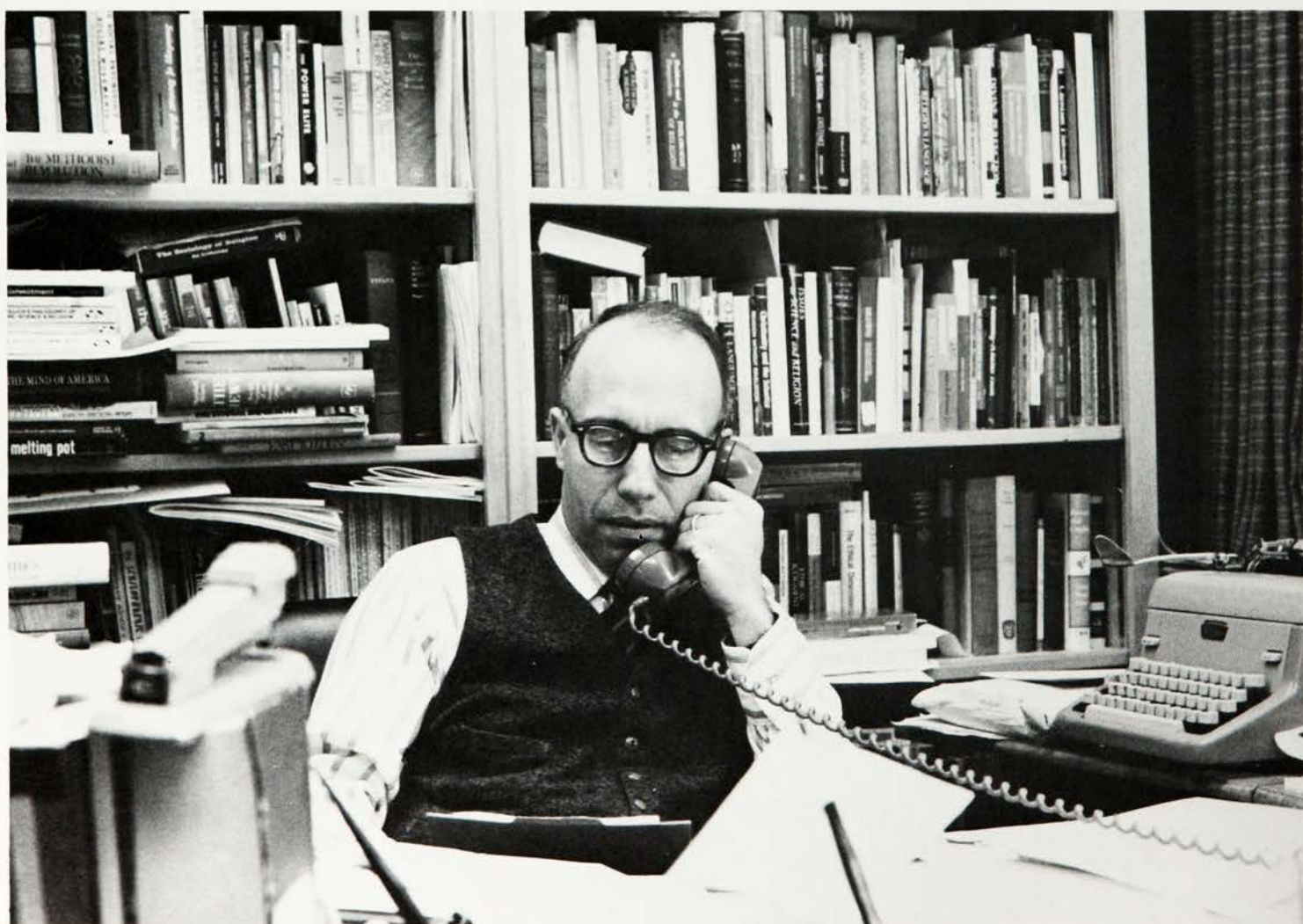
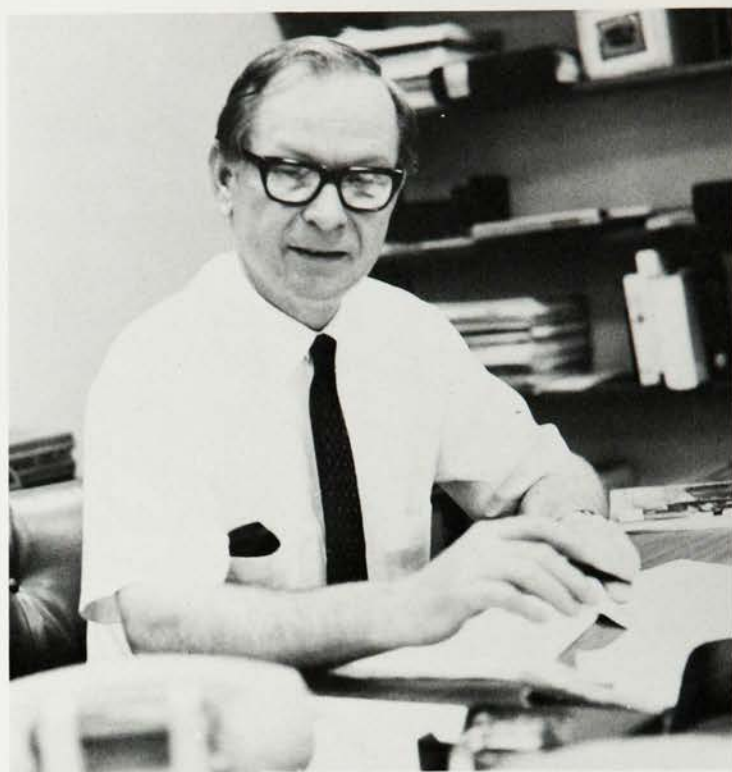




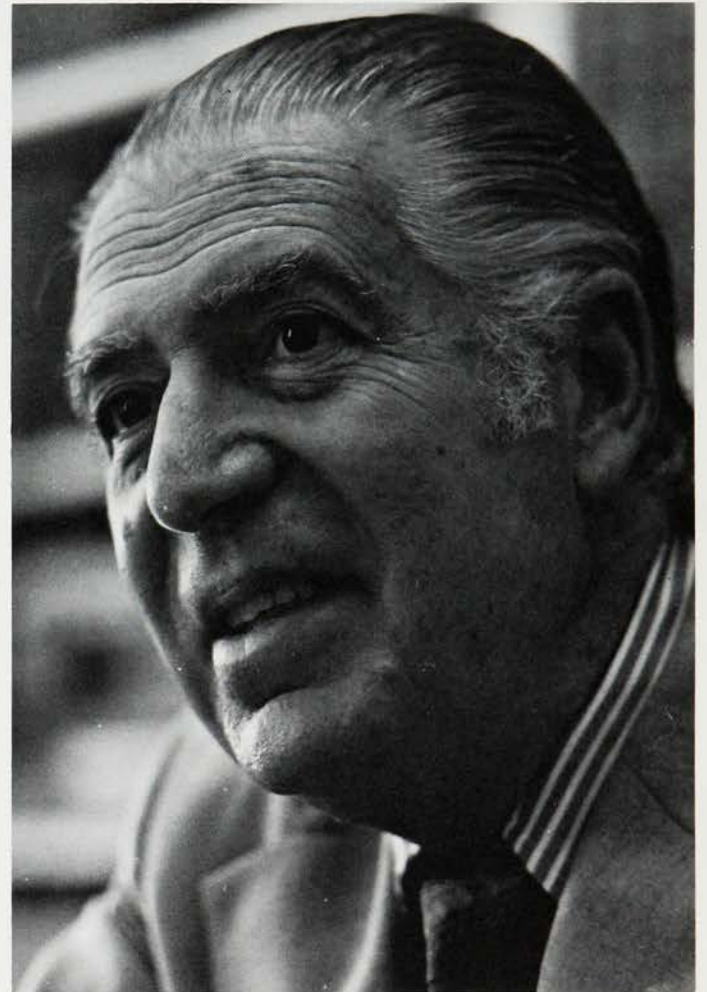




Rupert Woodward
University Librarian



Assistant Dean Harry E. Yeide

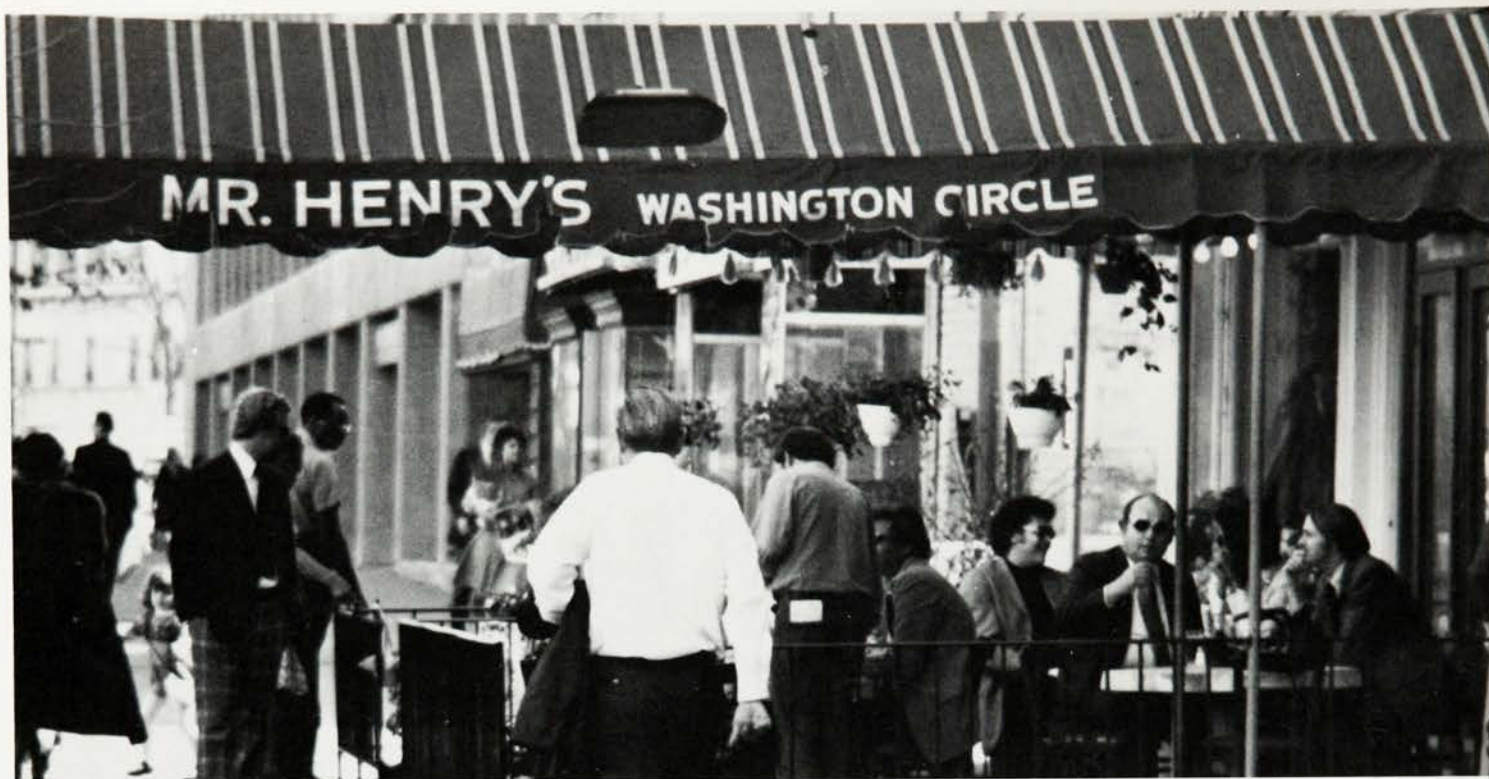


John R. Wilson
Public Relations Office





THE MISER



Eisenhower's Dead

Because I am a senior about to graduate and leave the security—oh the blessed security—of college, I must think deeply about the way in which I as a woman would like to spend the next fifty years of my life.

I could get married,
Become a nun (that's very secure),
Work for a congressman,

Go from job to job, from bookstore to museum, insurance agent to lawyer, weight watchers to psychiatrist, dinner to TV to book to bed to dream, to dream, to dream, to morning and egg. And always from clock to clock.

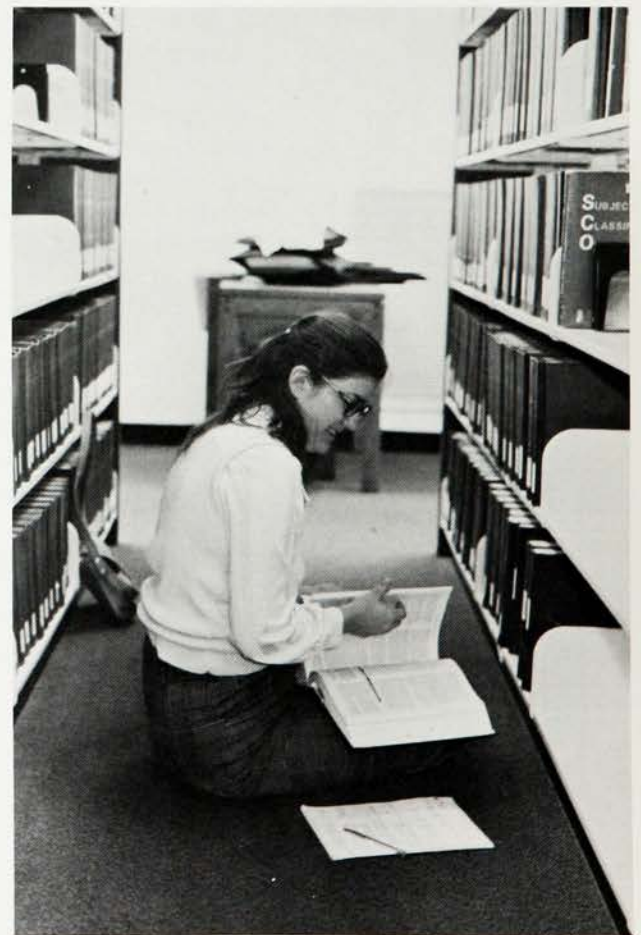
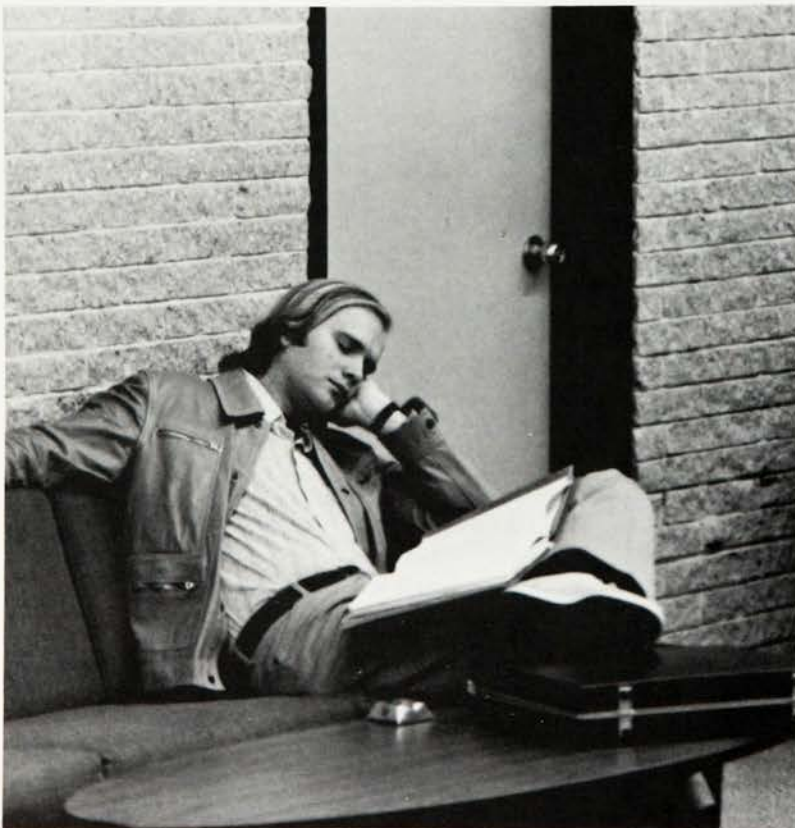
Or I could try as hard as I can, my eyes filling with the effort, to be what I want to be. If my hands are cold enough, if my jaw is tense enough, if in my heart I am sincere, I will not be a secretary unless I want to be a secretary.

What a hard decision for a young woman to make. You know what? My mother didn't have to make it. Neither did my sister, who is only twelve years older than I. They graduated from college and, boom, they were married. Do I know something they didn't know, or is it the other way around? Maybe their way is easier. Maybe it is easier to relax, let go the tension, lean back, sigh, float, drift, shut your eyes, rock gently, and—get married. Not worry about becoming Somebody. Just be somebody. A wife. A mother. A slave. A maker of meals. A reproducing machine. Call it all the nasty names I can think of, I'd still burn my single girl's American Express card in two minutes for a ring, wouldn't I? No, I wouldn't. And yet I can't simply say, "Marriage is not the answer, the reason, the light at the end of the tunnel, of sixteen years of school, twenty-two years of speed-of-light growth and change, and more dreams than could be recounted in ten thousand Arabian nights." I'm not going to say it, because I don't know.

Nobody told me that while I was busy testing life against my wrist, banging my head against my mother's wall, or, euphemistically speaking, growing up, that I would have to sit down, at age twenty-two, with a catalogue of my resources in one trembling hand and some fairy dust in the other, and recreate myself, actually decide what I want to do—besides getting married. All you men are saying ha ha ha, big deal, we've been doing it for centuries. I know it. I'm not saying it's easy for you either. But at least (admittedly a small "at least") you were brought up knowing you'd have to choose a career. It wasn't such a shock for you.

But I must be fair. Nobody told me, because nobody knew. Wake up, my heart. Eisenhower's dead. Things have changed in twenty years, and I am a torchbearer, on my way to being what I want to be, whatever (oh please can't somebody tell me, just a hint, a wink, a push in the right direction) that is.

—Joyce Rubin

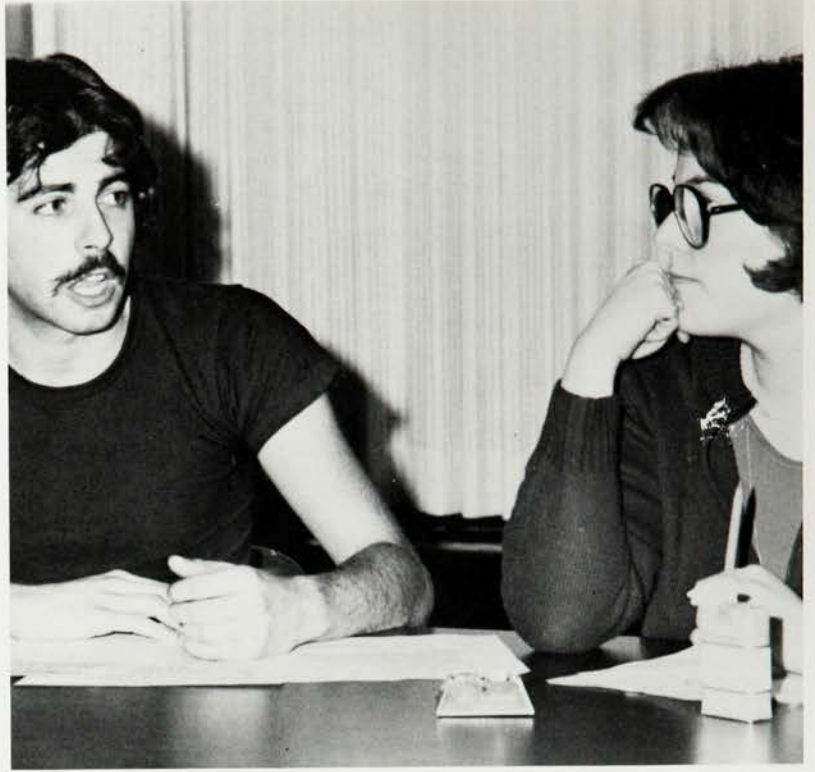




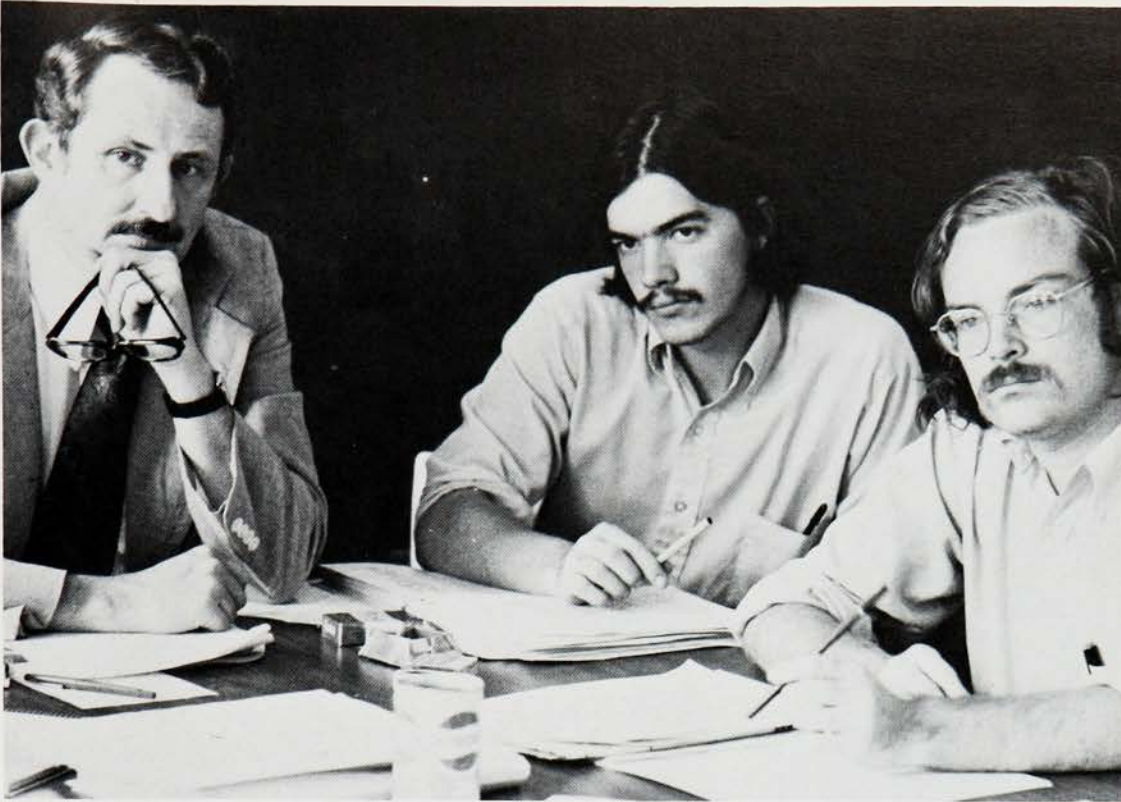
Residence Housing Association



Young Socialist Alliance



P.I.R.G.



THE HATCHET

Professor Claeysens

Anders Gyllenhaal
Hatchet Editor

Mark Leemon

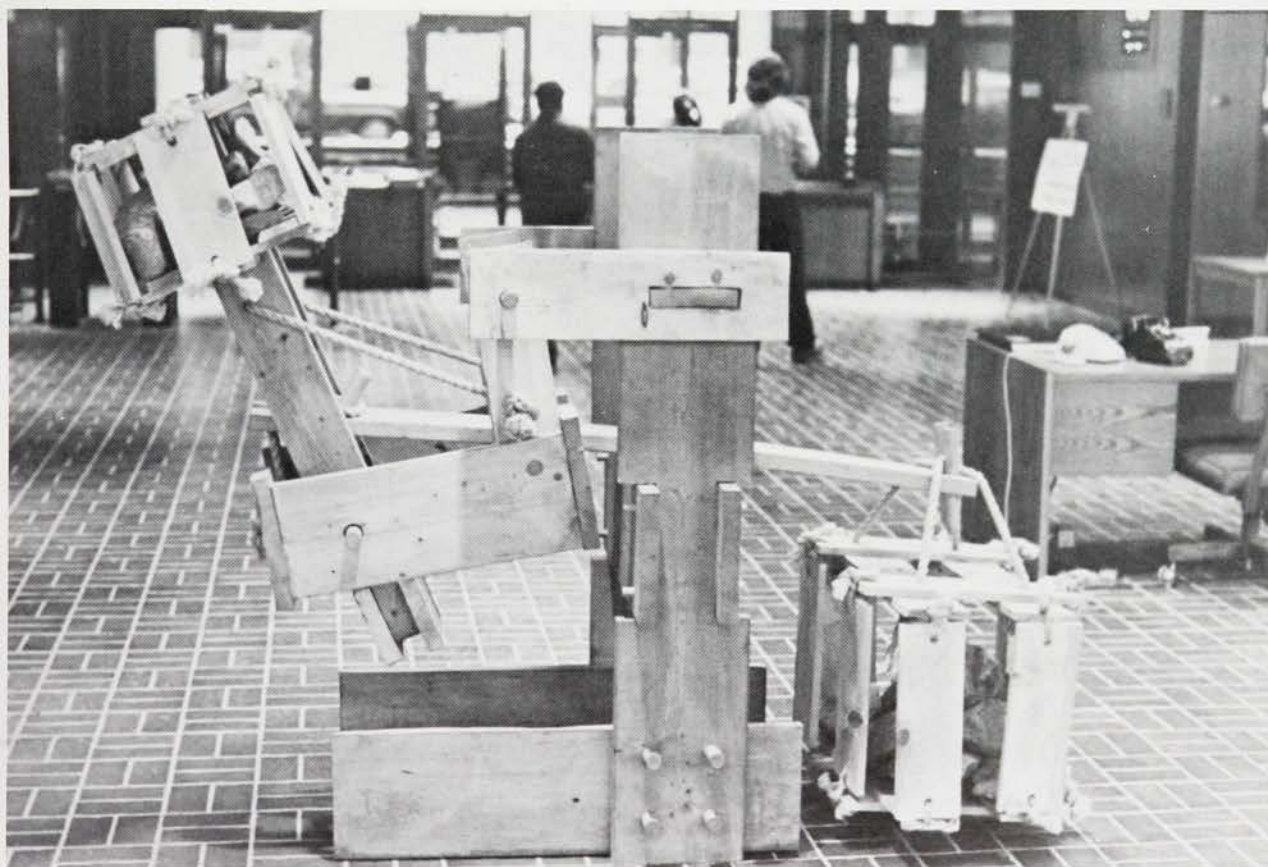


Scott Bliss

John Buchanan

David Goldstein





poetry reading

The George Washington University
Literary Society

presents a poetry reading by

Dr. Edward Weismiller, a G.W. Professor
and Washington poet.

Wine will be served. All are welcome.

Strong Hall lounge

21st + G St. N.W.,

Wed. Oct. 31st

8:30 p.m.



Frederick R. Houser
Registrar

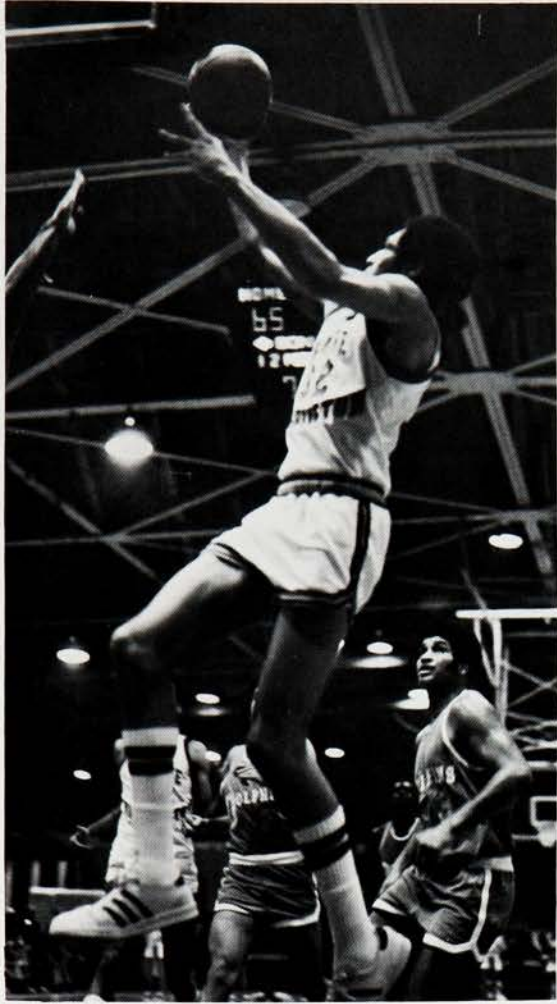


Professor Alton Desmond











"I hear \$120 for an autographed copy of the Senate Watergate Committee Report on Unfair Campaign Practices. Do I hear \$125? \$125?"

"\$125."

"\$130."

"I have \$130, do I . . ."

"\$140."

"\$145."

"\$150."

"I hear \$150 . . . going once, going twice . . ."

"\$151!"

"\$151. Going once . . . twice . . . sold for \$151."

Where was this auction taking place? At a posh Capitol Hill hideaway? An exclusive club on F Street? Wrong.

Friday was George's birthday and GW was celebrating with Martha's Marathon of Birthday Bargains (MMBB).

The annual Residence Hall Association sponsored extravaganza, which raised an estimated \$3400 for housing scholarships, not only saw GW students temporarily lose their apathy, but also saw the return of good old nickel beer and nickel hot dogs—for special MMBB wooden nickels that is, and they cost a dime.

The item drawing the most money this year was one year of free parking in any Colonial parking lots in Washington. According to Auctioneer Scott Bliss, the parking was worth \$500. Neil Alberts got a bargain when he bought it for \$355.

Last year's big money item was the lunch at Sans Souci with columnist Art Buchwald, which this year drew \$250, a savings of \$50 over last year's price. The happy trio of Michele Anthony, Pat Brennan and Pete Hutchison said they felt they had made a good investment in an expensive meal with an important person. "It was just a thing that we had to do, and it was worth it," said Anthony.

Besides the much-wanted Buchwald lunch, students bought lunches for one with Time Bureau Chief Hugh Sidey for \$21, with Representative Walter Fauntroy (D-DC) for \$16, and with GW English Prof. A. E. Claeysens for \$12, lunches for two with GW Admissions Director Joseph Ruth for \$10, with GW Vice President and Treasurer Charles Diehl for \$13, and with Sen. Daniel Inouye (D-Hawaii) for \$86 and a lunch for three with GW Chairman Emeritus E. K. Morris for \$30.

But the \$86 lunch with Sen. Inouye and the \$151 committee report were not the only effects of Watergate on MMBB. Other items coming out of Watergate were a letter opener from Sen. Howard Baker (R-Tenn.) for \$16, a pipe from former White House Special Counsel Charles Colson for \$51, an autographed copy of the Constitution from Watergate Committee Chairman Sen. Sam Ervin (D-NC) for \$45, and an autographed impeachment resolution from Rep. Father Robert Drinan (D-Mass) for \$31.

"I can't believe how high some of these political items went," said MMBB worker Bob Peck, "anyone can just walk into any political office and get them, which is just what we did."

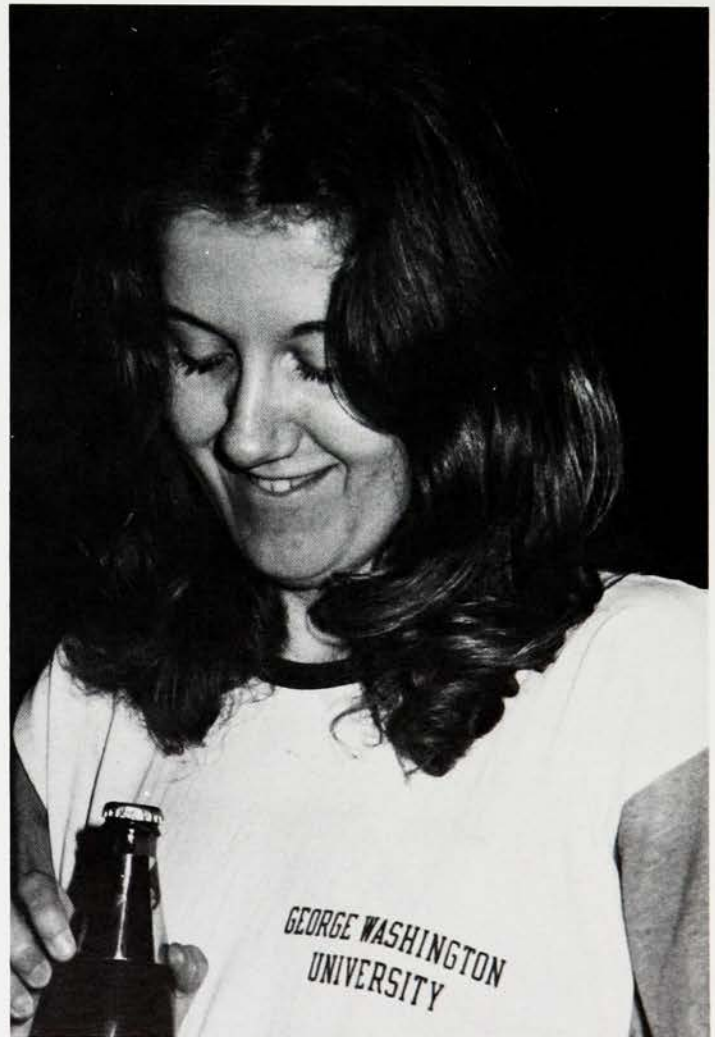
After the two hour auction, a band called Face Dancer became the center of attraction as the dancing started.

George (Jerry Nadler), with a six inch rip in his rented pants, and Martha (Judy Shasky) were dancing to rock music, tuxedoed auctioneer Bliss was collapsing from overwork, and the biggest, and (in the opinion of many students) the only GW social event was over until next year.

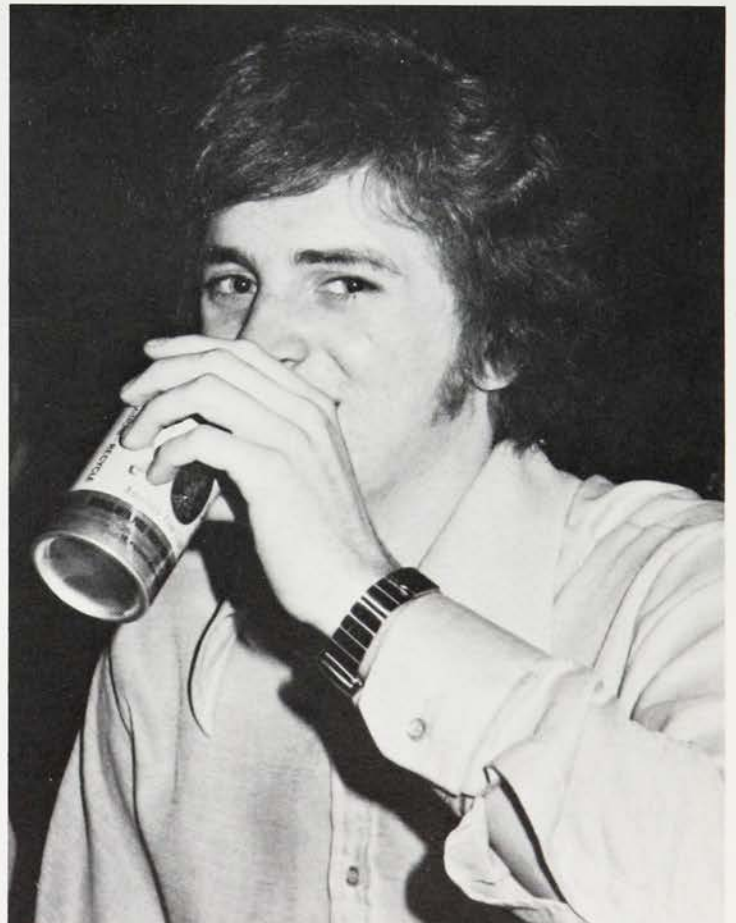
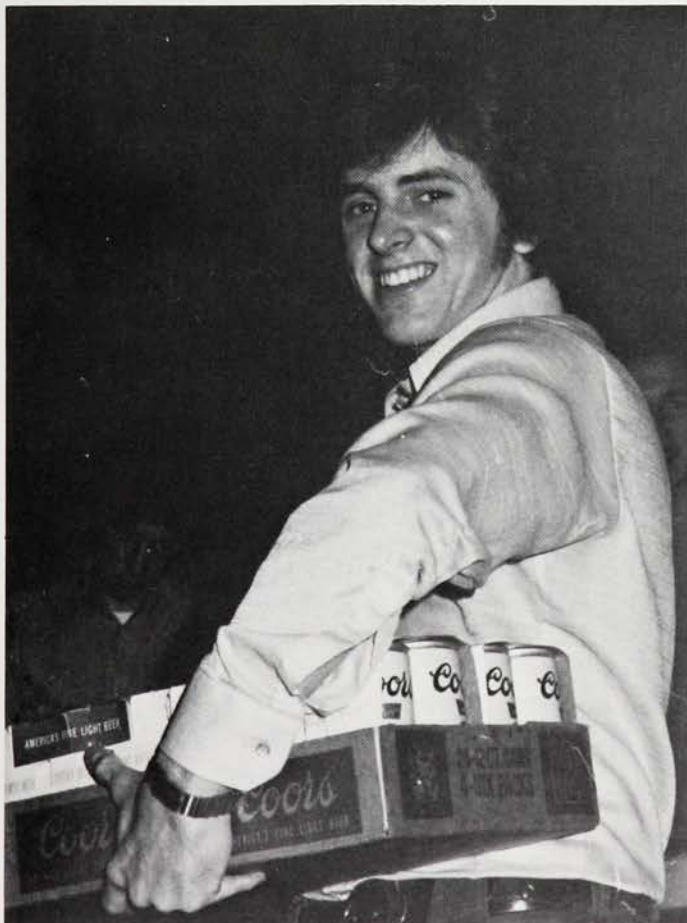
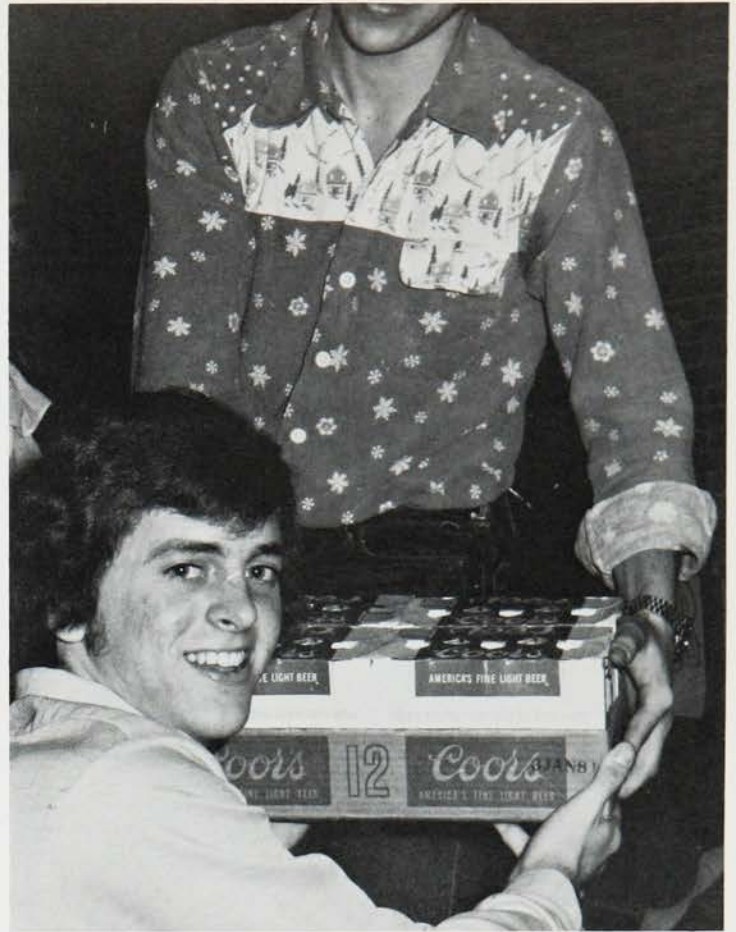
— Ron Ostroff



MARATHON OF BIRTHDAY BARGAINS









KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA

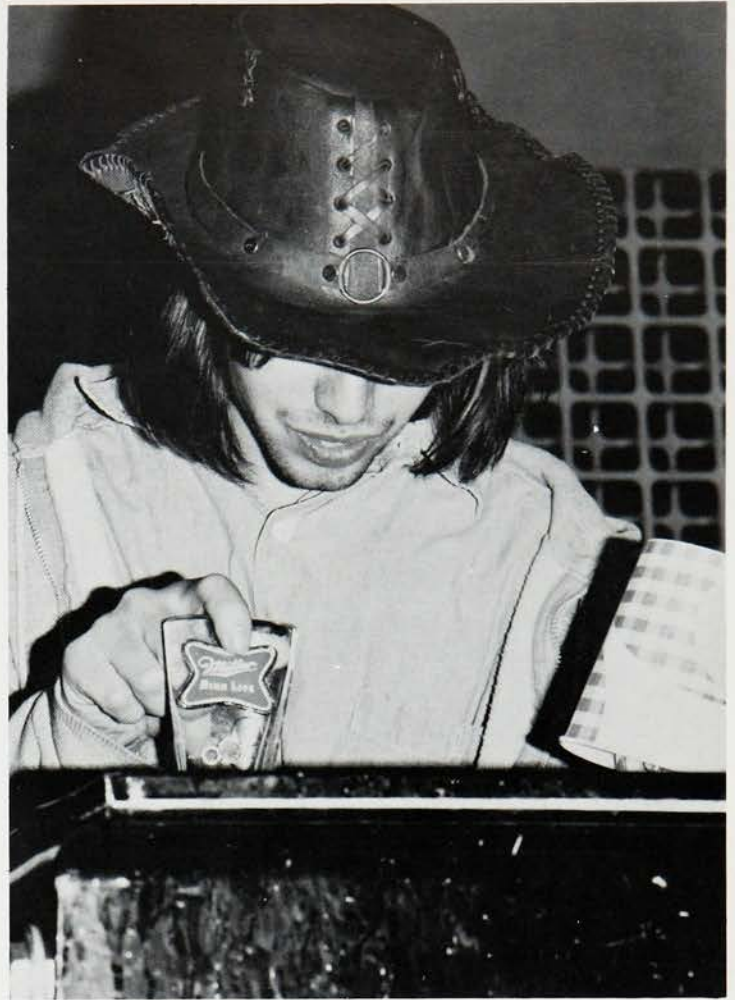
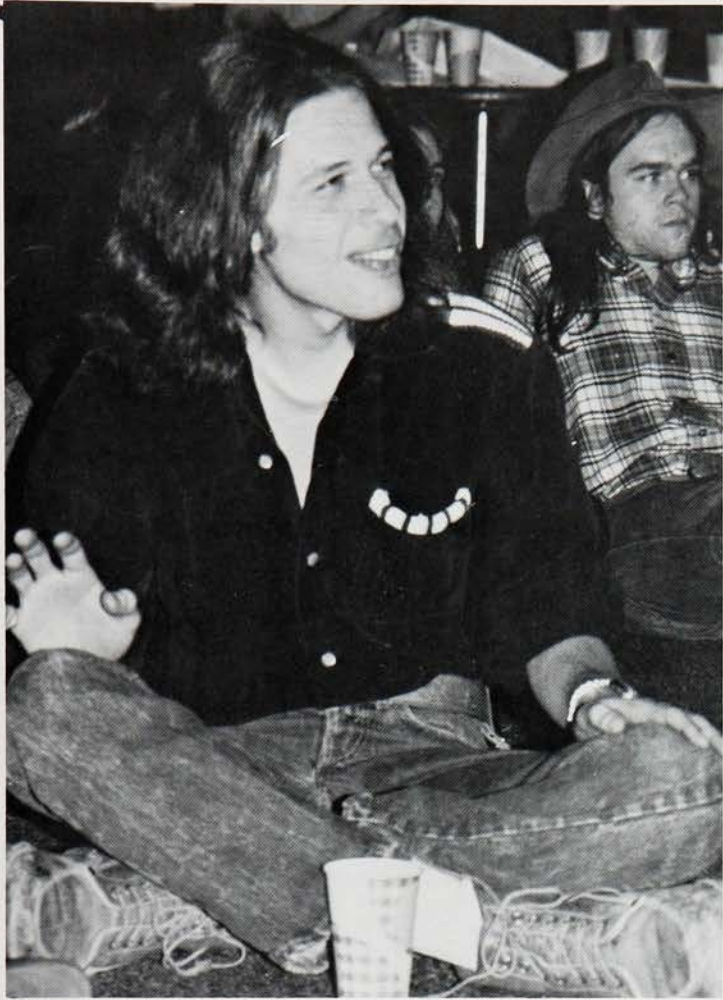


SIGMA CHI









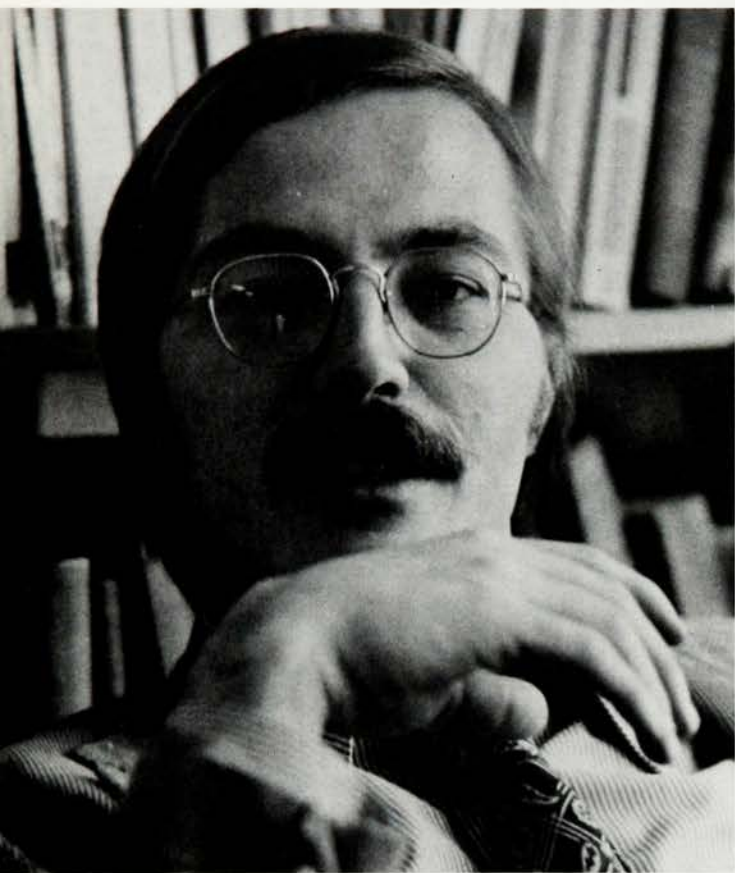




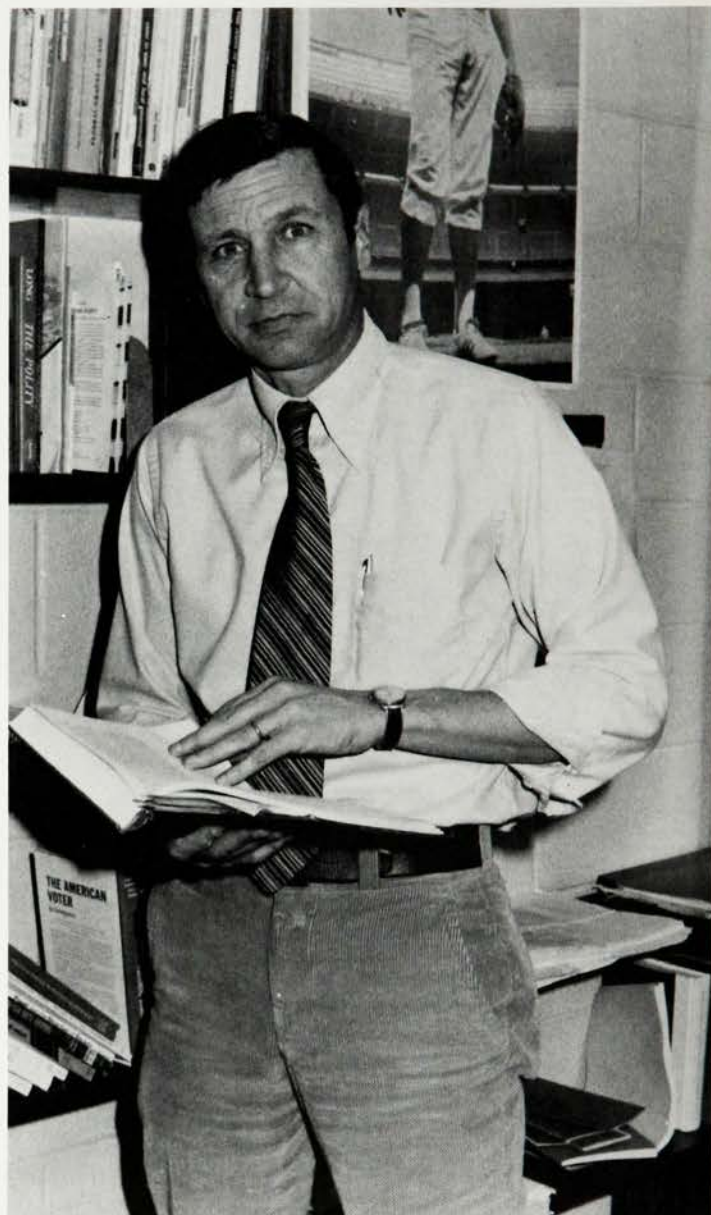
SIGMA PHI EPSILON







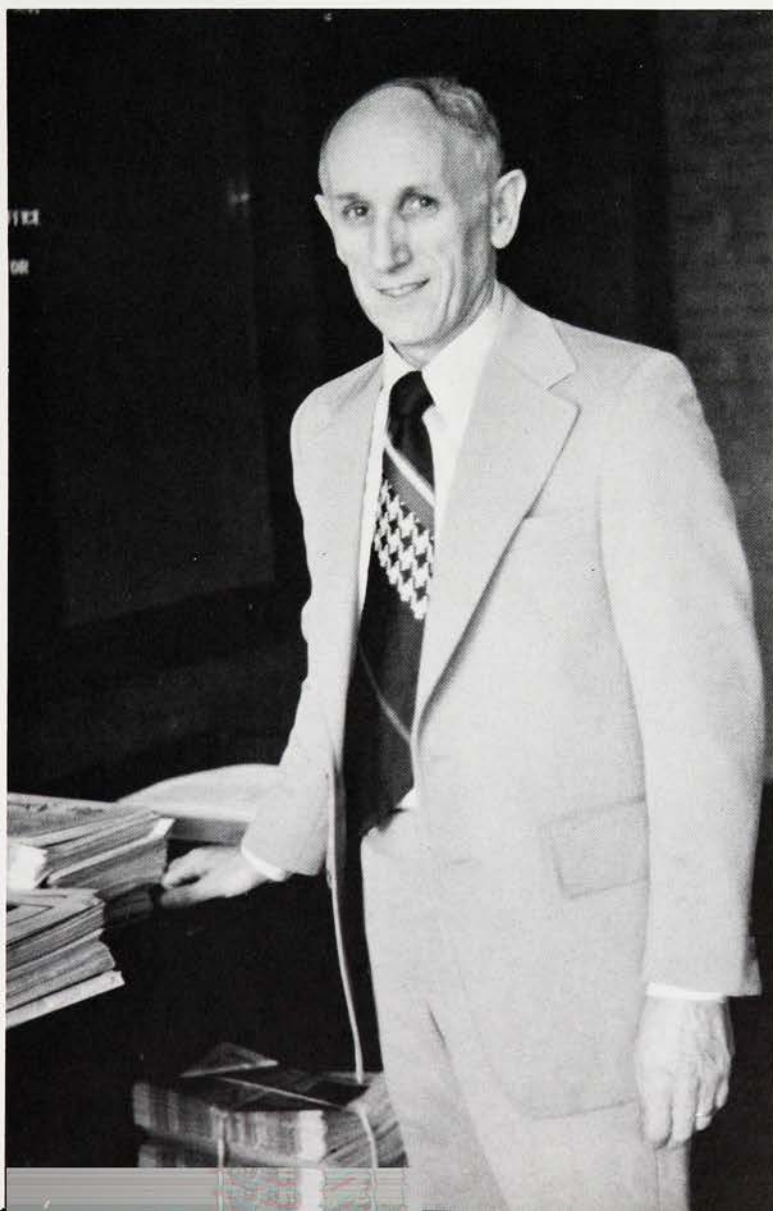
Professor Chris Sten



Professor Hugh LeBlanc



Assistant Dean Barbara Dunham



Boris Bell
Director, Marvin Center

MIDNIGHT IN FLIGHT







"Drummer Boy"

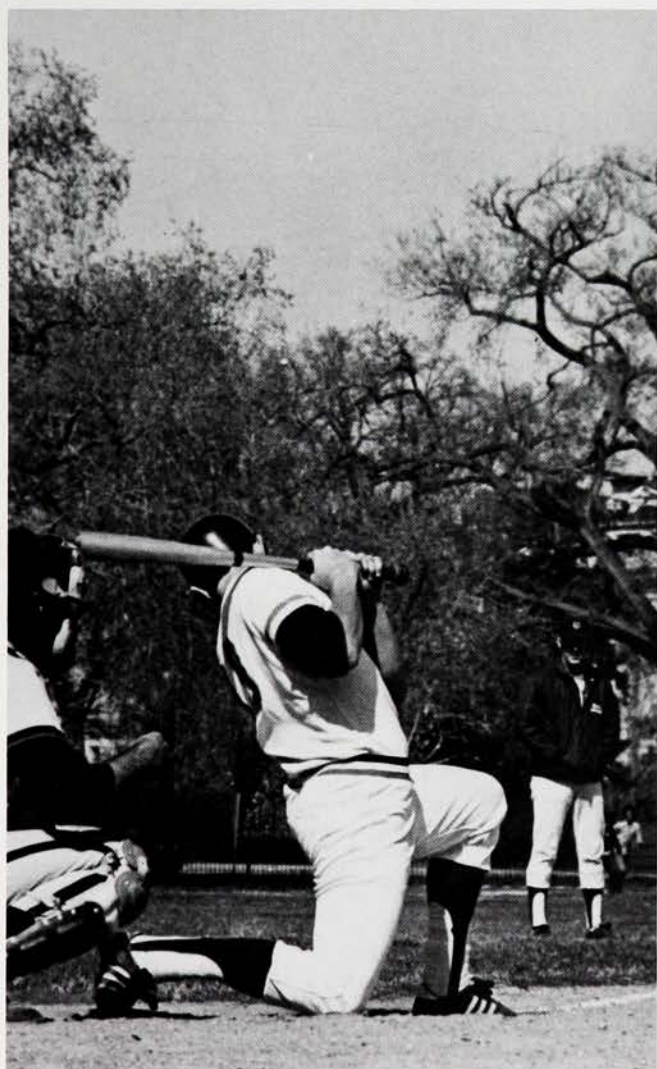


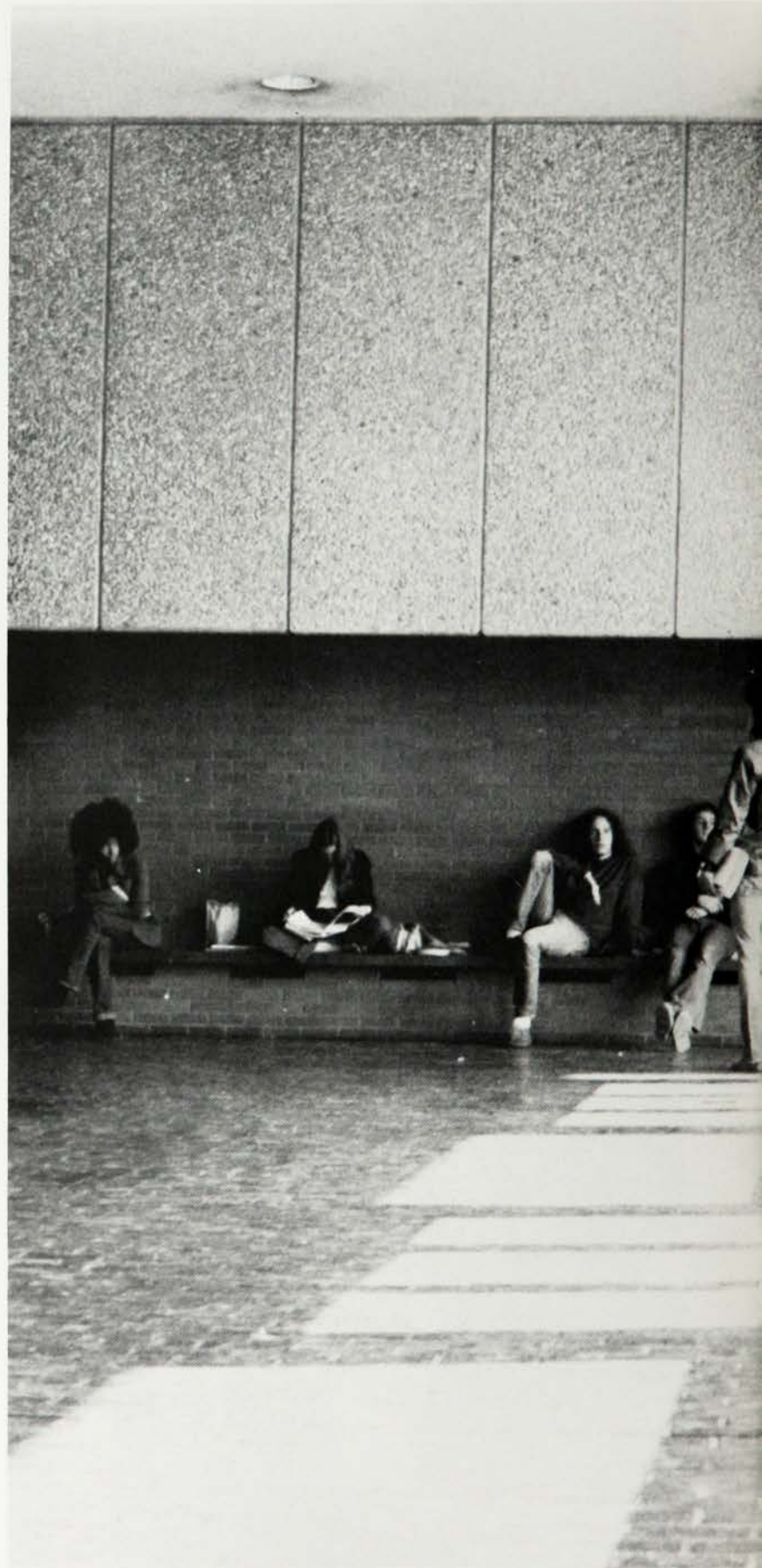


Mark Sydnor



Pat Pontius





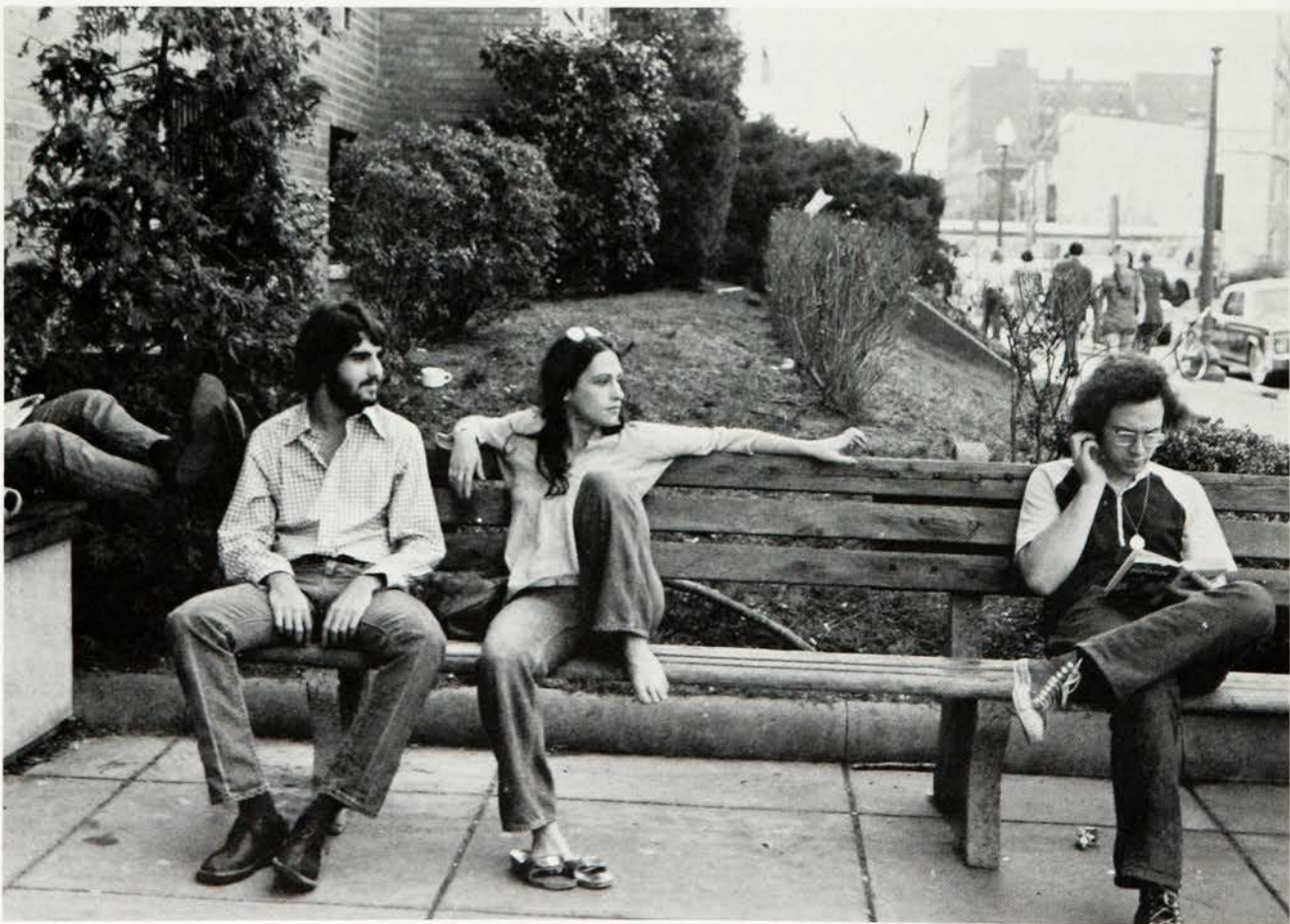
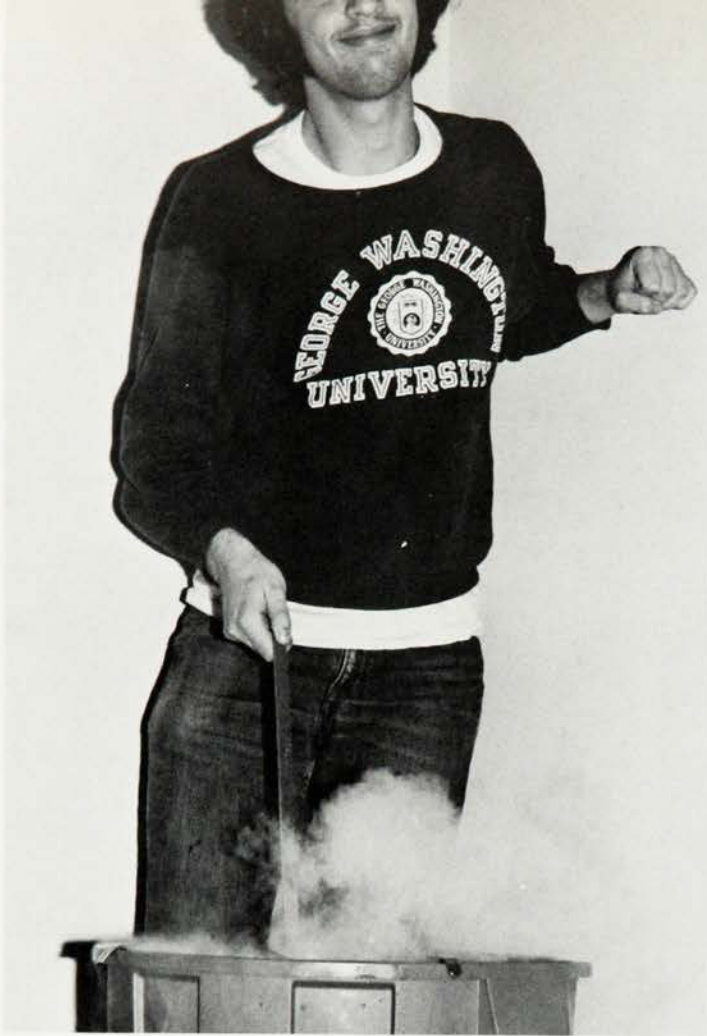












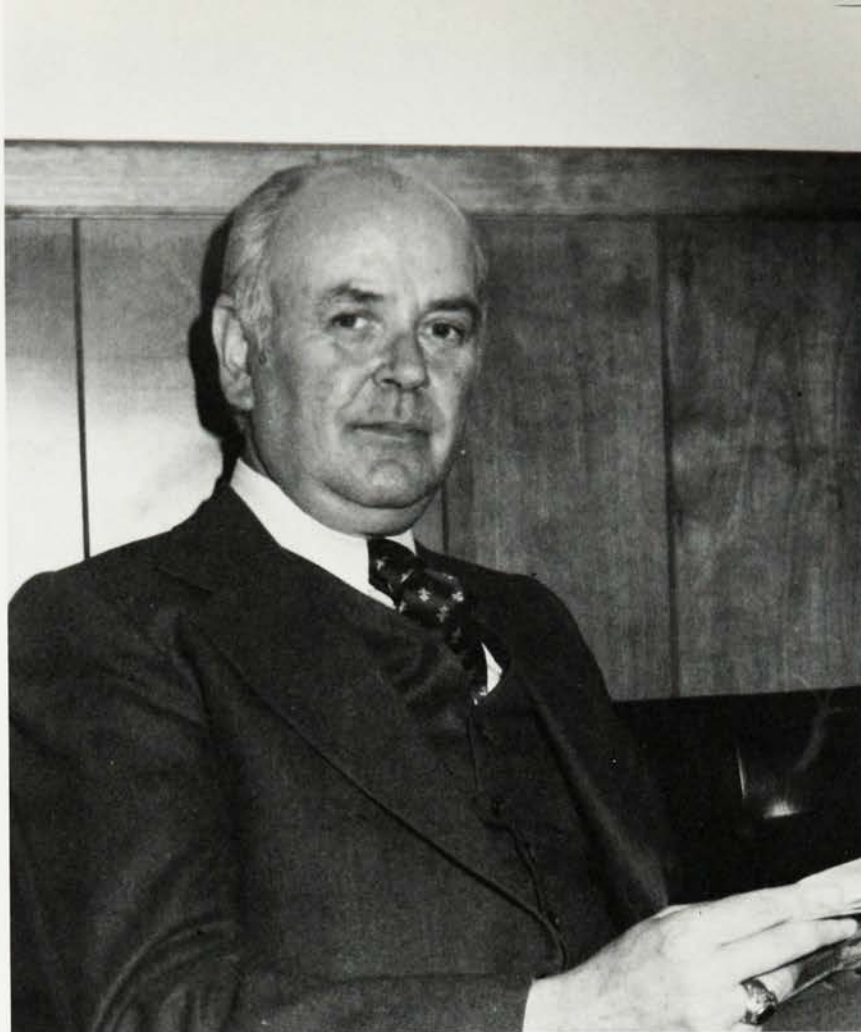


Crawford Hall



BOYS IN THE BAND



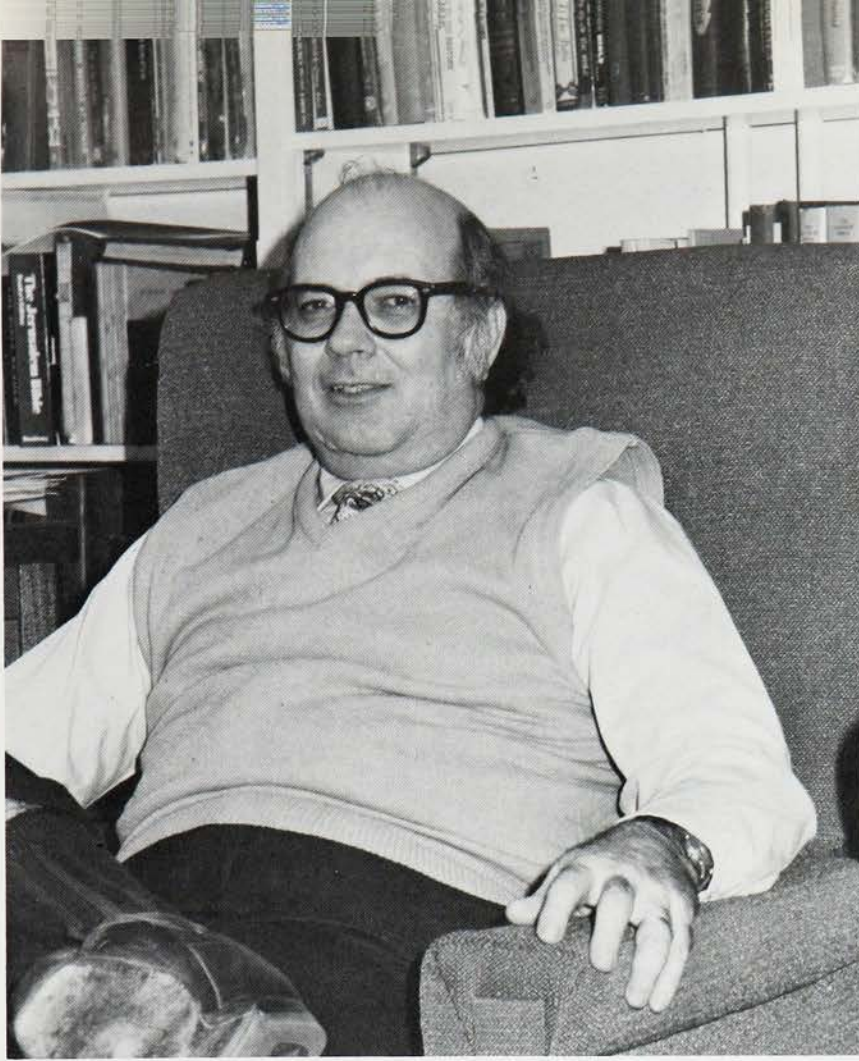


Assistant Dean Joseph Metivier

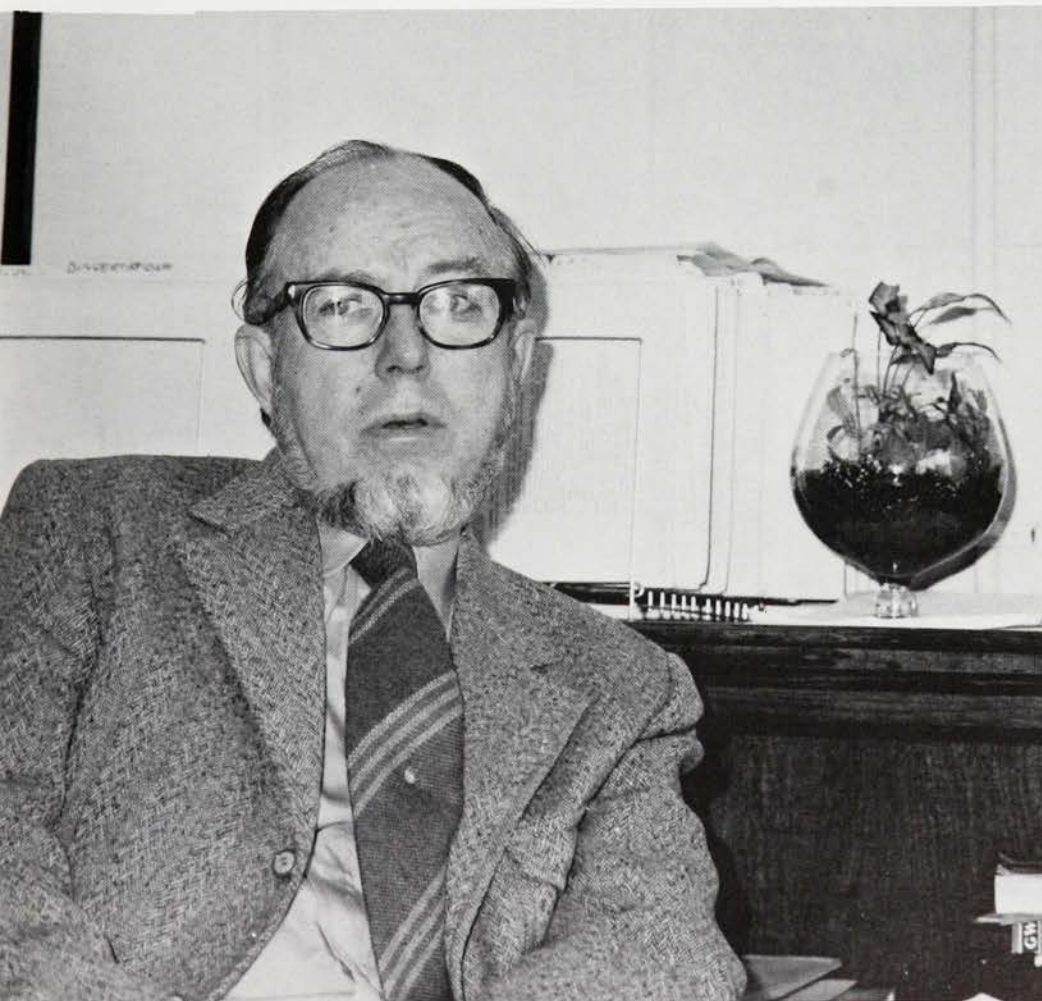


Professor E. J. B. Lewis

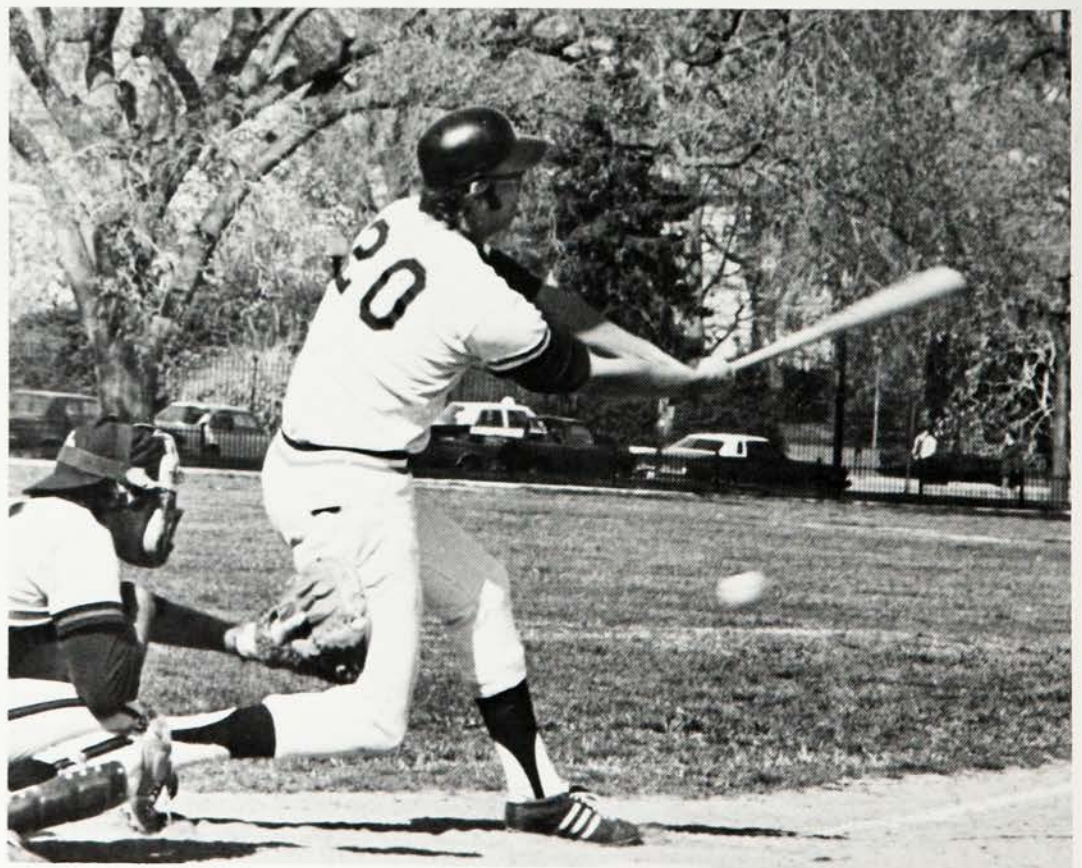
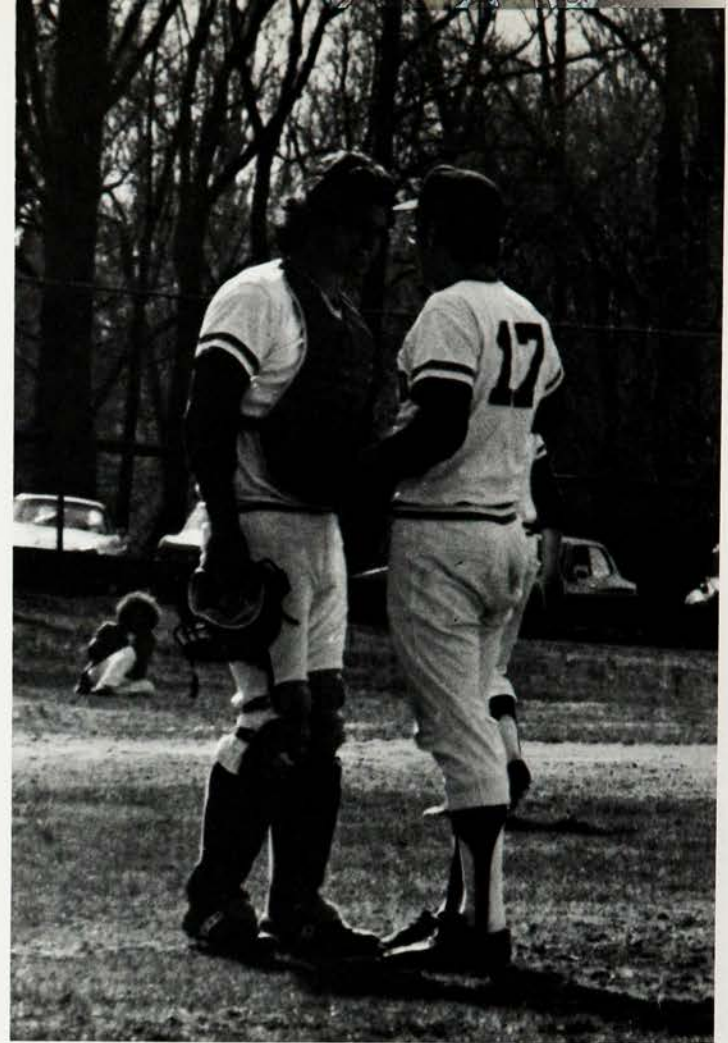
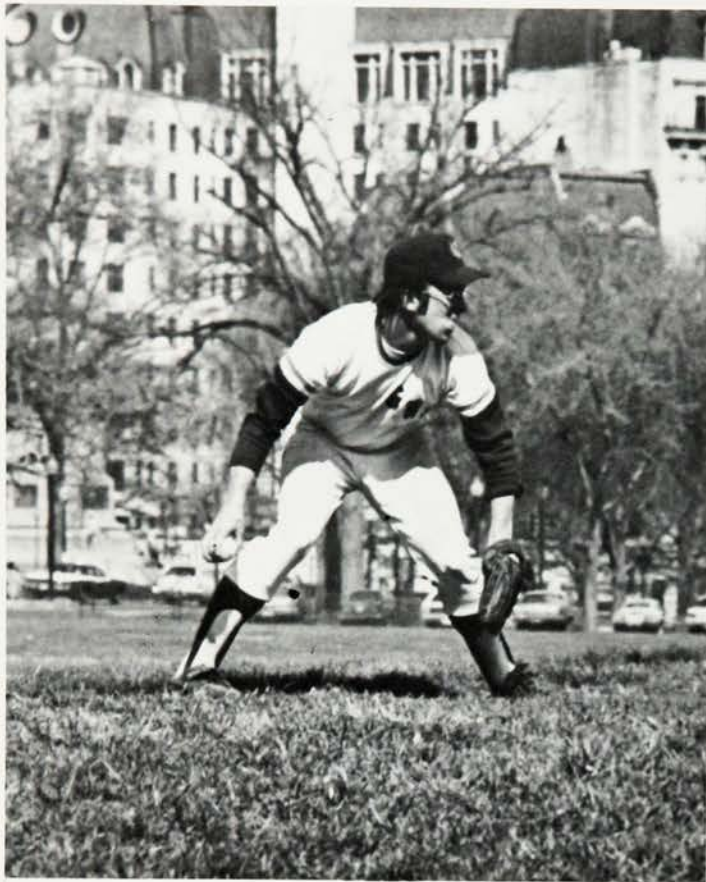




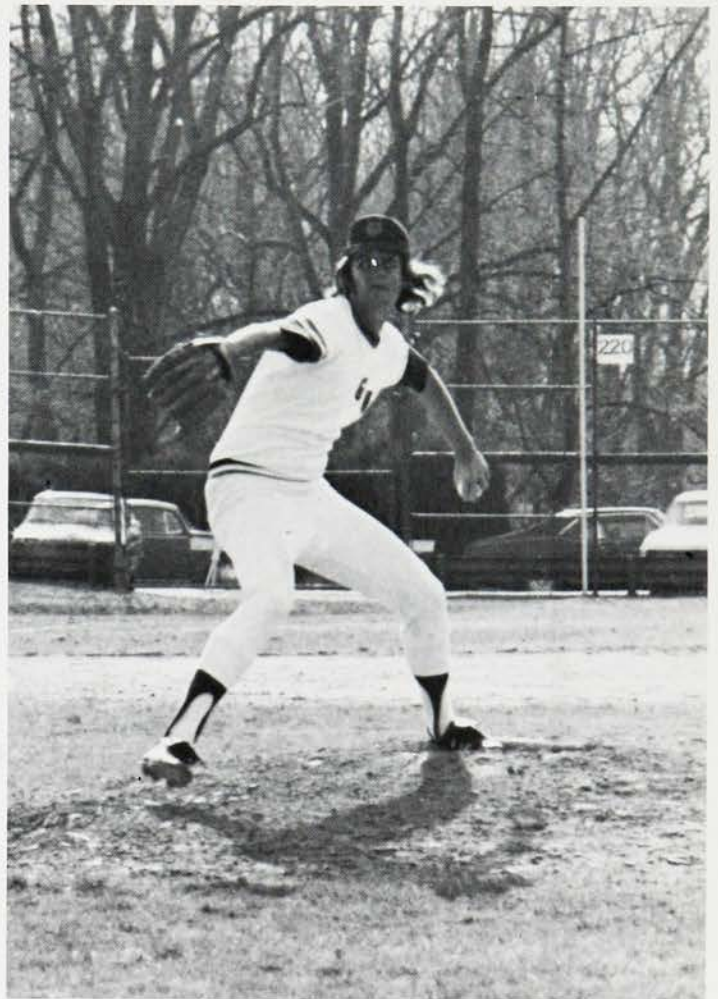
Professor Robert Jones



Professor D. S. Brown



Bob Shanta



A Last Fling Before Facing the Wor

By Judy Bachrach

Steven Gelbstein stared in astonishment at the 27-year-old Intruder.

"Look," he said consolingly, "Just act like the rest of us and nobody will ever know."

Steve Gelbstein is 21. So are Richard Sternberg and Mark Ames, and Richard Penn whose birthday it was Friday night when the party was given. They are all roommates and seniors at George Washington University and just a month ago they figured they really ought to throw one perfectly splendid party at the Exchange Ltd., a Foggy Bot-

tom bar they rented for the occasion, for all the people they will never see again after graduation. They let charged \$5 for the men and \$3 for the women, which Joanne Smoler, one of their pals, pronounced "sexist."

"Lemme do the talking," said Sternberg, who was dressed, like his three co-hosts, in a white tux and a brilliant ruffled shirt. "See everyone at GW goes to parties in jeans and smokes pot and sits around and talks

...

"But we want—you know—a party where people can dress up and drink booze. We figure it's a good transition between college, and

the world. Sort of preparing people to take on all these responsibilities."

Richard Penn explained that kids today are conservative.

"Shaddap, will ya?" Sternberg's voice knifed through the loud music. He pointed in the direction of the deejay. "He's used to playin' mostly '50s music. But we asked him not to do it much. Most kids here—they don't remember the '50s."

In rank defiance, the deejay spun an oldie called "At the Hop." Sternberg and his fiancée and 170 other kids began to twist "At the Hop." When the Intruder suggested the lindy as a more successful alternative, some-



Monday, March 4, 1974

one said, "What's the lindy?"

But for most of the evening Joanne and her two roommates and Rick and his three, and the four roommates who arrived in black tuxes and white carnation boutonnieres, and the rest of the gang who wore everything from jeans to funky dresses, did not twist. And they did not smoke pot. And they did not sit in dark corners plotting how best to liberate the dean's office.

They engaged, instead, in the aimless, formless dancing of the late '60s and early '70s. Richard Sternberg, who is going into advertising after he graduates, went around from couple to couple ordering them all to have a good time.

A young man in a turtle-neck and slacks seated himself warily, and explained that he wanted to write a book like "Portnoy's Complaint." "I feel fine now," he said. "But tomorrow I'm gonna regret this party." We started at the whirling couples. "I'll give you a low-down on this place. The man here—they're worried about jobs. But the girls—well all they're interested in doing is getting married."

In the middle of the party, Allan Meckles whipped out a slender diamond ring and placed it on Ellen Kaufman's finger. "You know why they did this

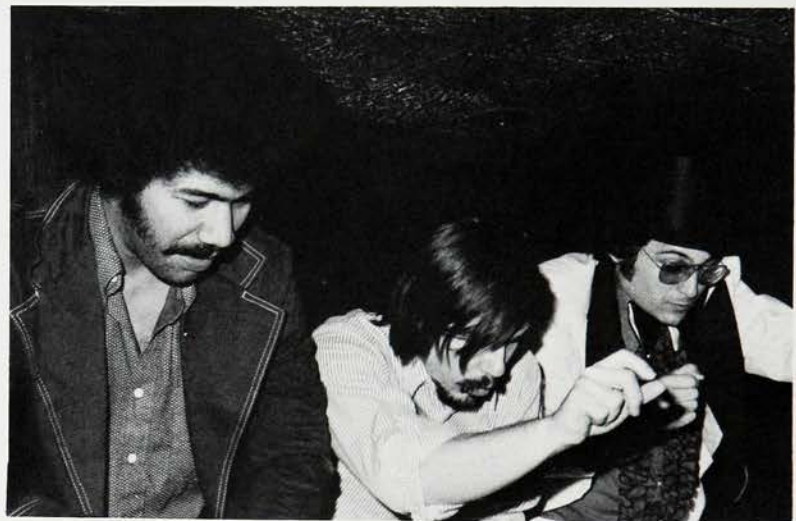
now?" cried Sternberg dancing gleefully around the embracing couple, "They did

this because it was MY party." Allan Meckles agreed that was indeed why he had chosen that moment to become affianced.

As the party wore on, the deejay dedicated a song to the woman at the party "... with the biggest mammary glands." The effects of liquor became manifest. In one corner, a young woman slumped heavily over the table. In the ladies room, yet another was being ill. A very pale young man began moaning about a lost bow tie. People reminisced about sedatives called Quaaludes, which, all agreed, were "last year's trip."

By 2:30 a.m. Richard Sternberg was dancing wildly to the Beatles' "Revolution." "I ask you," he screamed, "Is this a party?"

It was a tough question to answer.

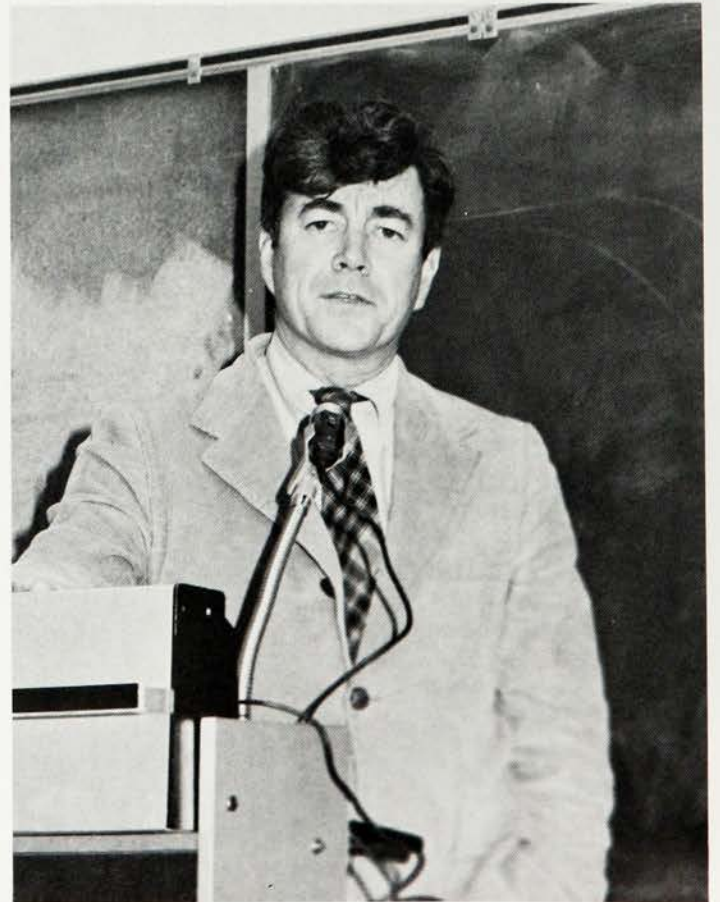


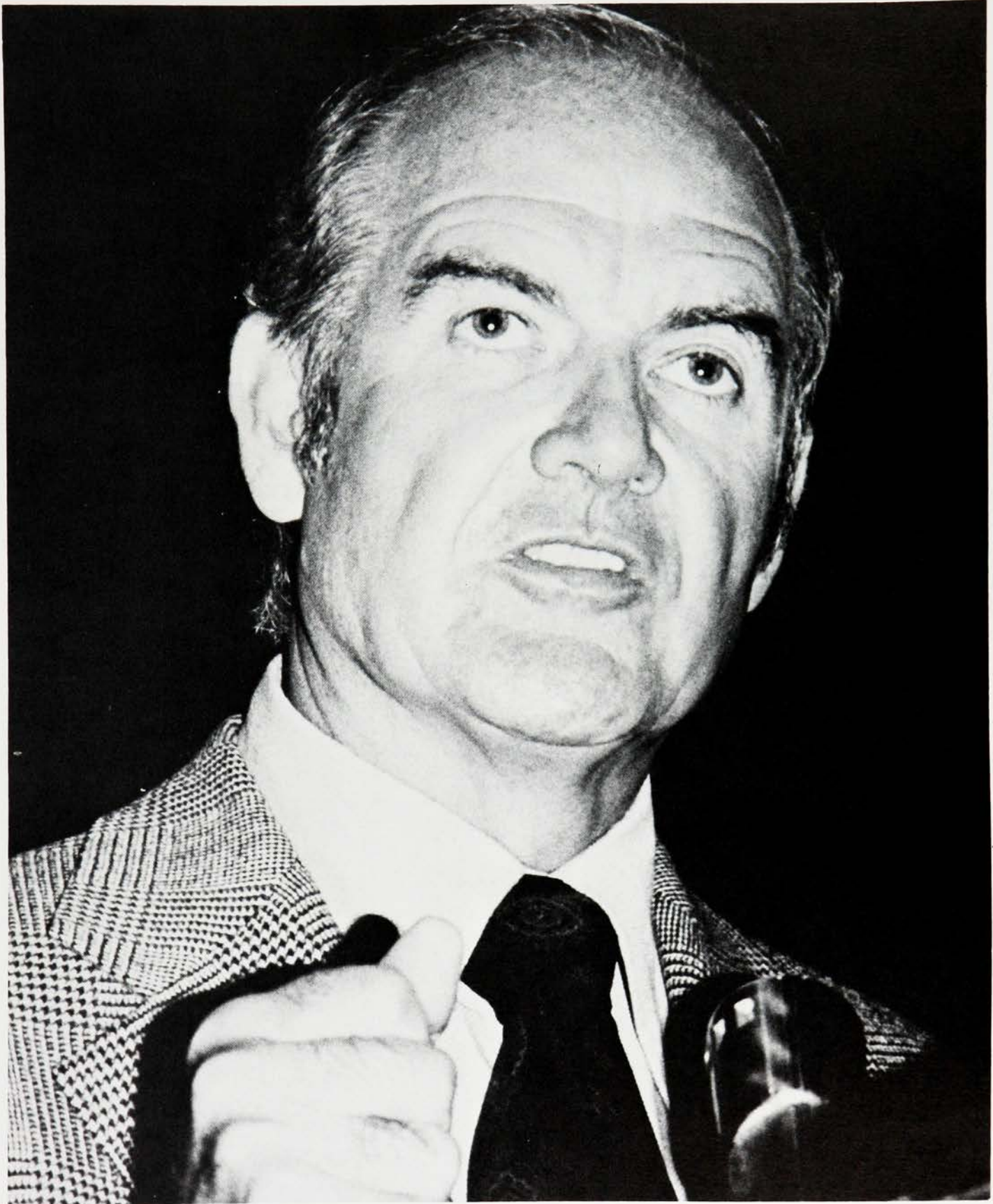






Congressman Pete McCloskey



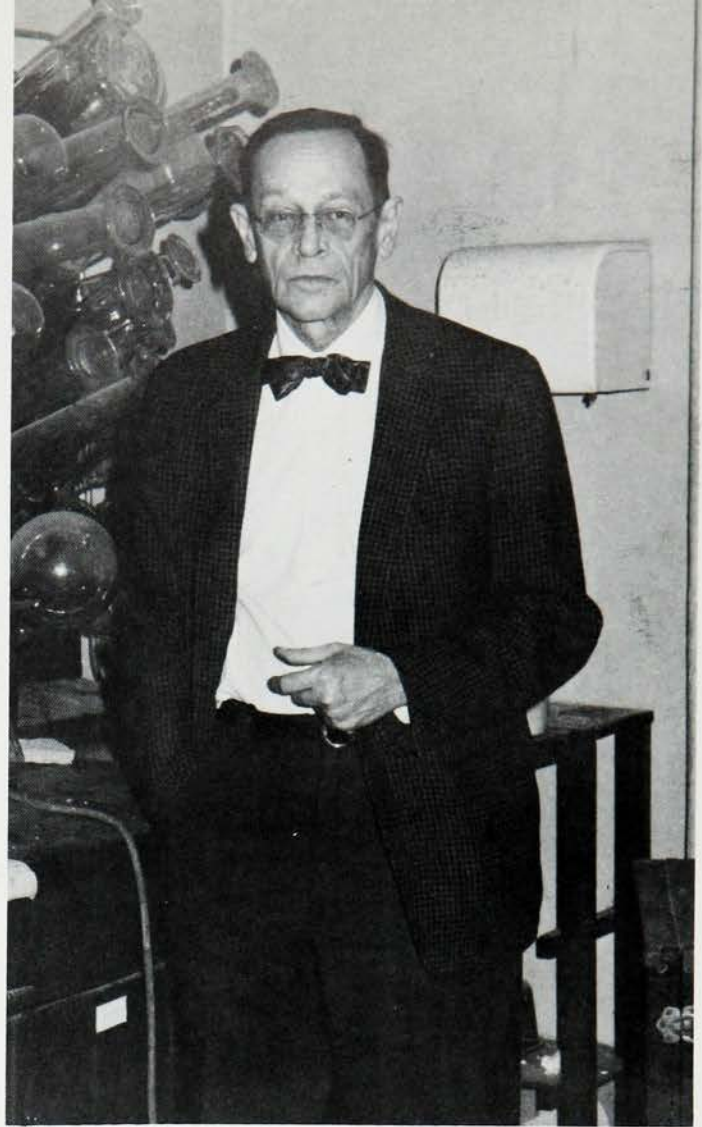




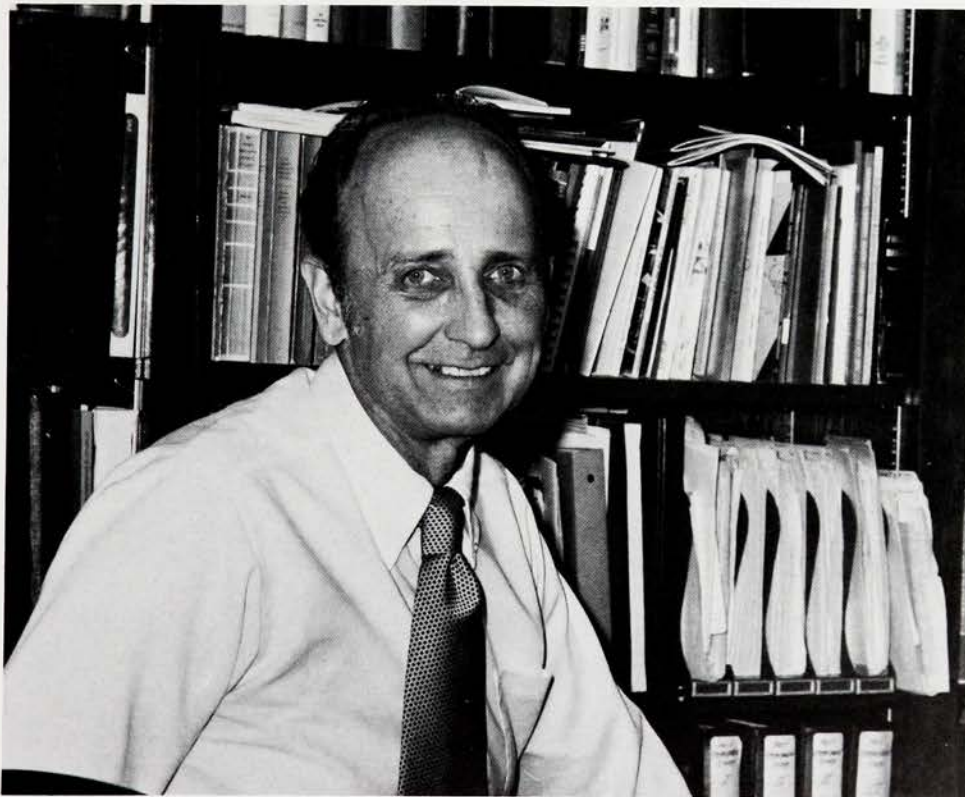
Professor Robert Hadley



Professor Anthony Mastro



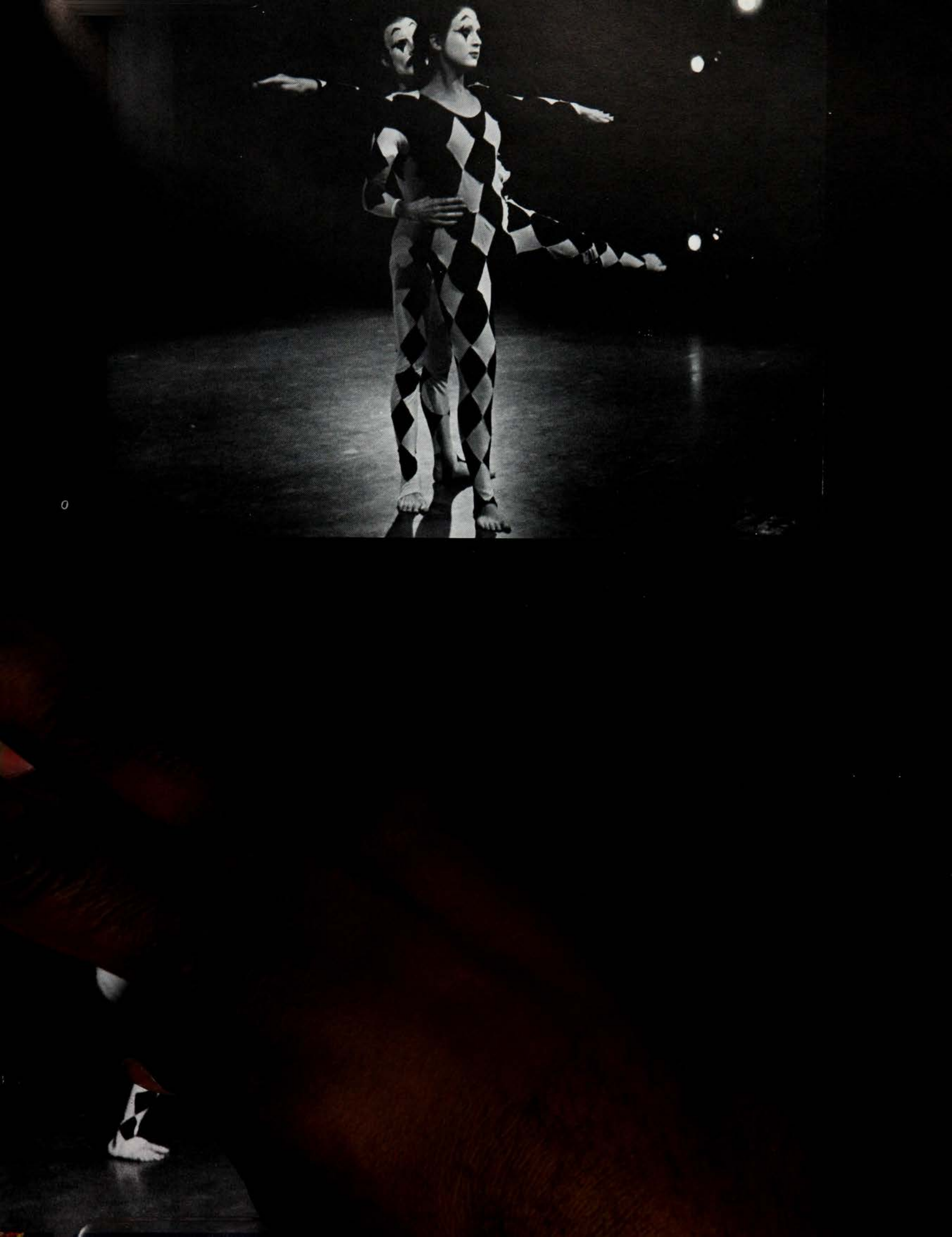
Professor C. R. Naeser

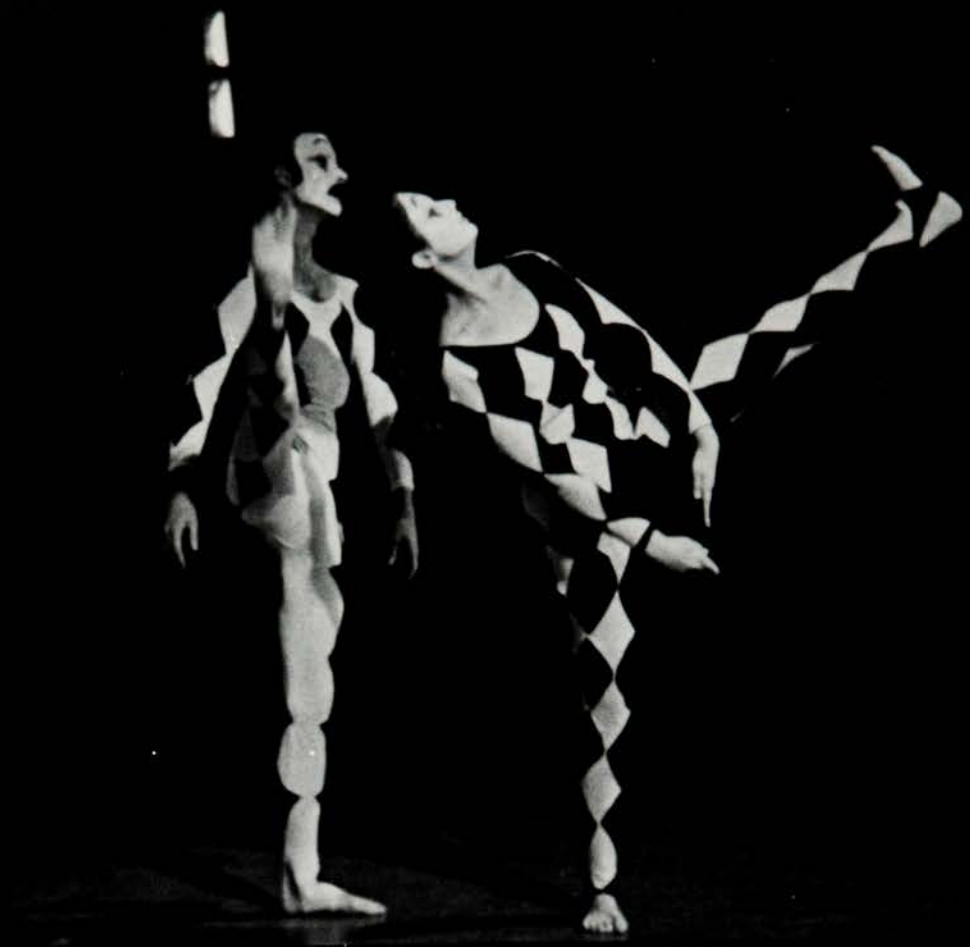


Professor H. R. Page



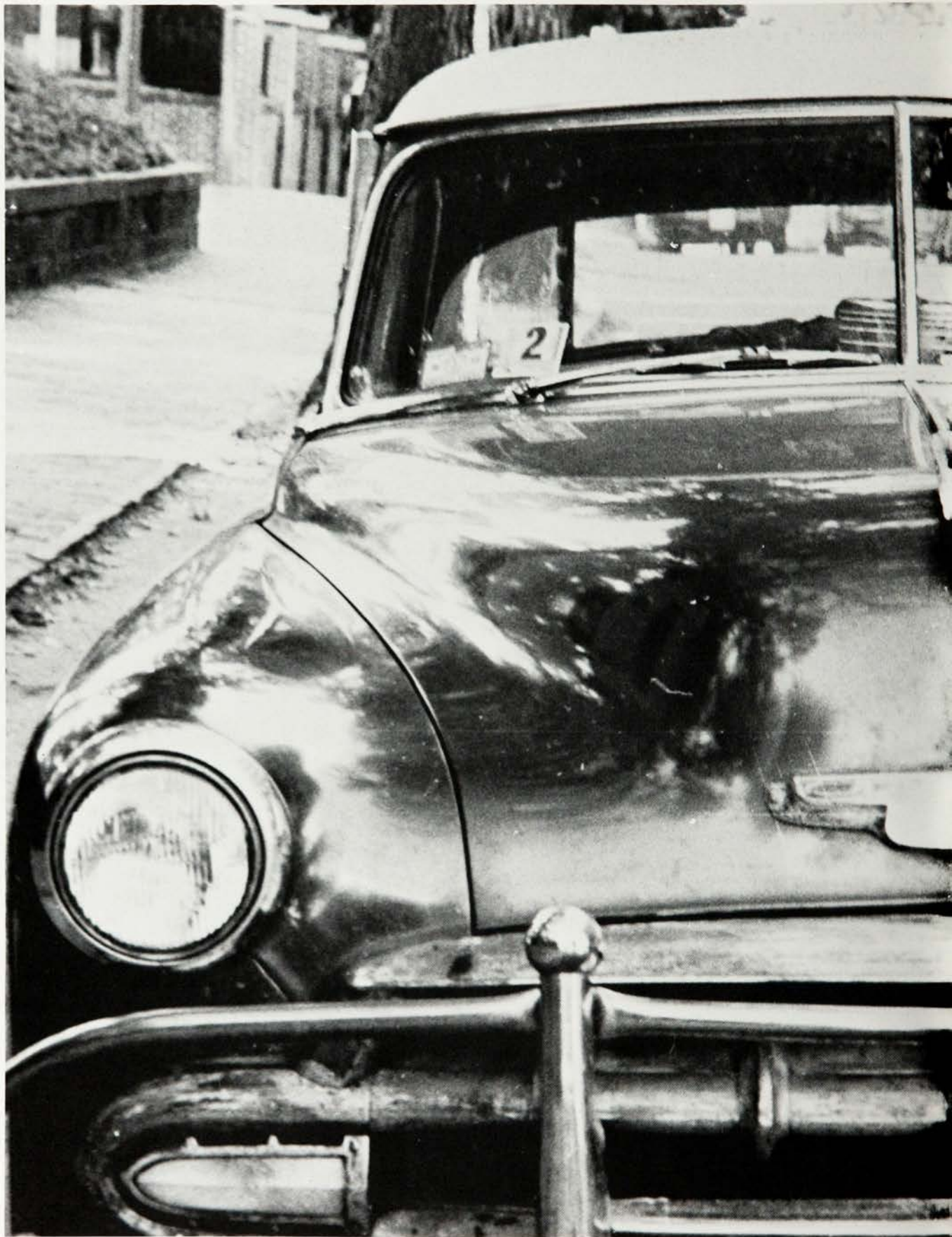






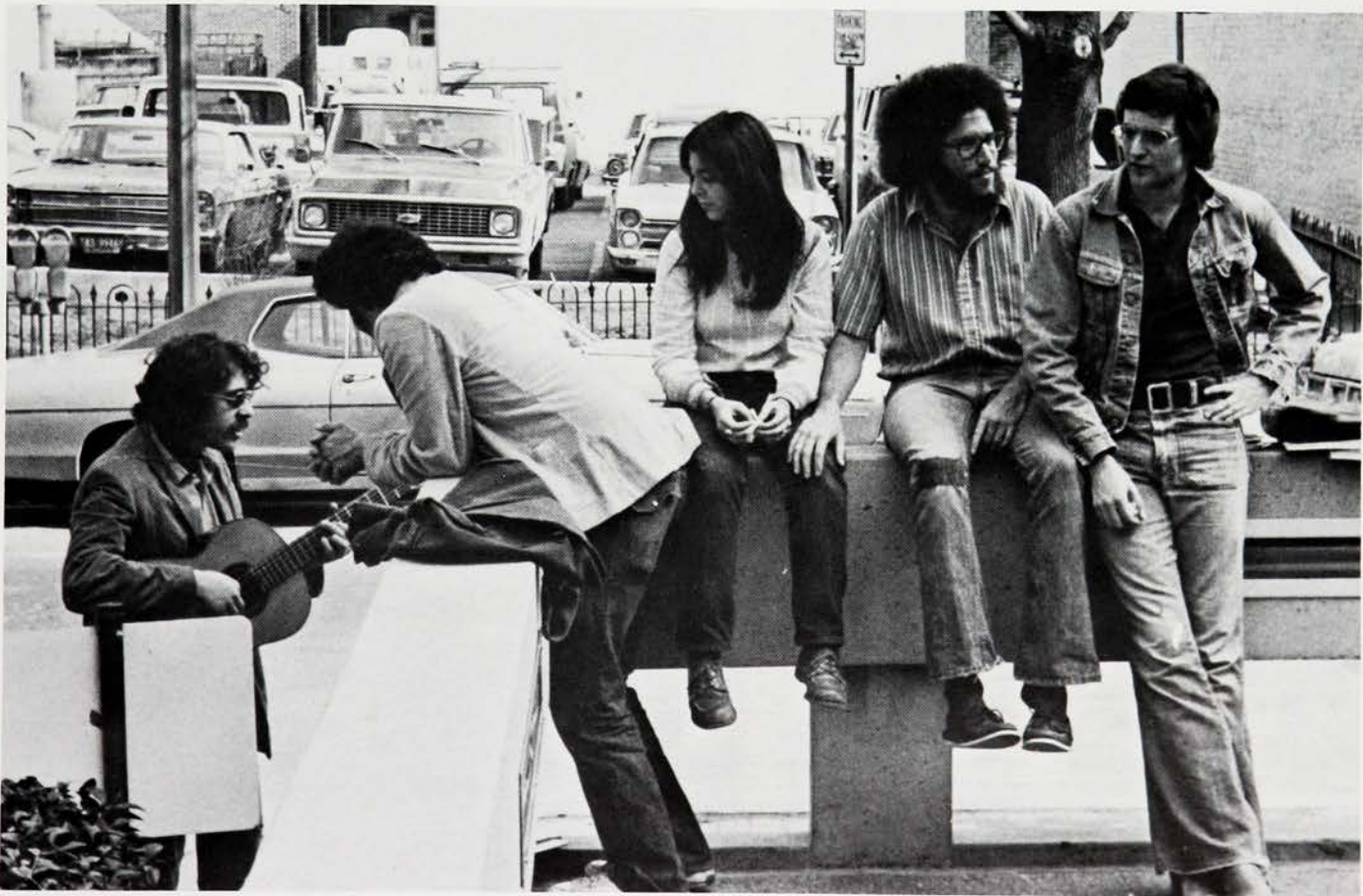
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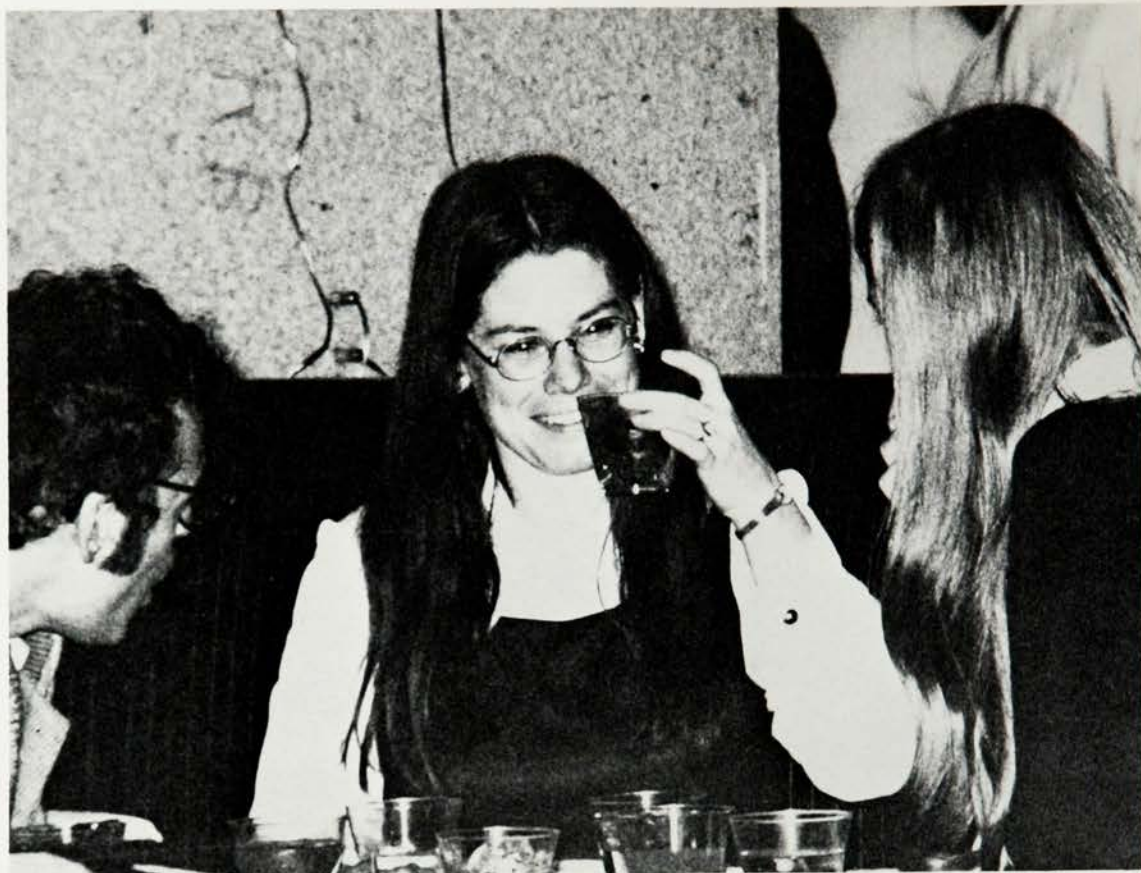






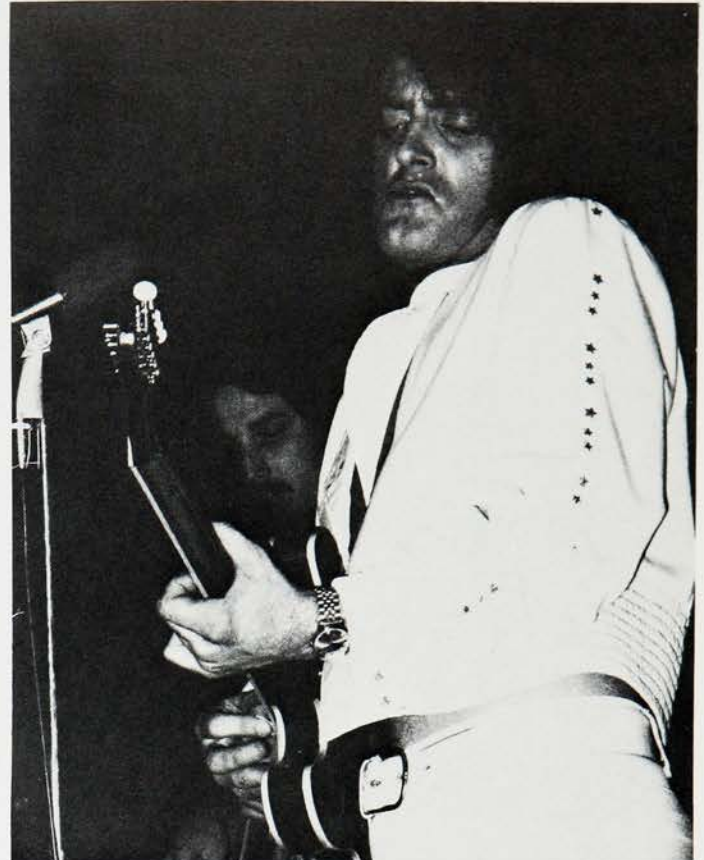
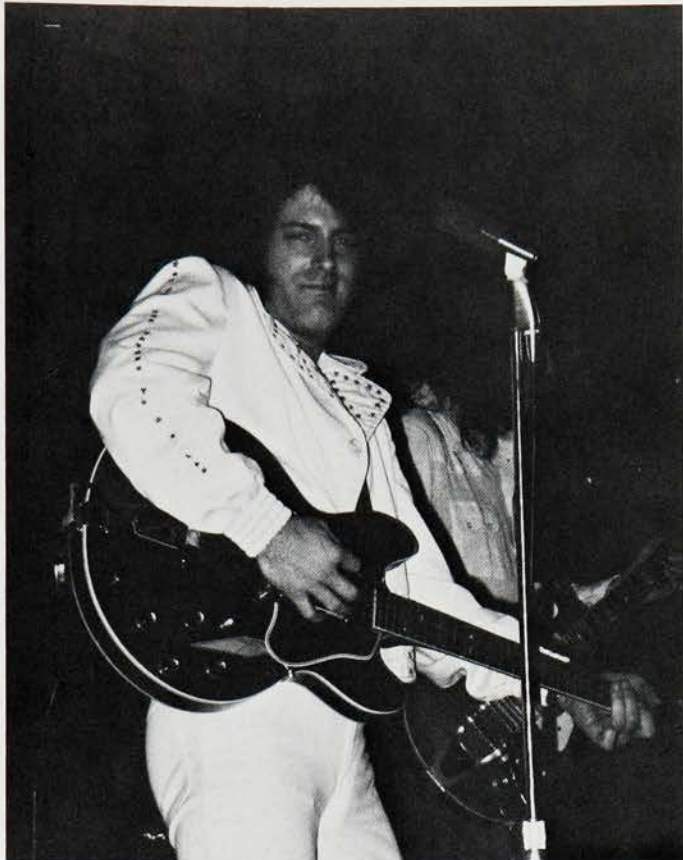






Engineer's Ball

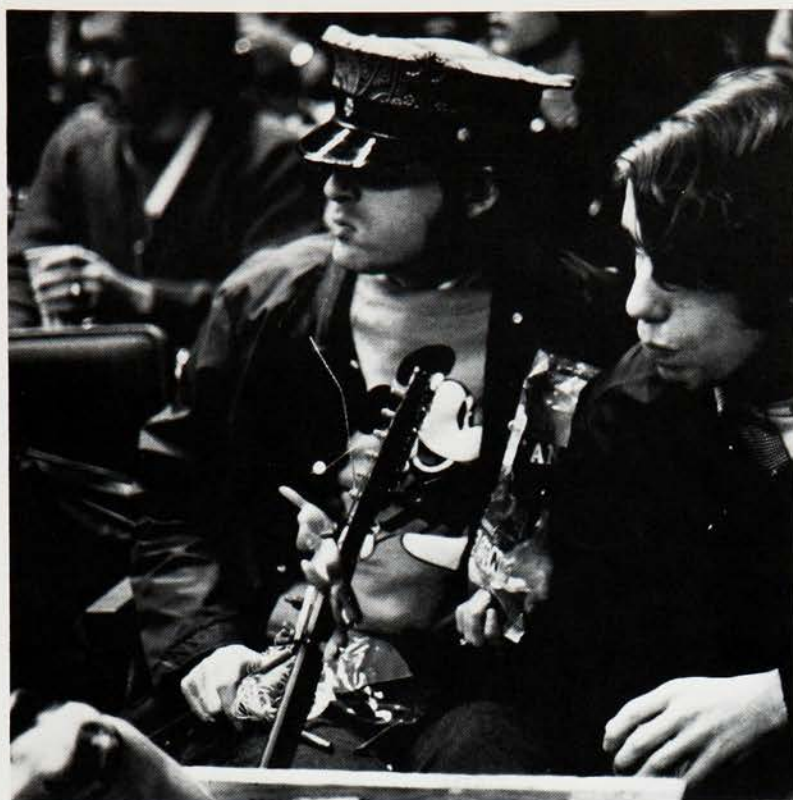


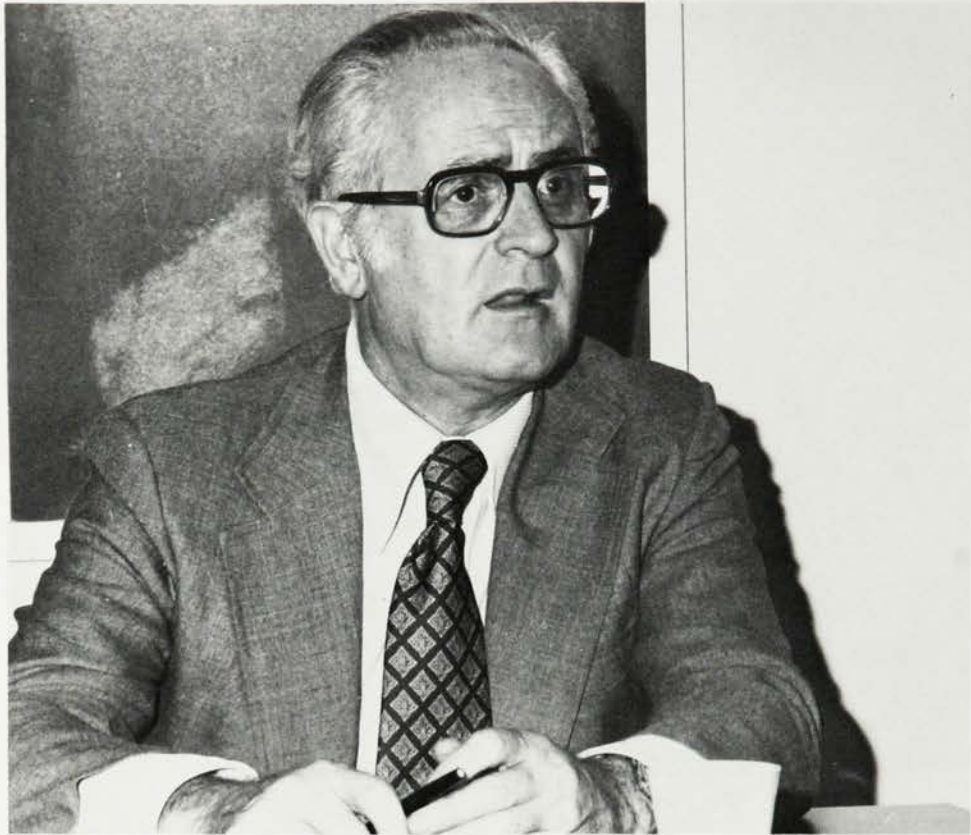


Tommy James









Peter Lisagor



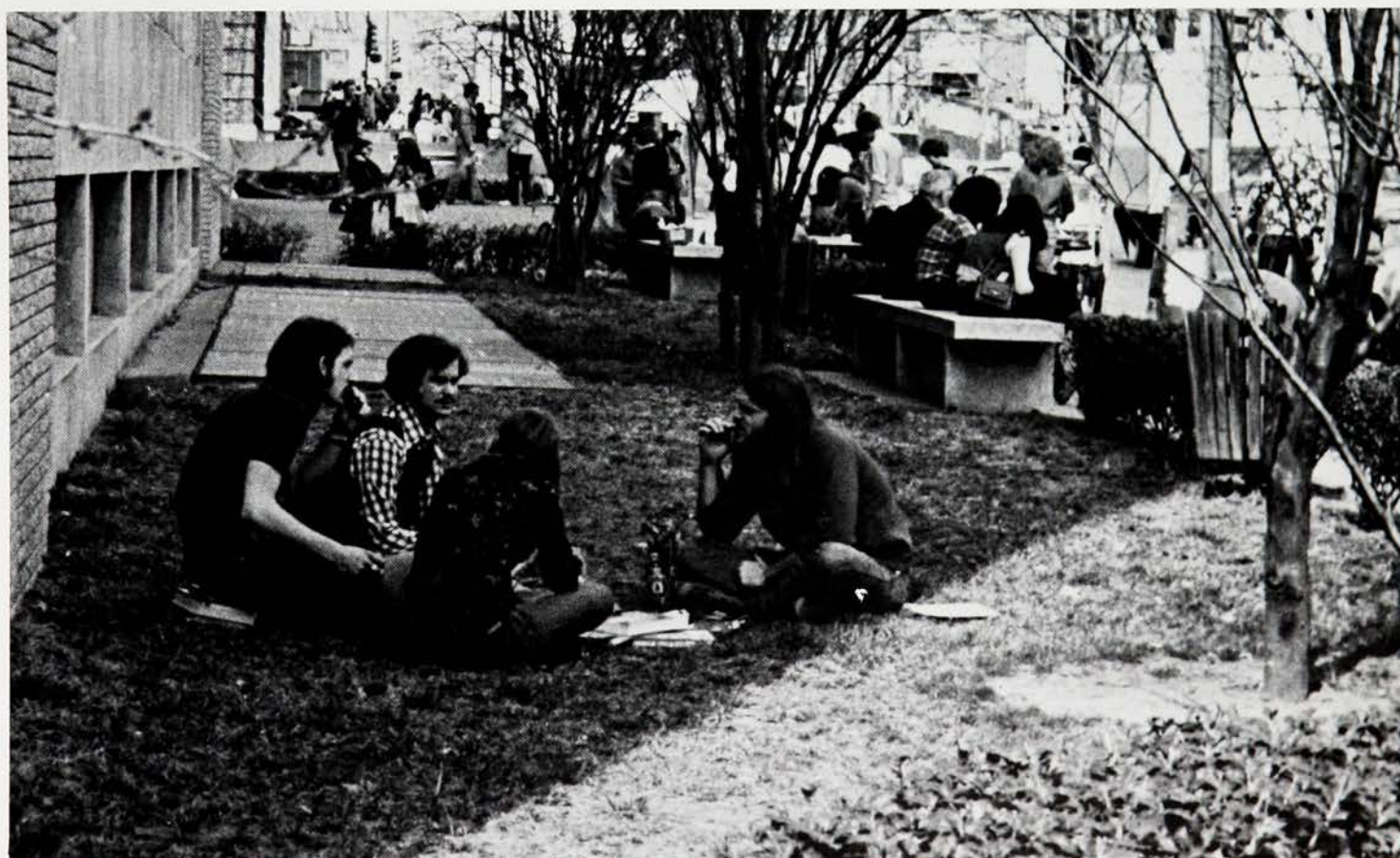


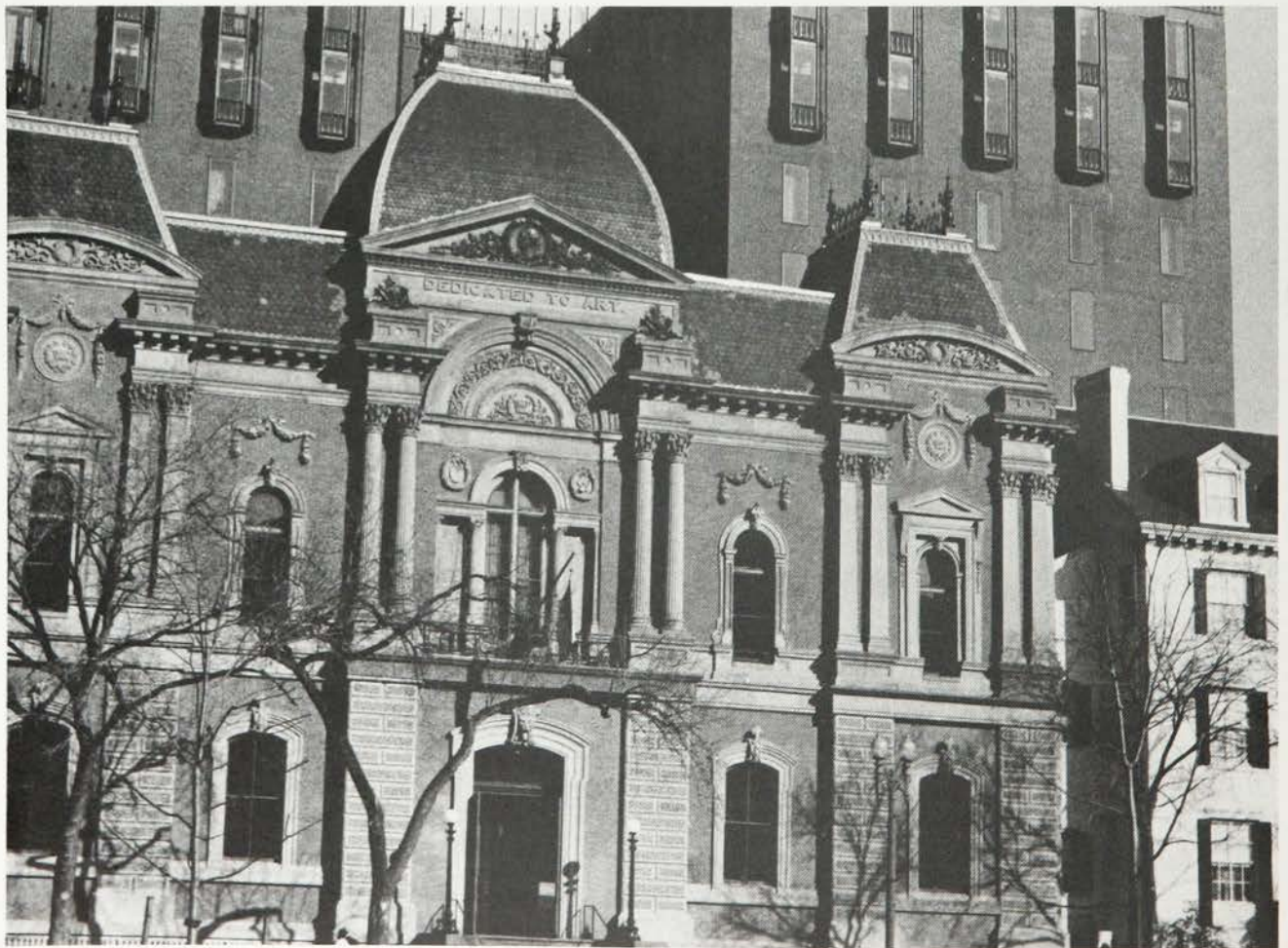
Professor Clarence Mondale



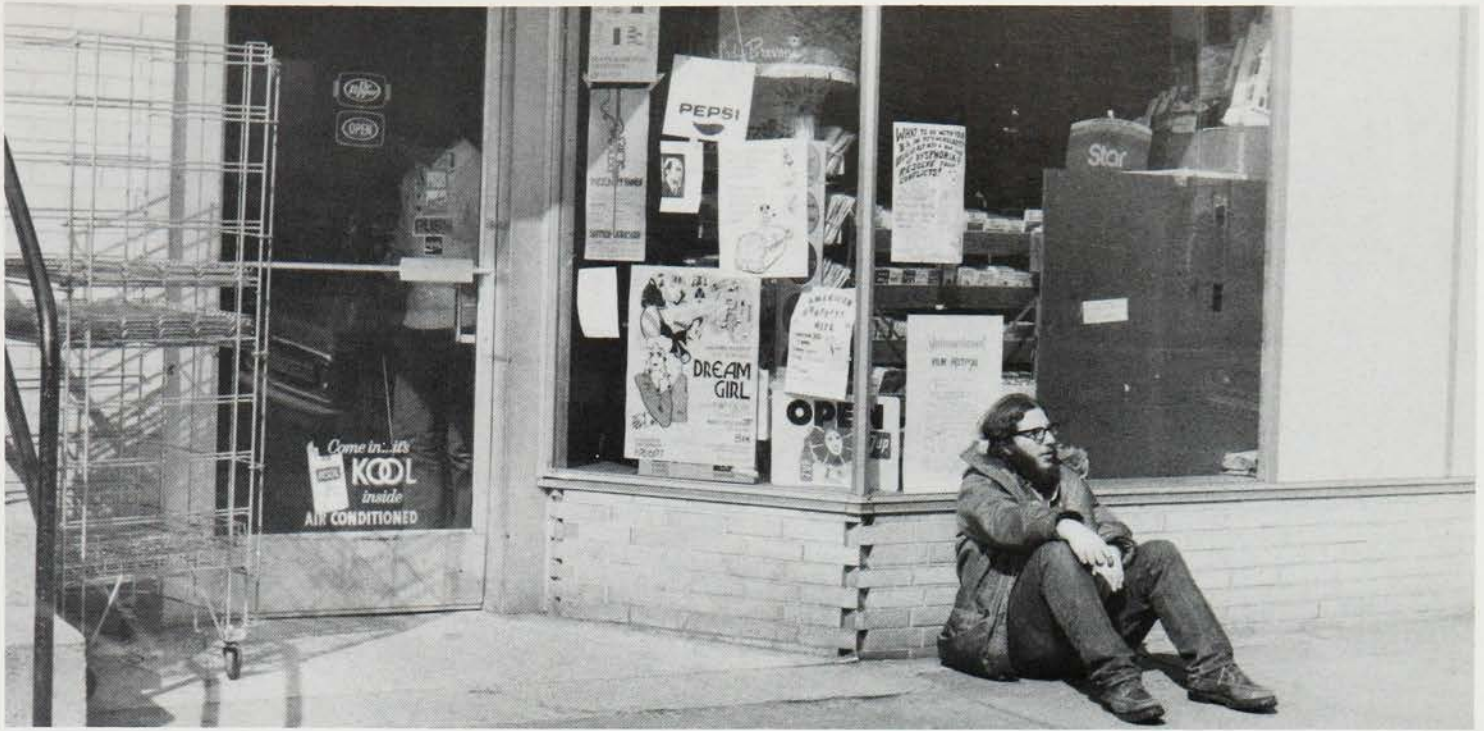


Tau Beta Pi



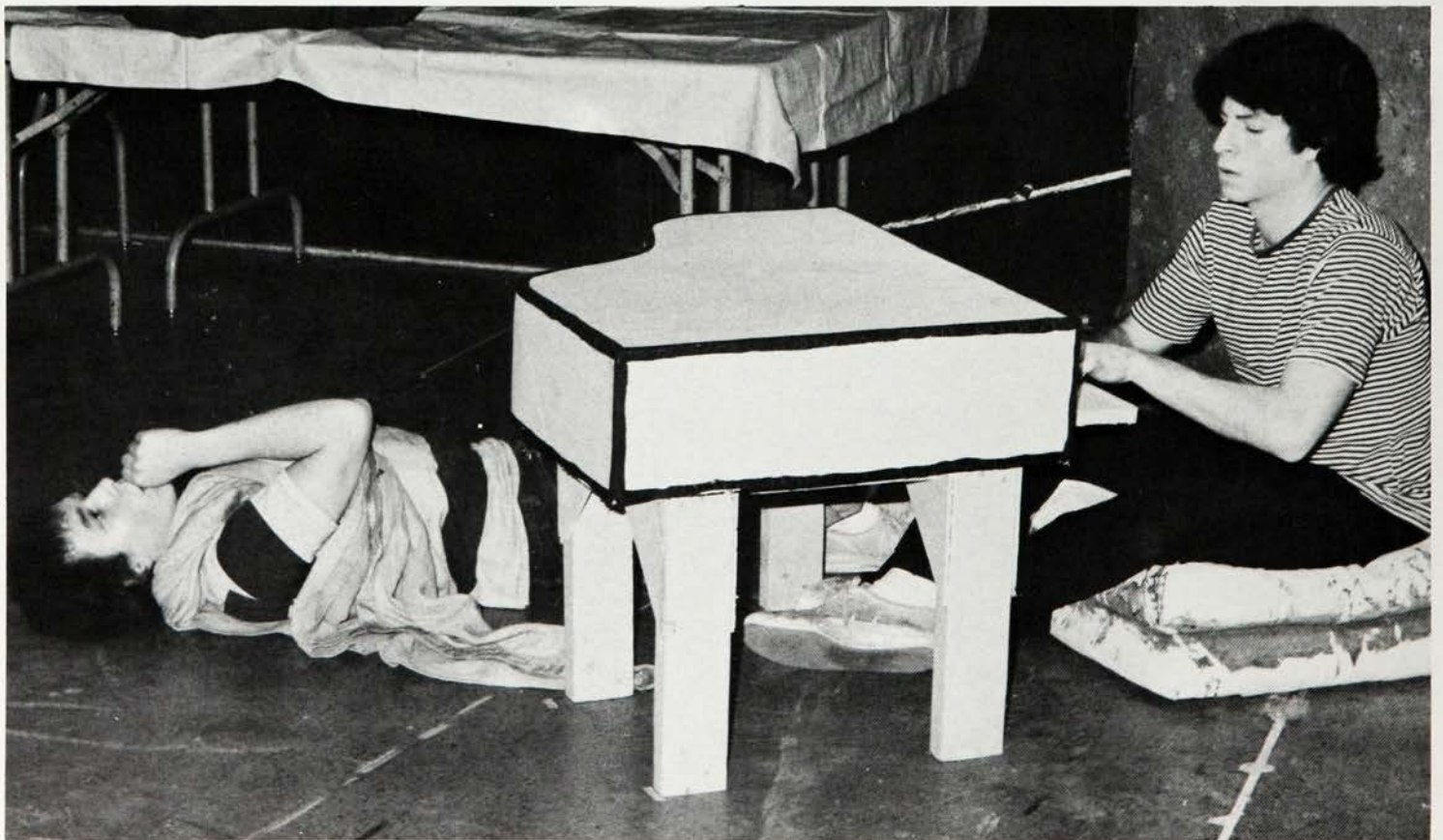
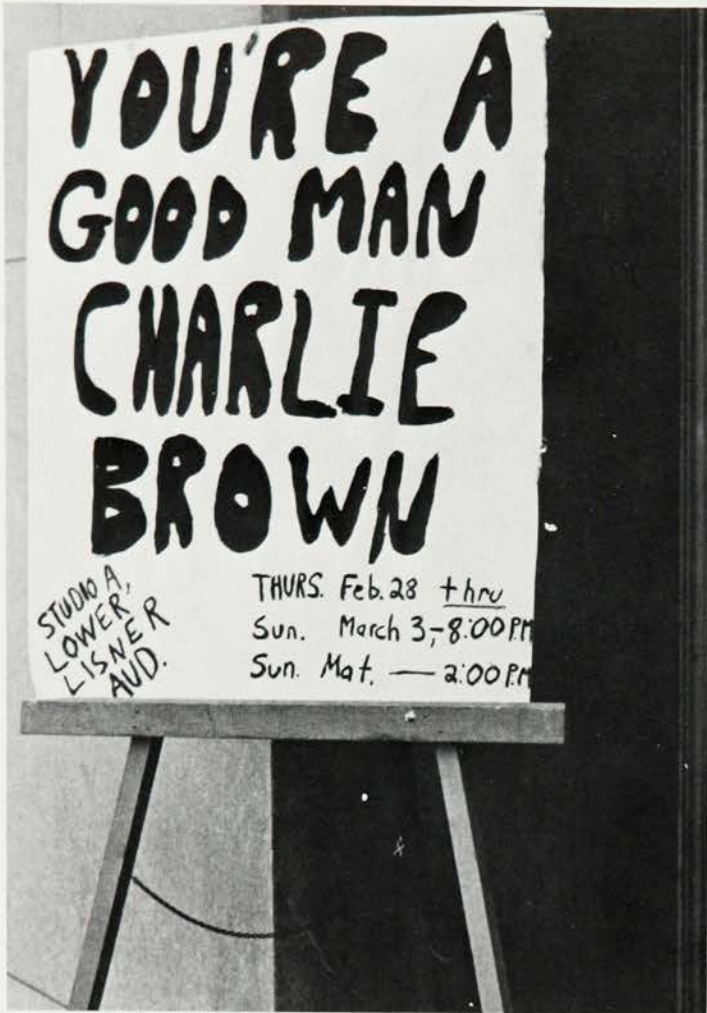


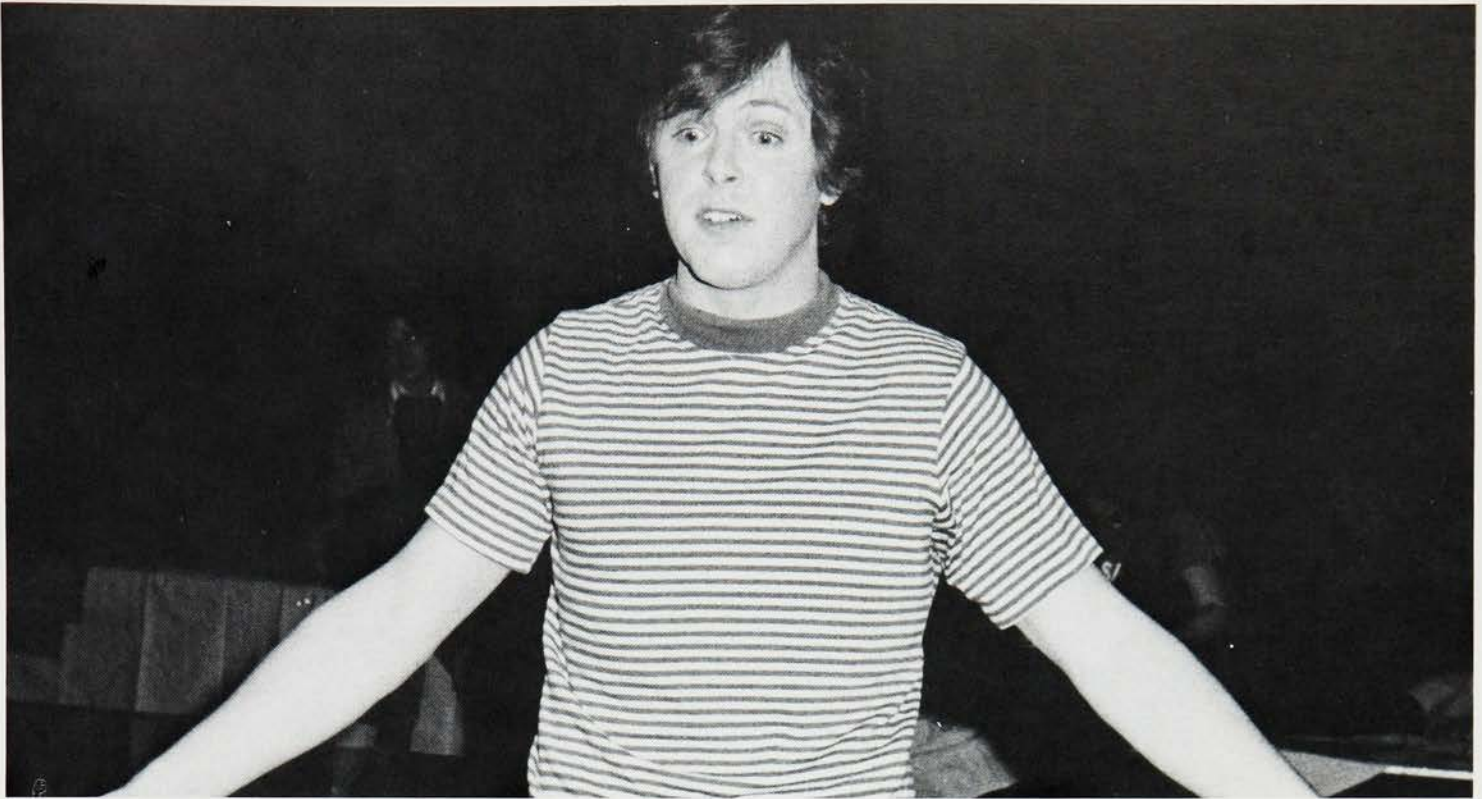
The Renwick Gallery

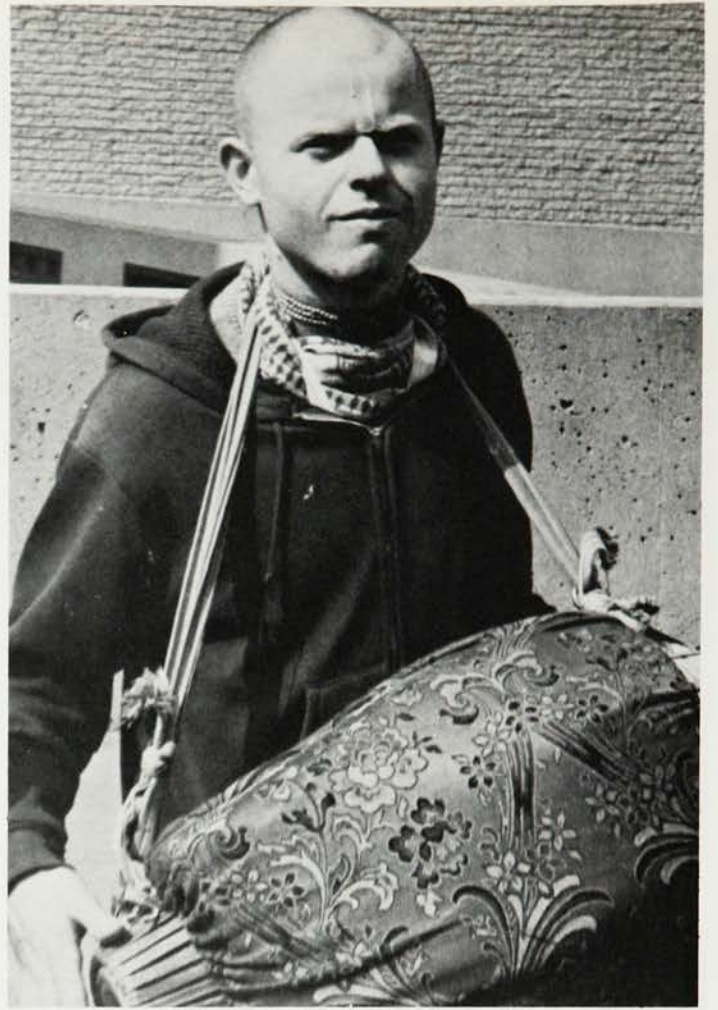


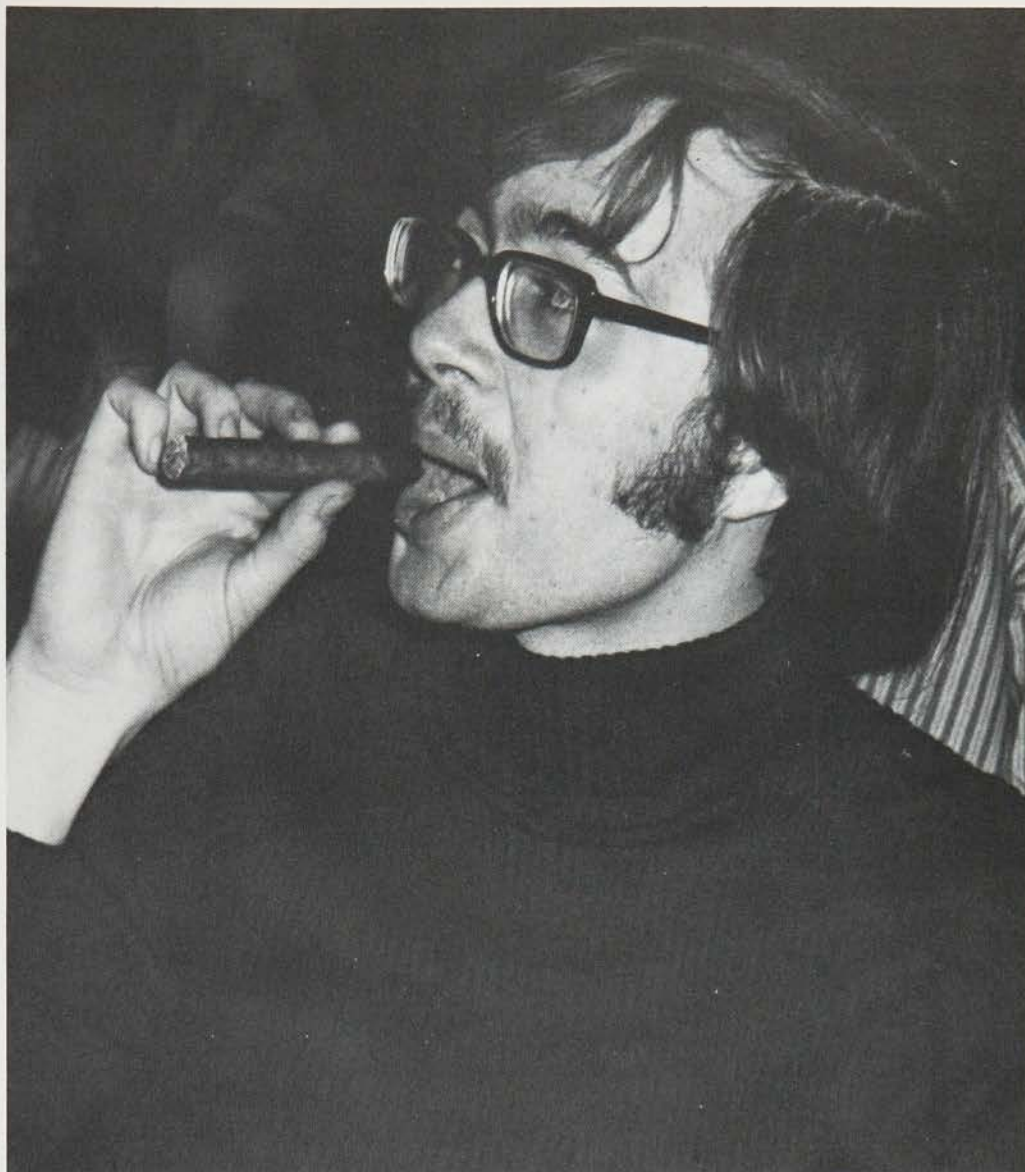
Leo's Grocery

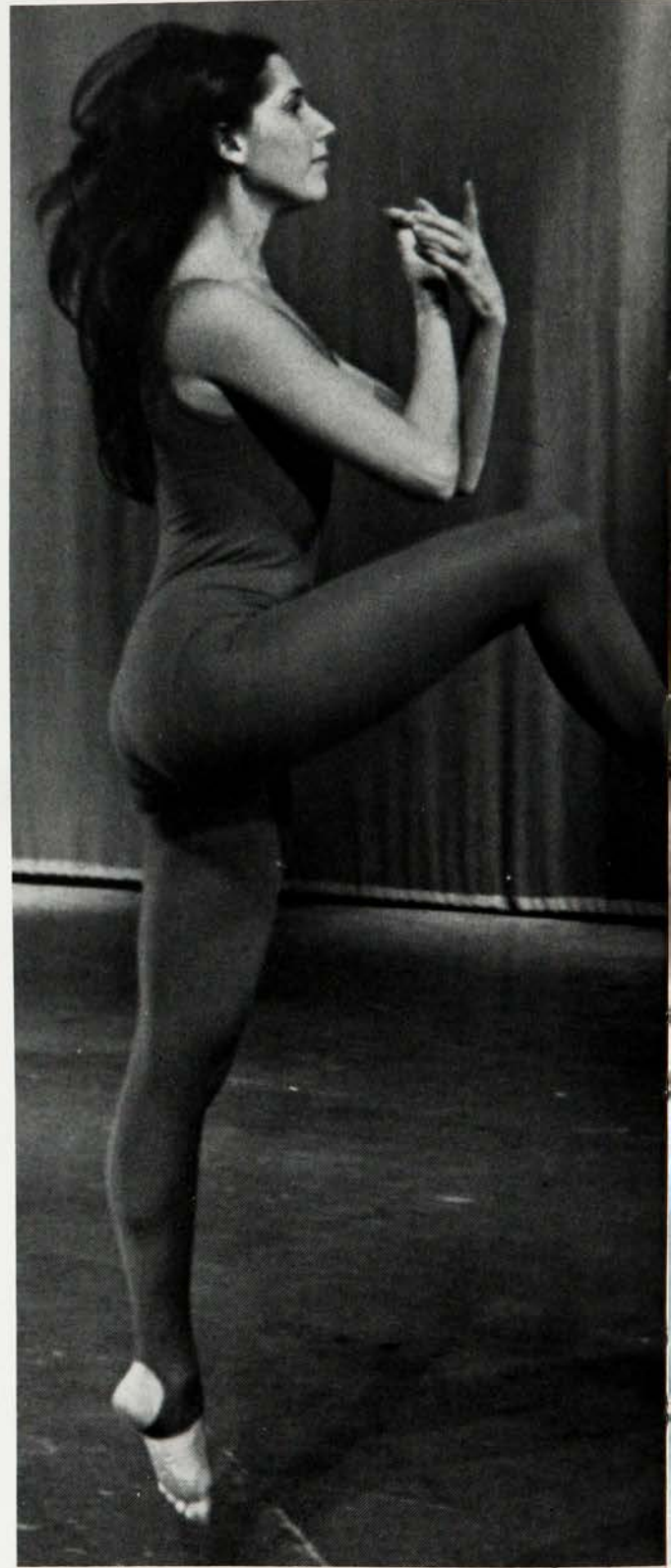
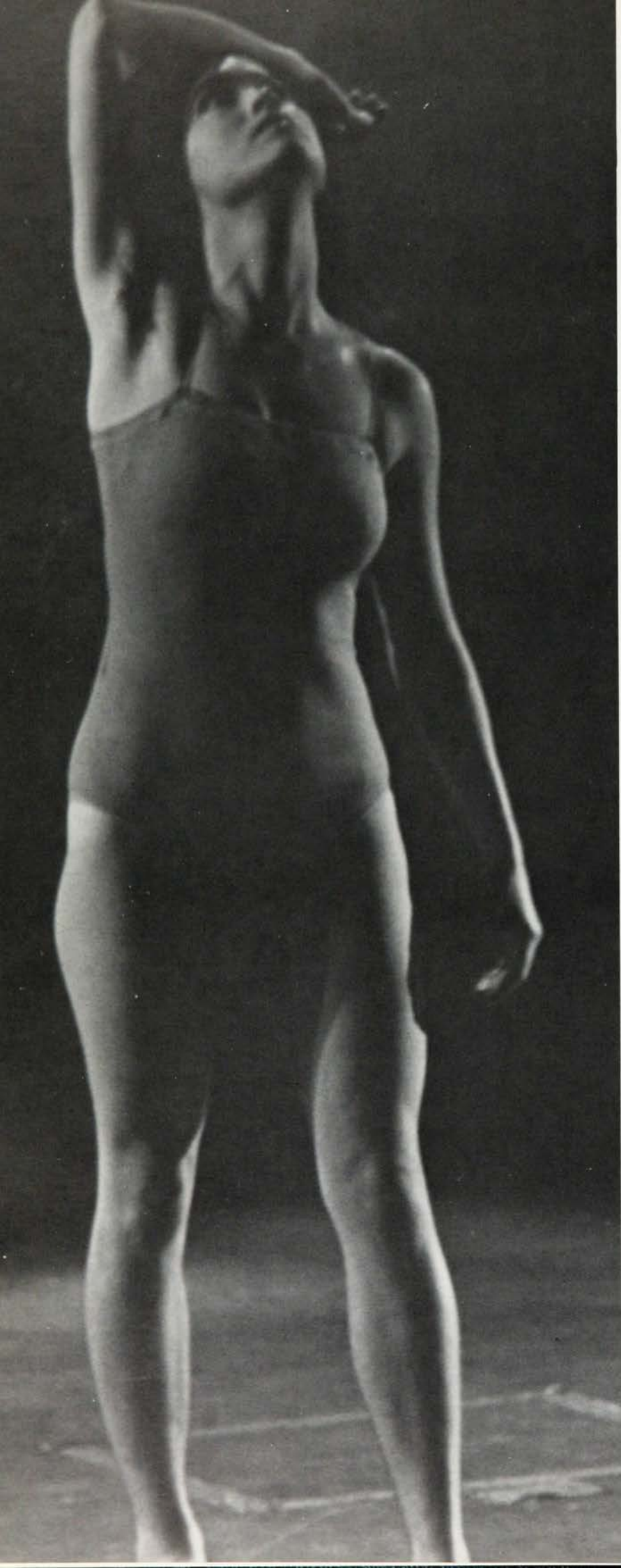


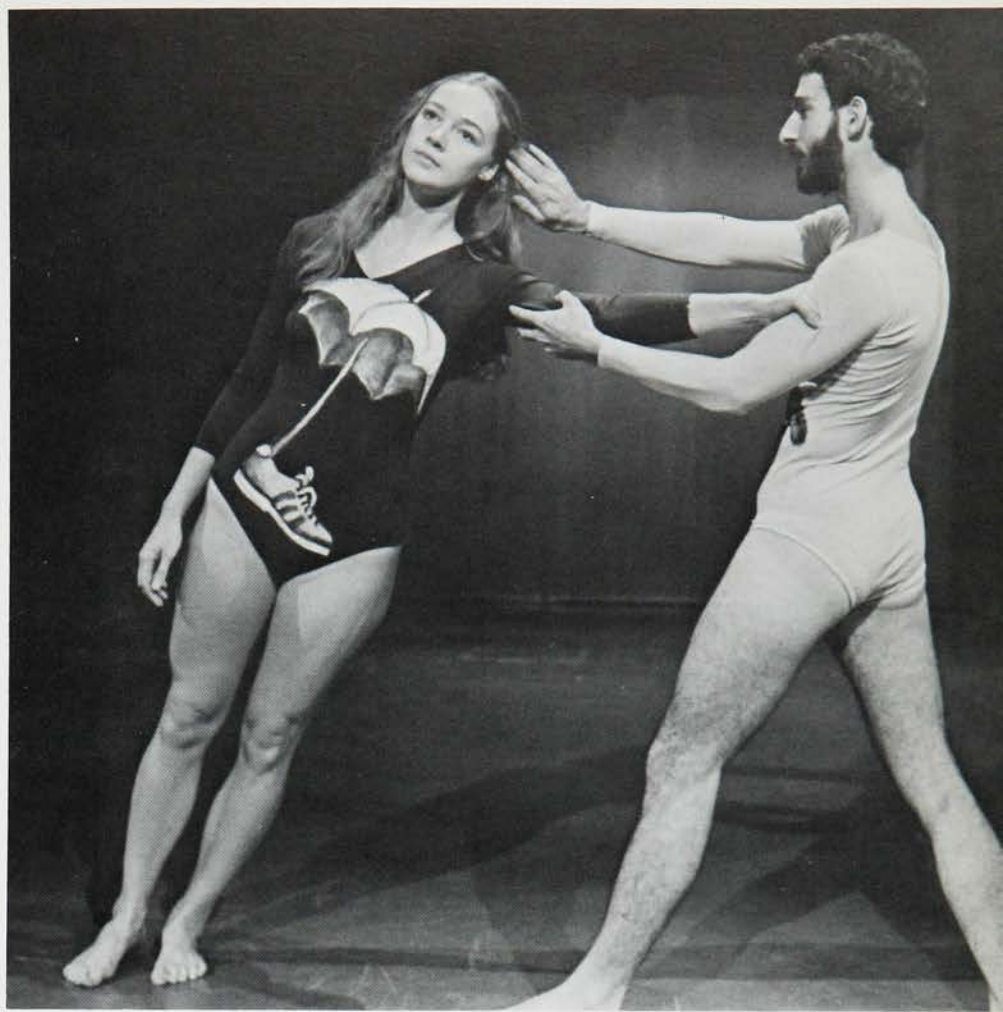






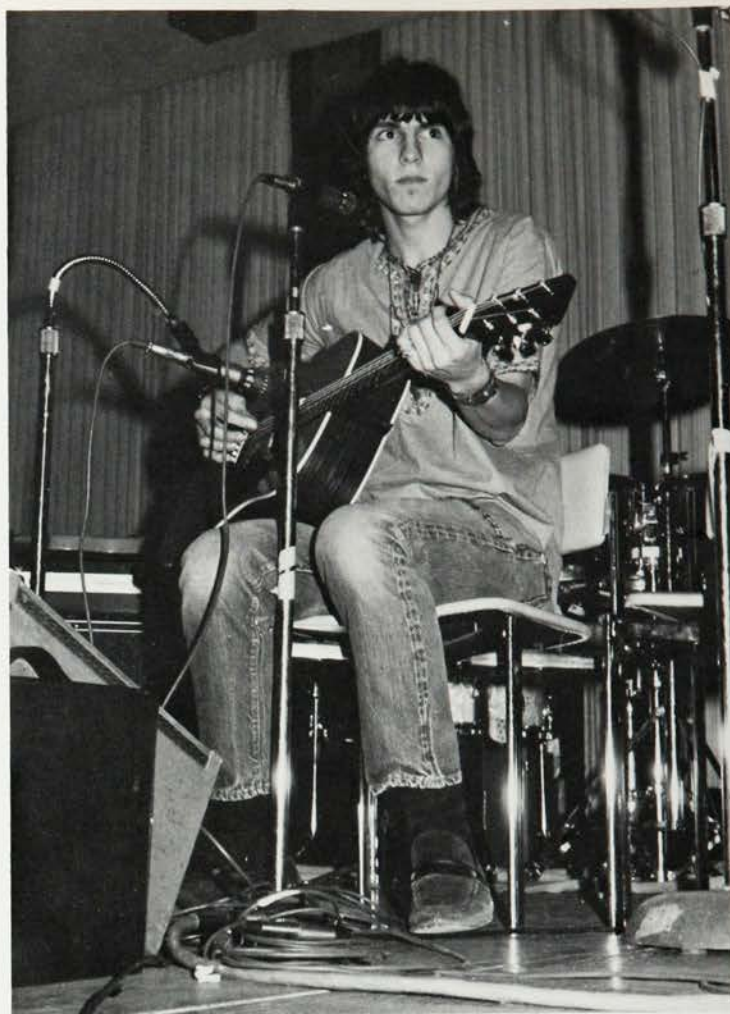
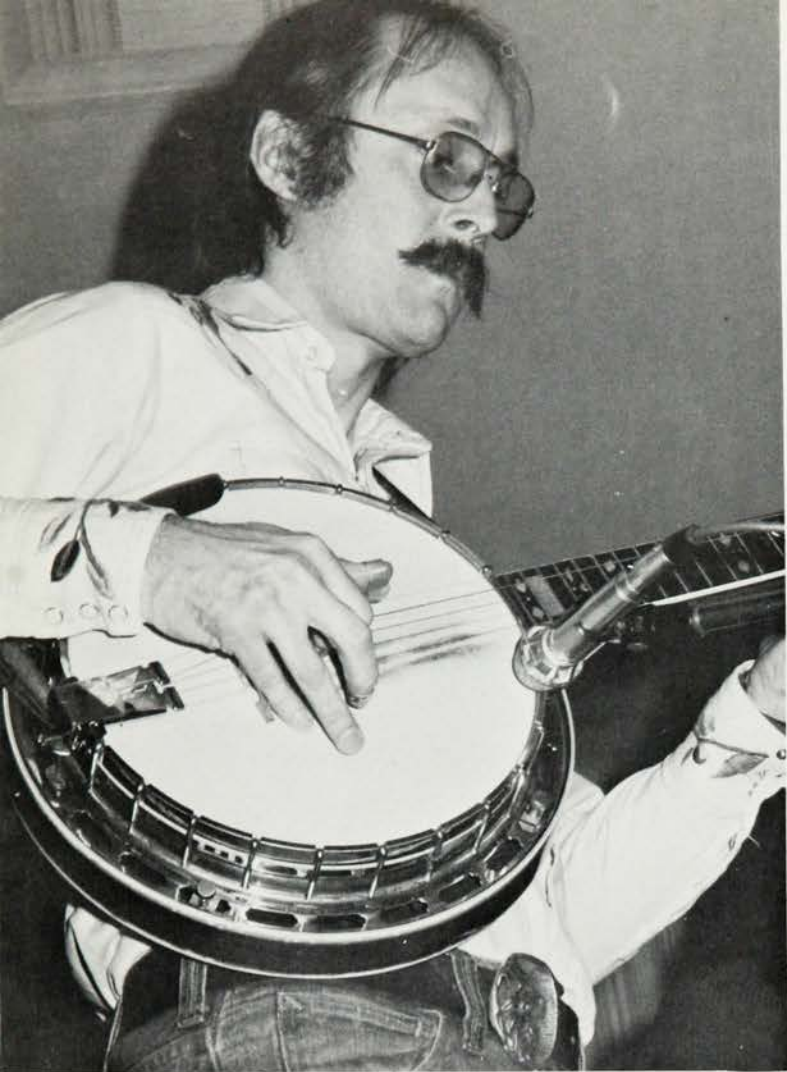




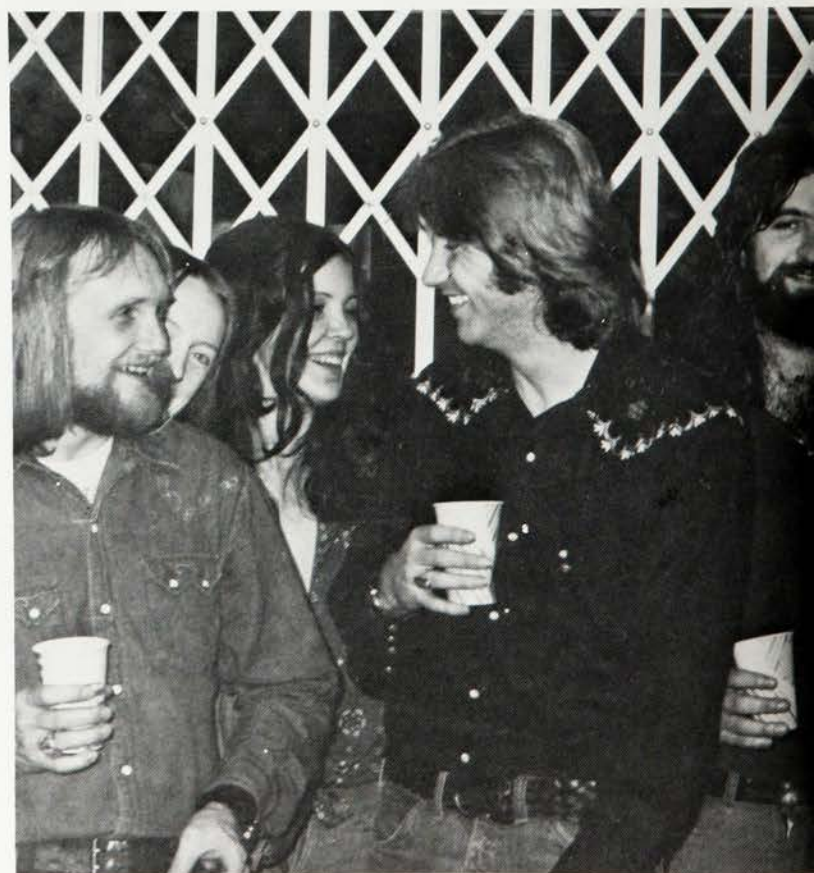


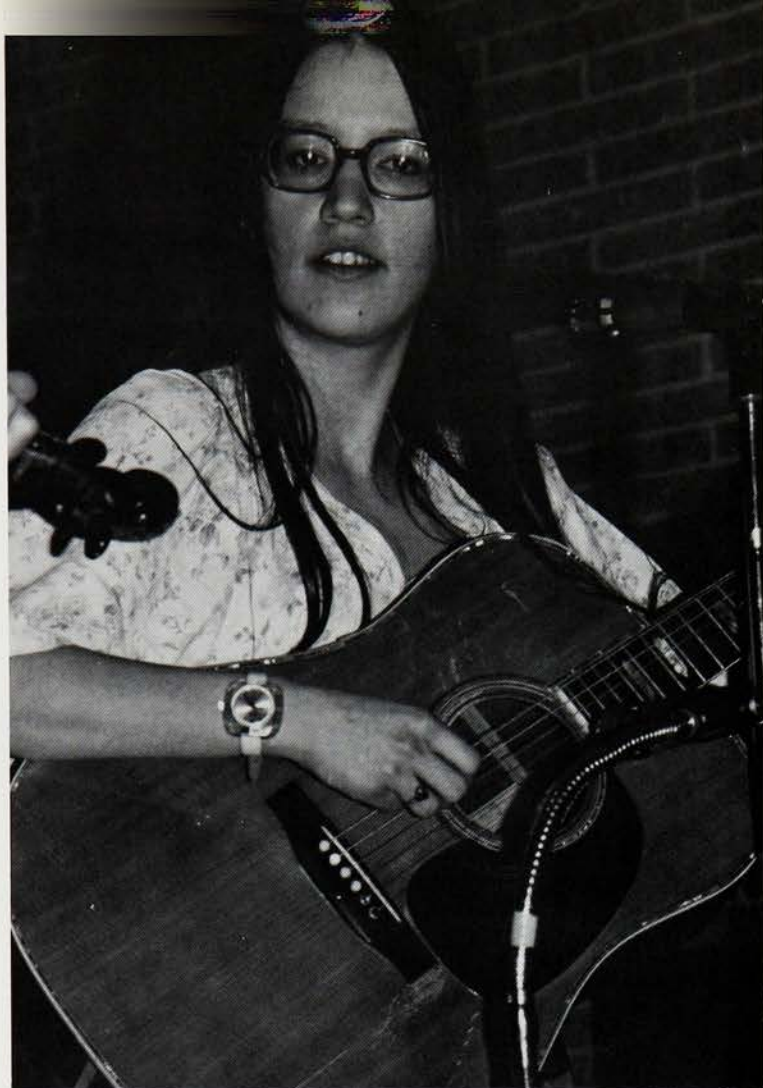






Stephan Spano





LIZ MEYER AND FRIENDS



Living at the fulcrum of power, we as GW students have been eyewitnesses to a tragic period in U.S. history and gifted, perhaps, with a sharper view than those scattered around the nation. Living in Washington in the eye of the Watergate hurricane and its resulting politics of impeachment, it is nearly impossible not to have the feeling that President Nixon will not survive his second term. This was obvious months ago.

Though not characterized as a "Watergate Scandal," former Vice President Agnew's shady resignation in September seemed to be an omen that Washington and the nation were soon going to bear witness to the fruit of the summer's Watergate hearings.

I remember a Saturday night late last October when I was sitting at home with my brother and two friends. We halted our game of Hi-Lo Jack and immediately sobered up when a news flash came across the T.V. screen reporting that President Nixon had just fired Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox and had ordered FBI agents to seize his files.

We sat glued to the screen, fascinated by the tumultuous events that were taking place mere blocks away. It was scary. We sat up half the night thinking what Nixon would do next. We even went as far as considering the possibility of his calling out the military and placing the city under martial law. Now, the thought seems a bit absurd, but that night, it came all too close to the brink of reality.

It should be obvious to all people that we have been fed lies by the White House for two years on Watergate. What it dismissed in June, 1972 as a "third rate burglary" has become an oozing quicksand on the verge of smothering the President as it has smothered America's faith in its leaders and government.

Students should certainly not turn a deaf ear to Washington's rumblings. We have been branded as apathetic of late, but Watergate poignantly reaches to the heart of the poison that spawned student protest against the government years ago.

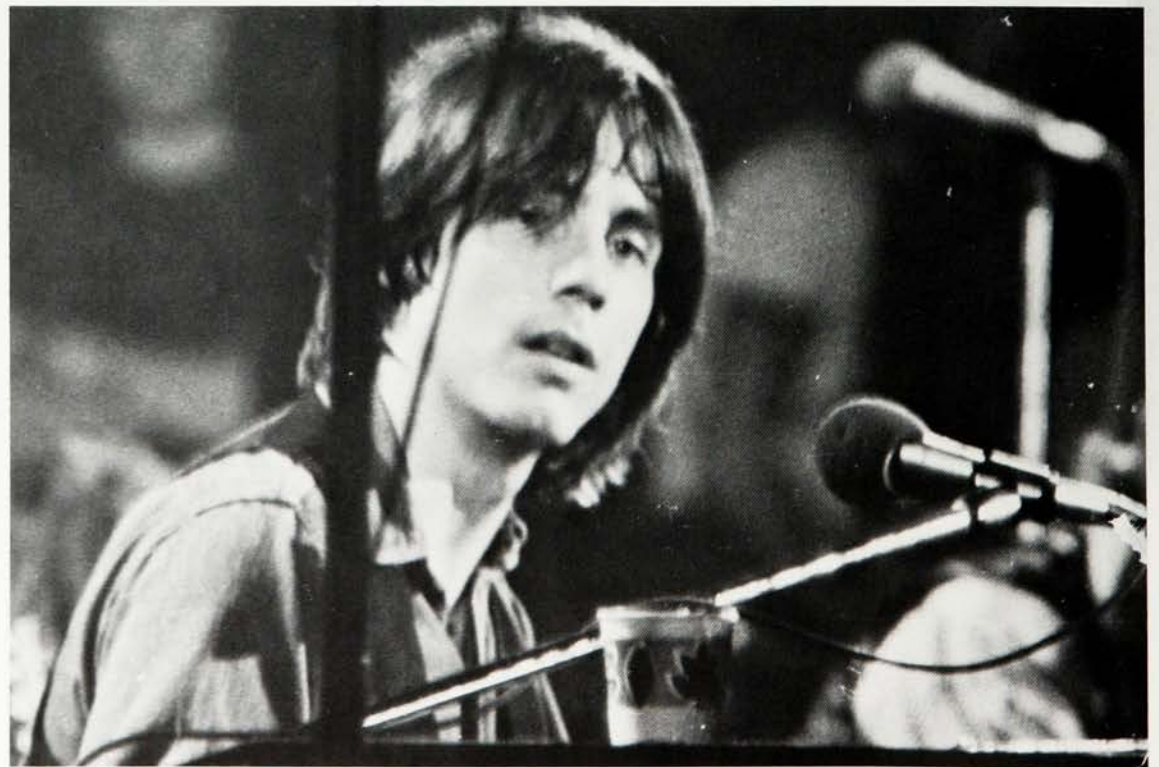
The impact of this year of scandal will be far reaching. Mr. Nixon's plea of "One year of Watergate is enough" will never see reality. The deluge of Watergate-related novels and remembrances will not ebb for quite awhile. What is most strange is that we must be the only people in the world that see fit to glamorize our political and social wounds to the point where we make Hollywood productions out of them while they're still going on.

All too much has been written on how Watergate shows that our justice system can work. How can we believe this in light of meagre prison sentences that have been imposed on defendants so far. It is also probable that Nixon's henchmen will get off lightly be making deals with the prosecution until there is only one or two people left to convict.

The results of Watergate show that the system can work, but only in a way that created Watergate in the first place.

— David Goldstein



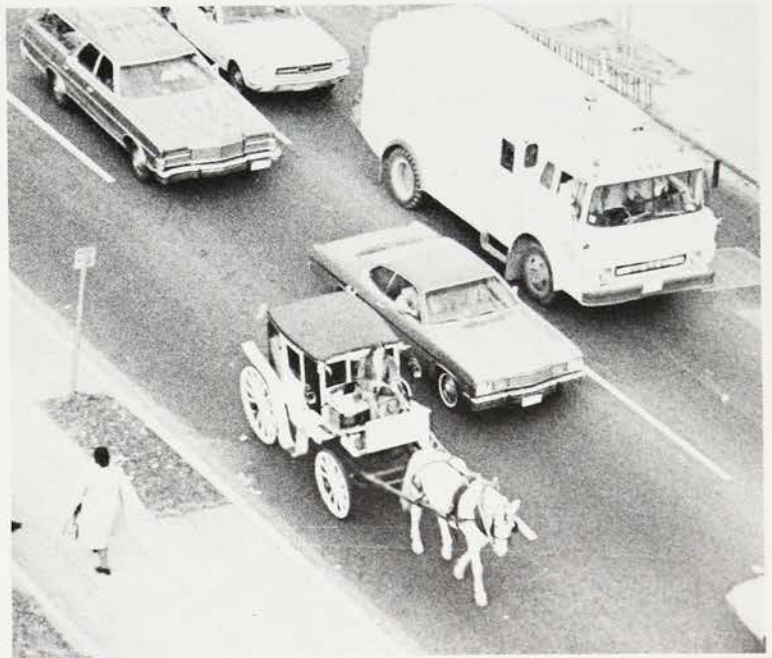


Jackson Browne

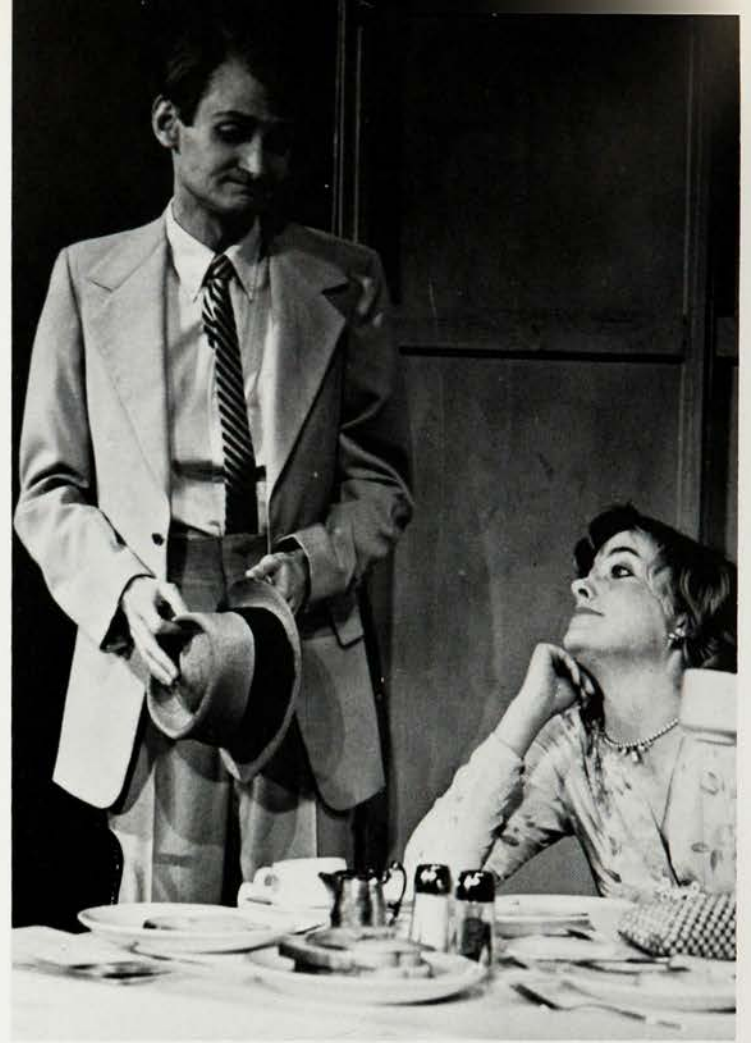


Linda Ronstadt

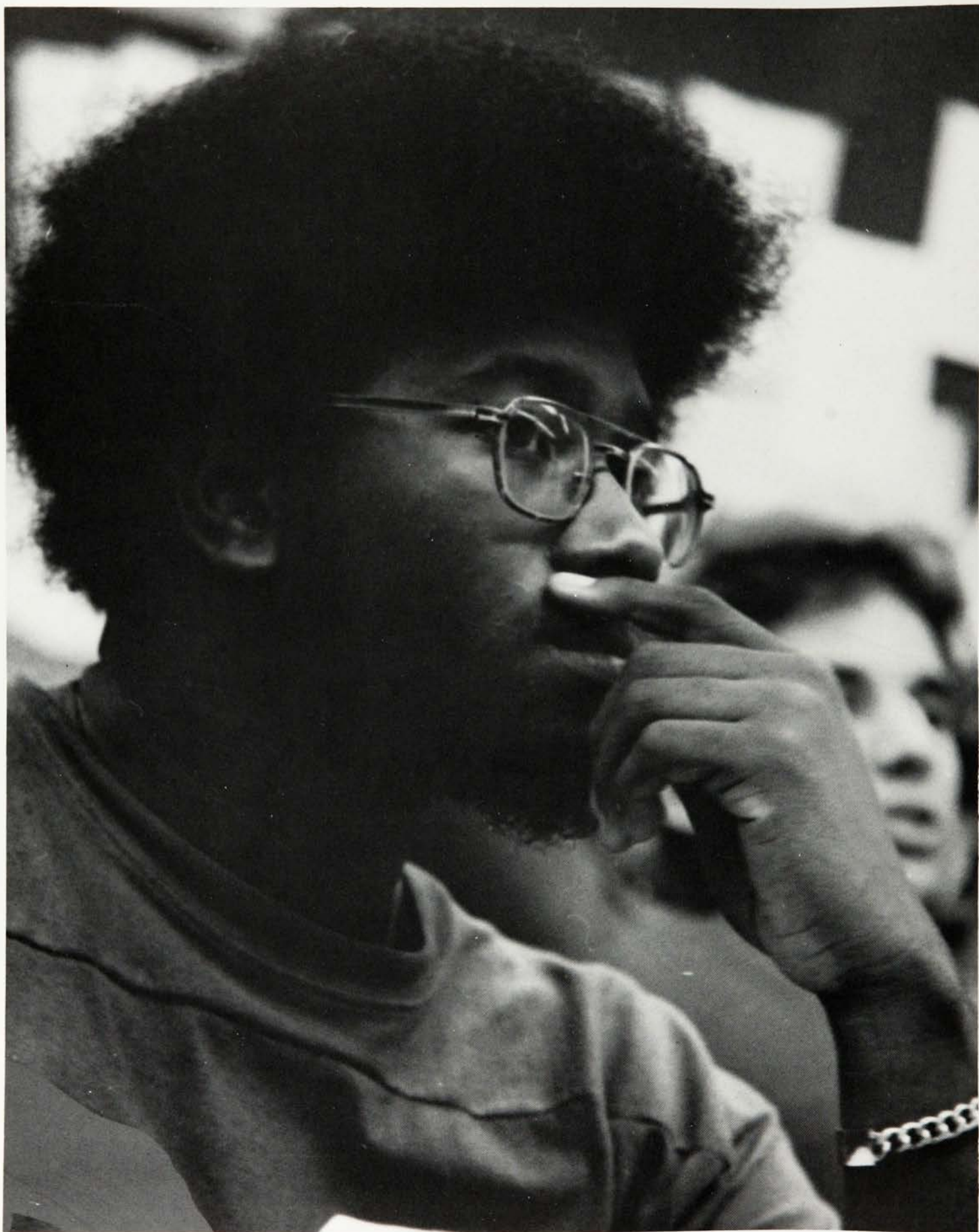


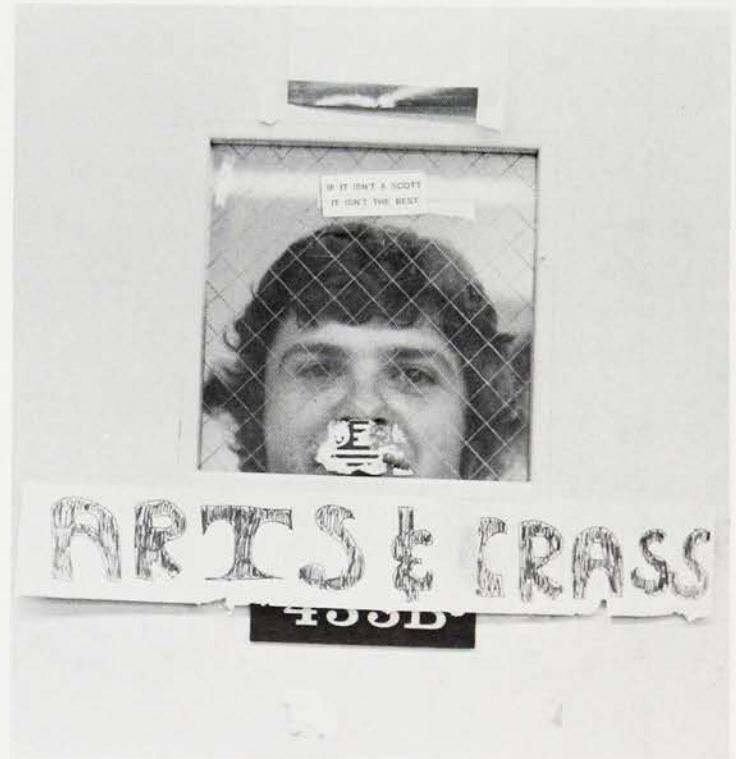
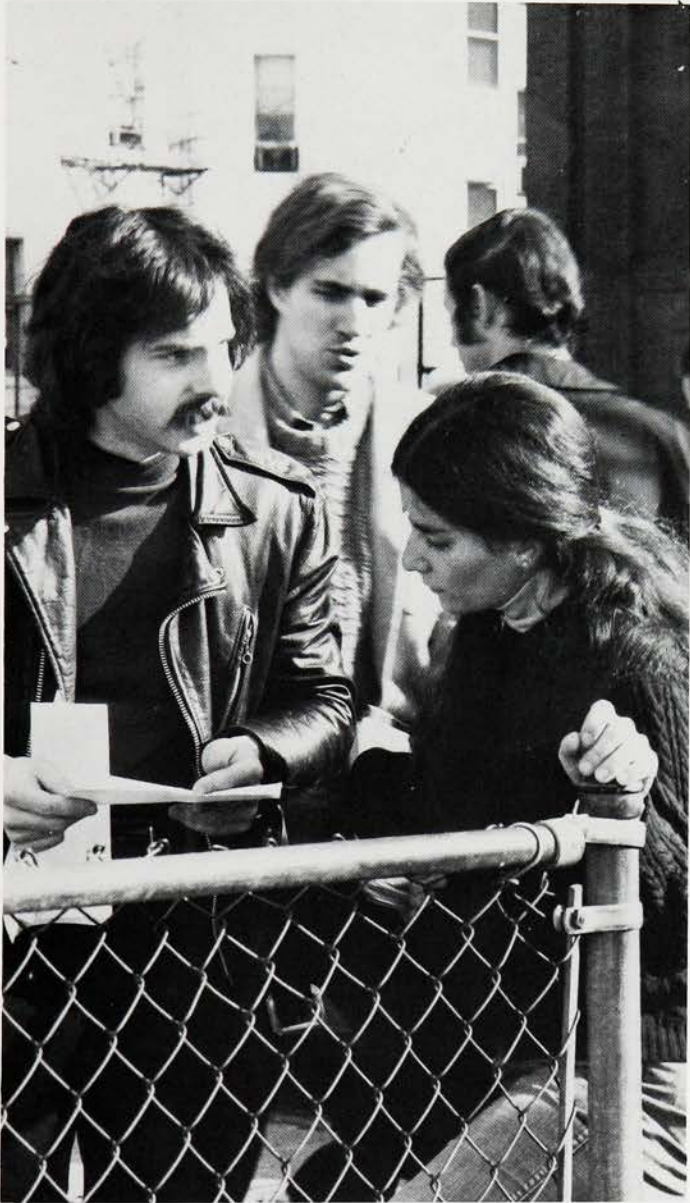


DREAM GIRL



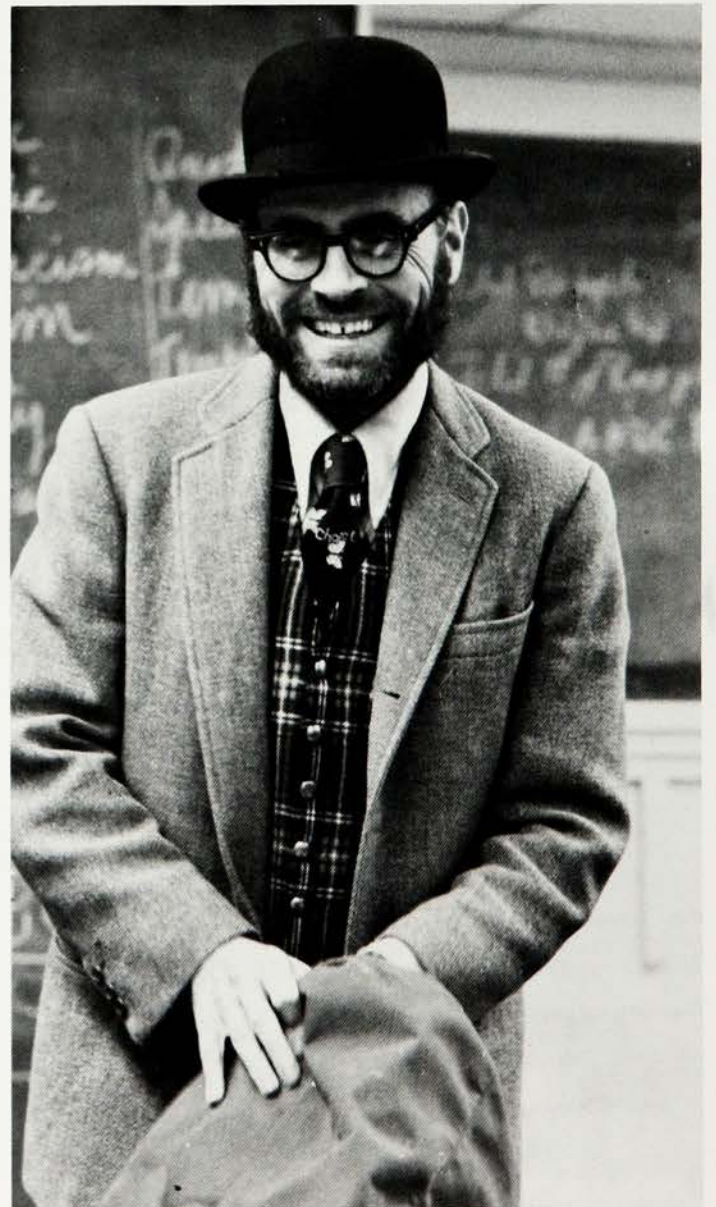


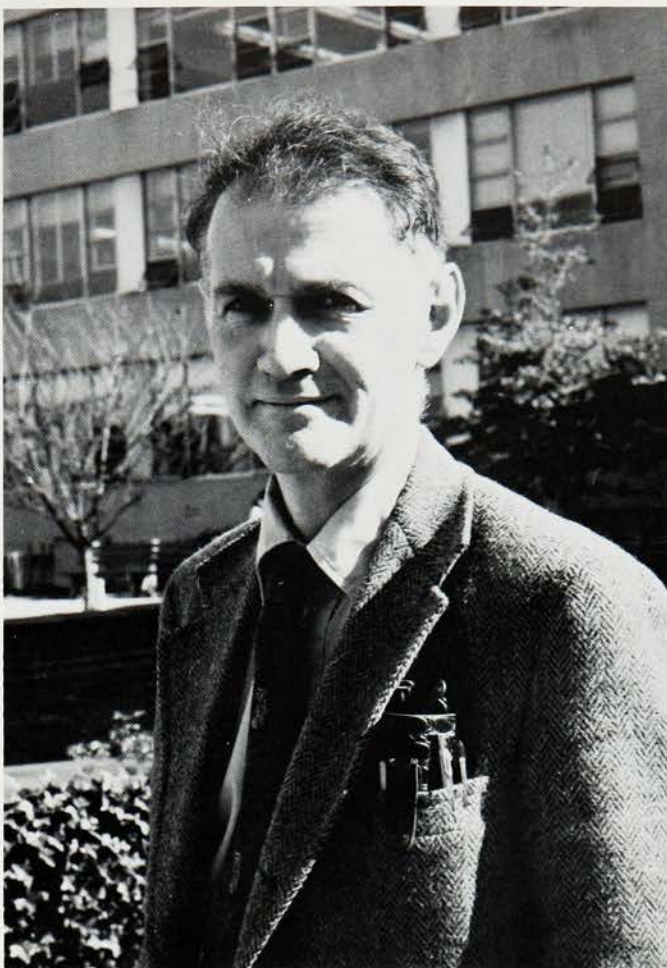






Professor Robert N. Ganz
Before and After

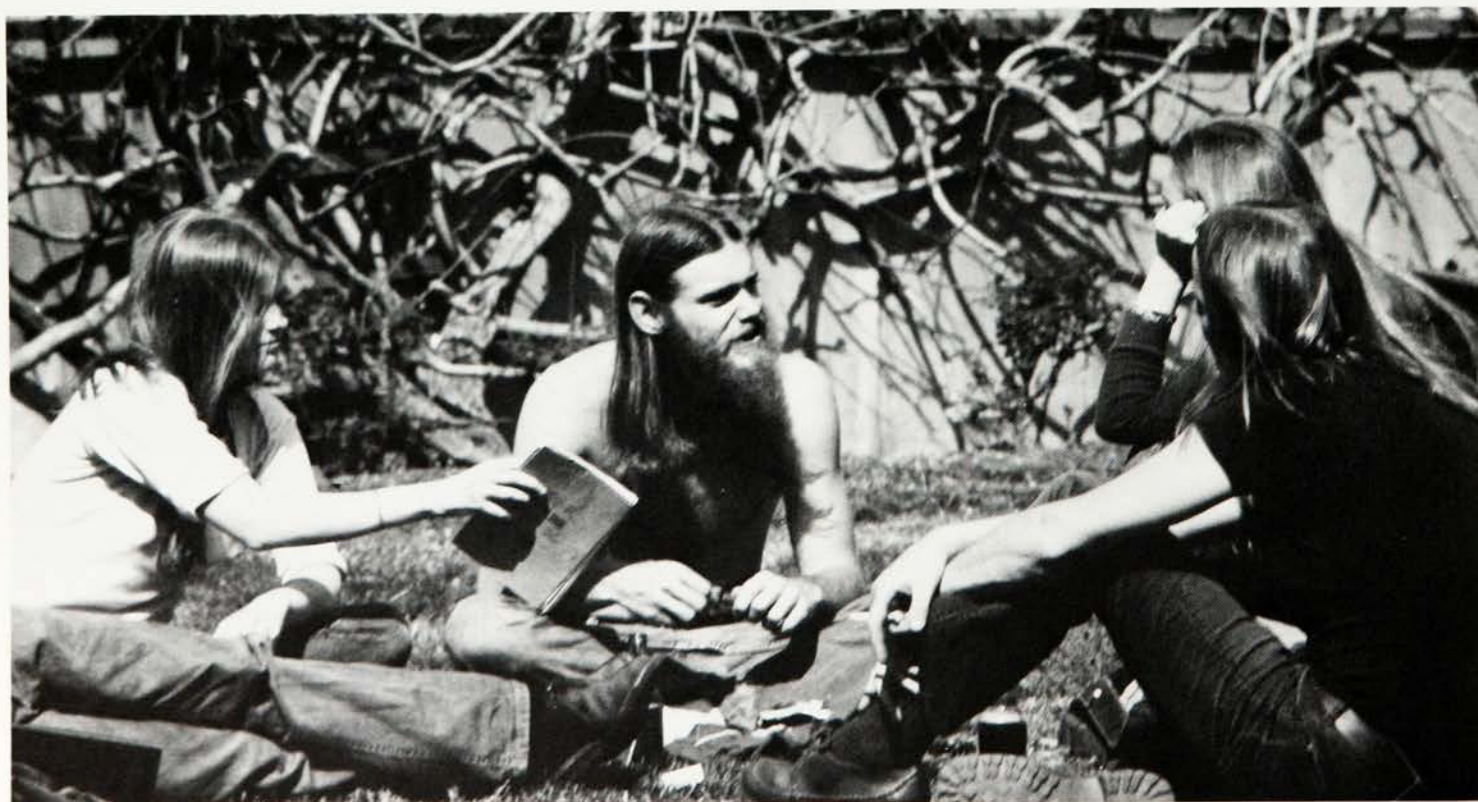




Professor Peter P. Hill



Professor Robert Dunn, Jr.





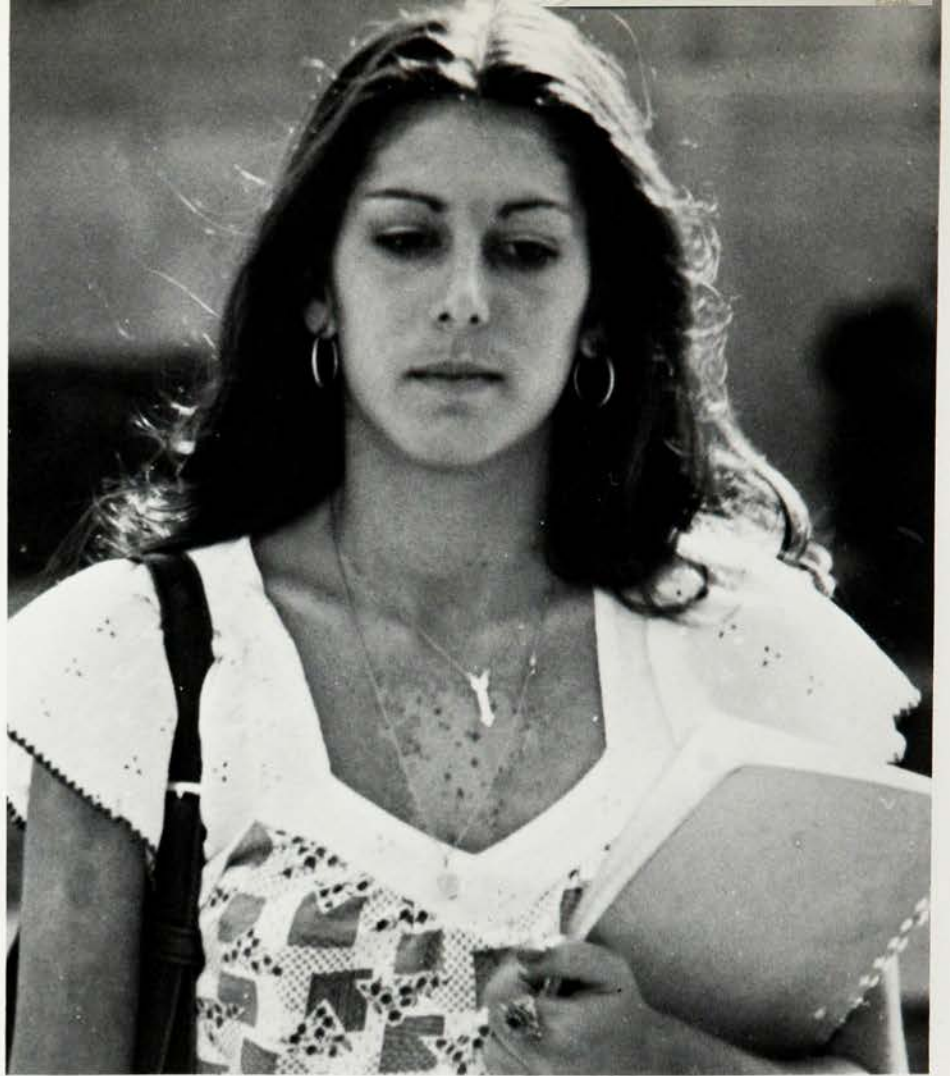


Joshua Rifkin at Lisner Auditorium

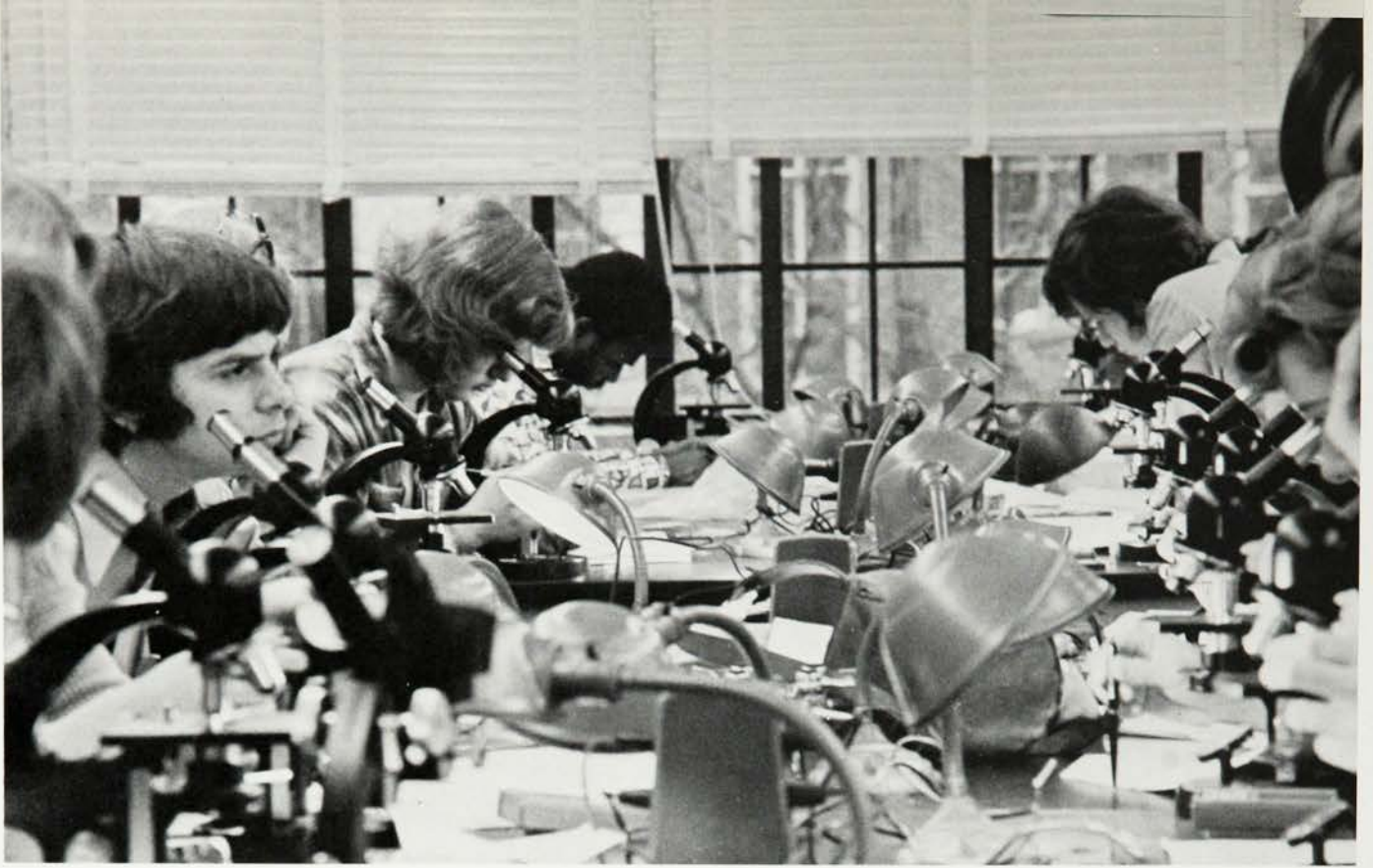












For many of us, the George Washington University brings to mind several things. We can look back, somewhat wistfully, at the Holiday Inn of the Revolution, now relegated to the realm of good ideas gone awry much the same way as we view the riots of May Day or the popularity of acid. We can ponder whether our liberal arts degrees, in spite of their rather expensive price tags, will ever be of any use to us. We can hope, half seriously, to be admitted to the El Dorado of all political science majors—the National Law Center (“I’ll never get in, but I’m applying anyway; at least the application is free.”).

Very low on our list of impressions of GW, if included at all, would be the arts. It seems a bit strange that this should be so; ever since we arrived here as freshmen, people have been heralding the dawn of a renaissance of the arts in Washington. Why then, if we are living in the midst of a renaissance, haven’t we been affected by it?

A few blocks from campus sits the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, a testimony both to Washington’s desire to shed its image as a cultural backwater and to its fundamental misunderstanding of what is tasteful in architecture. Regardless of the dubious design (somehow the phrase “the box the Watergate came in” pops into my head), some truly exciting things have gone on inside. Bernstein’s *Mass*, *Pippin*, *A Little Night Music*, have been offered to tempt us from our cultural caves, yet here we sat, too stoned to bother making the walk.

Lest we forget (and we usually do), GW itself is not without its share of the arts, both performing and visual. The Center Theater and Lisner Auditorium have witnessed some excellent (and some not so excellent) performances of dance, drama, and music. The Dimock and the Center Gallery are constantly having art exhibitions. For some reason, however, most of us seem to make a studied effort to avoid GW’s contribution to the cultural life of Washington.

Why is this so? The first explanation that comes to mind is that the arts at GW can’t compete with Kennedy Center, Arena Stage, National Theater, or the Washington Theater Club. After all, these places present professionals; GW is a

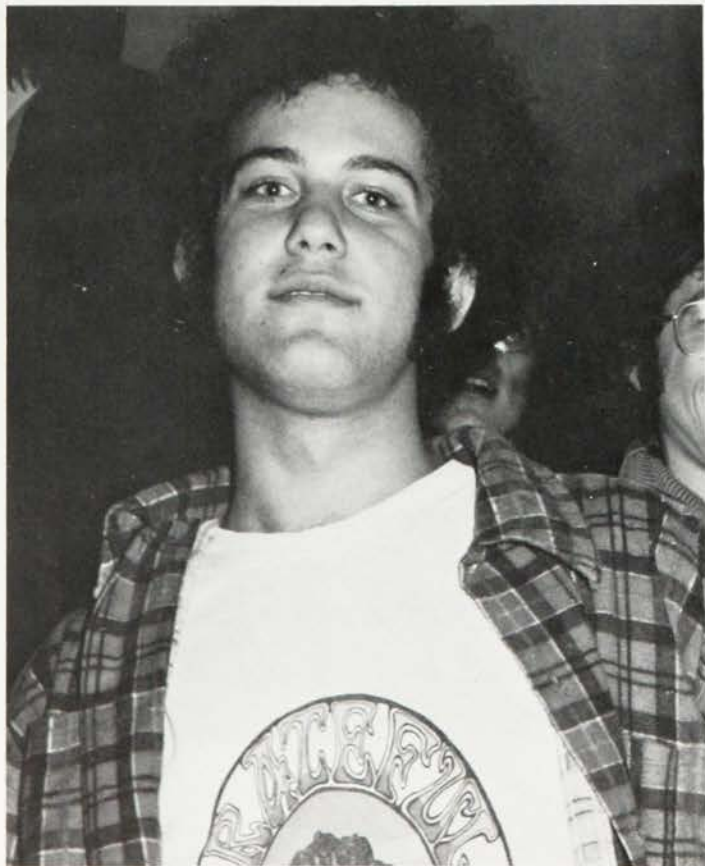
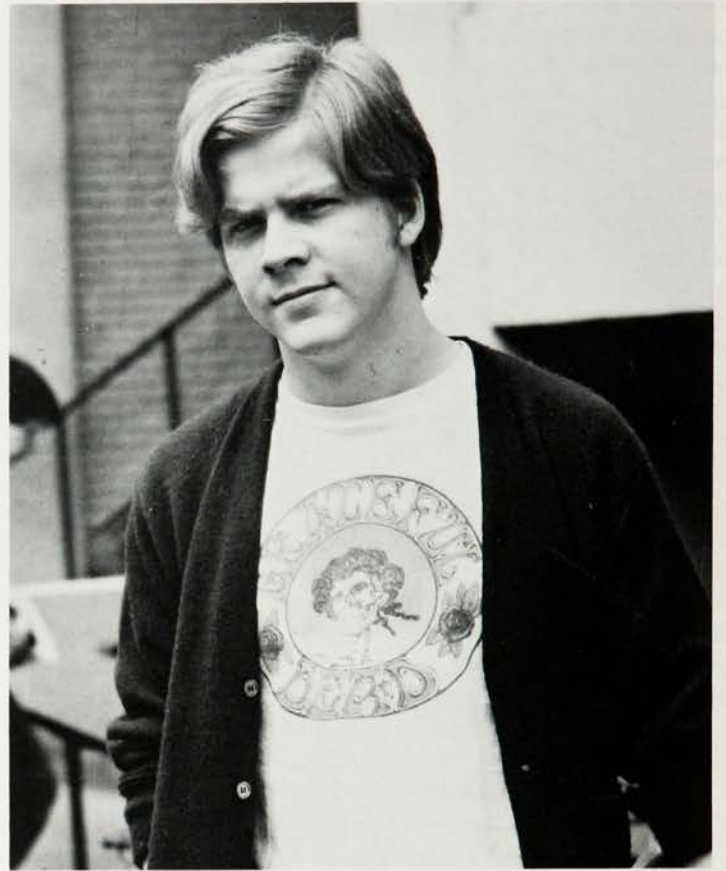
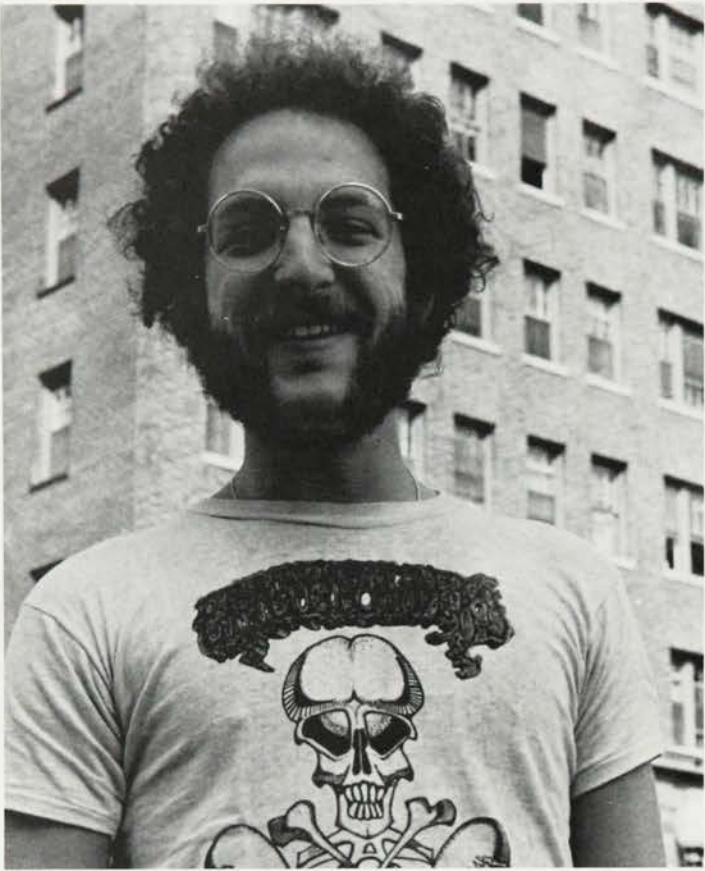
strictly amateur operation. Unfortunately, this explanation is as inaccurate as it is common. The quality of the arts at GW is quite good and the prices are far lower than the professional theaters. In the second place, the absence of GW students at commercial stages is just as widespread as it is at Lisner or the Center.

It is often heard that the GW arts programs would markedly improve if the University would invest some more time and money in them. No doubt this is so. The formation of a school for the arts would obviously be of great benefit to the University. This is, however, a problem for the arts departments and the administration to work out among themselves. It certainly doesn’t offer an adequate explanation as to why the majority of GW students avoid the arts with the same fervor that we avoid term papers until the last possible moment (“I’m taking an incomplete; that gives me the summer to get it done.”).

The explanation for our ignoring the arts (It’s tempting to say “ignorance of the arts,” but that might seem too nasty) is really as simple as it is frightening. We are products, first and foremost, of our environment. Growing up during the television generation, we are accustomed to having all our thinking done for us. Why bother with Brecht when we can watch the Brady Bunch? As products of twentieth century America, we are deeply entrenched (isn’t it interesting how similar “entrenched” is to “rut?”) in the drive to get ahead, to make enough money to be able to move into the suburbs. What use, therefore, is Renaissance art when advanced accounting will get us that \$20,000 a year job? Why dally with culture when business beckons?

This, then, is the long and short of it. Despite all our self-congratulation on our high level of education, we are only half-educated. Without the arts to lend a civilizing element to our lives, we can look forward to a bourgeois existence, filled with best-sellers and television. Must it be true that our four years at GW will have been no more than a means to an end? It is unfortunate that we have forgotten that half the fun is getting there.

—Scott Bliss

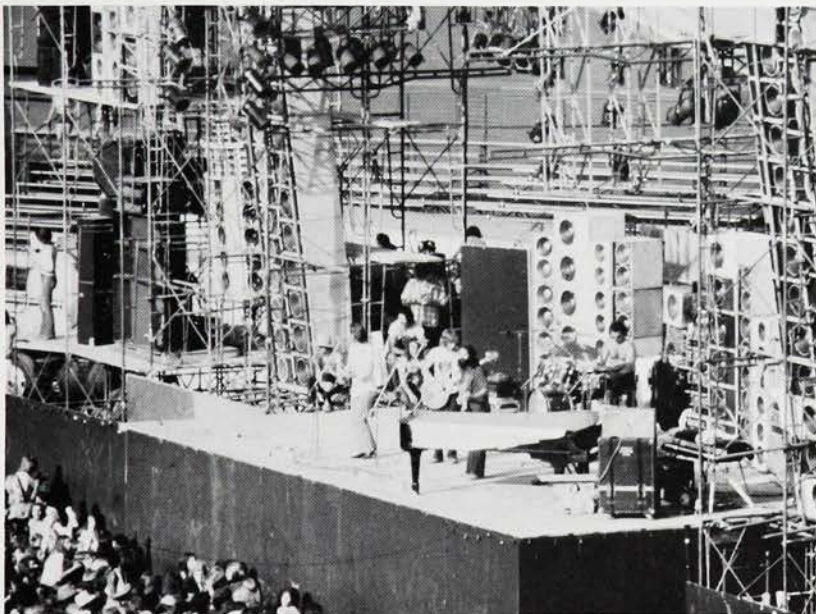


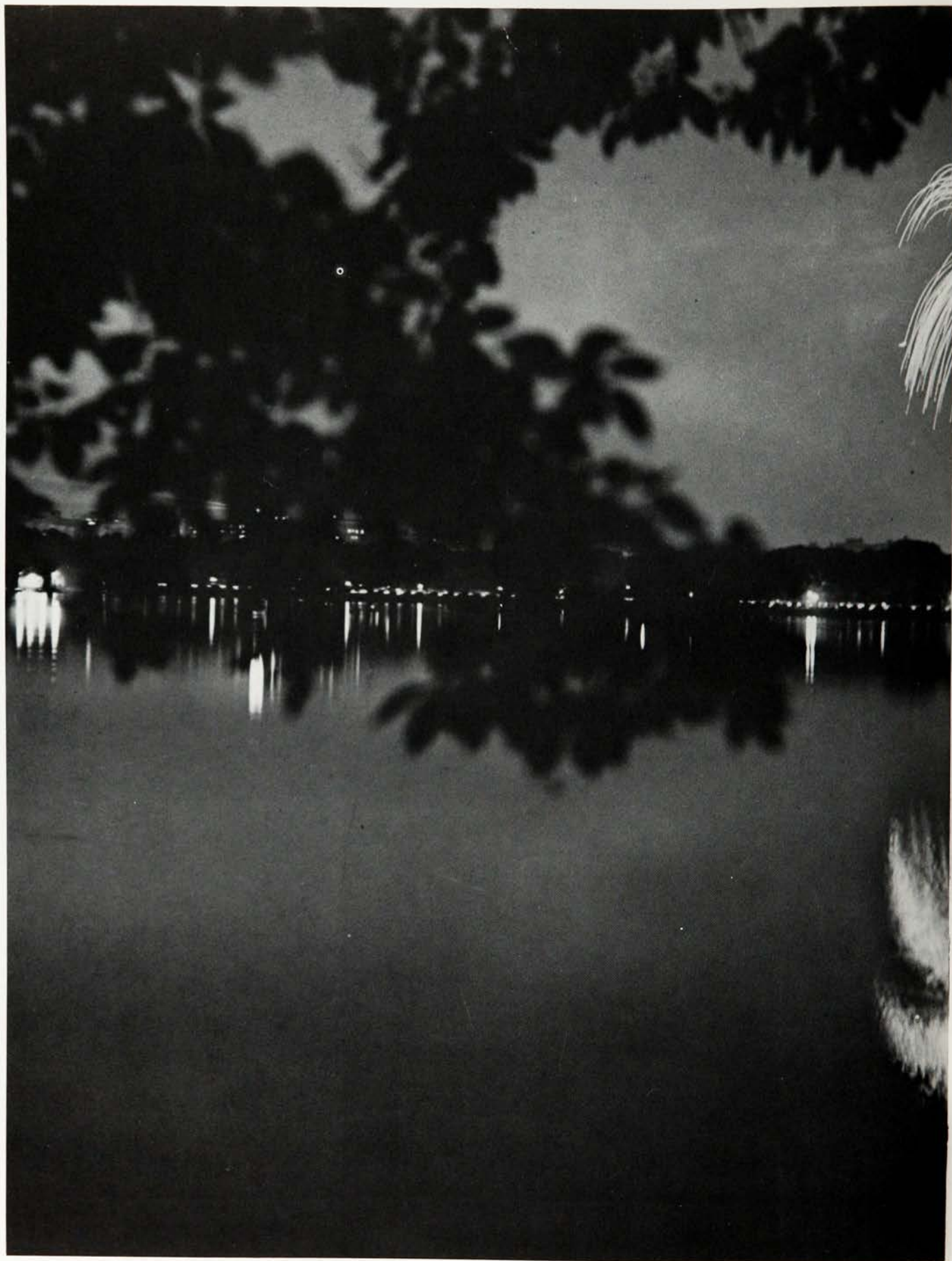


Bob Weir

The Grateful Dead

at RFK Stadium









Before



After





Doug Adler



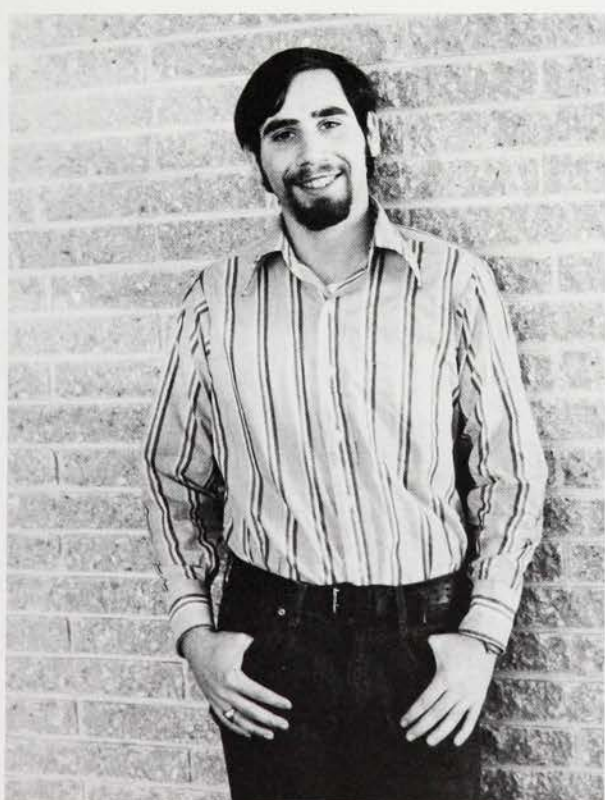
Heidi Alpert



Emily Atlas



Mark J. Babushkin



Steve Chasin



Brent Budowsky and friend



Anne Reynolds Day



Would you buy a cow from this man? Tony Corbo



Amy Dickman



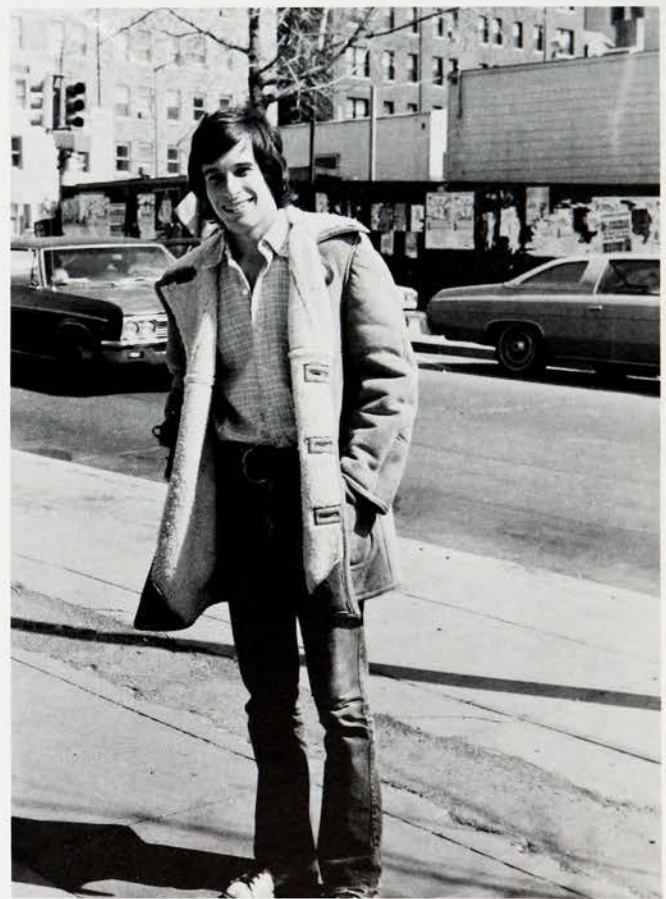
Jan Bruce Eder



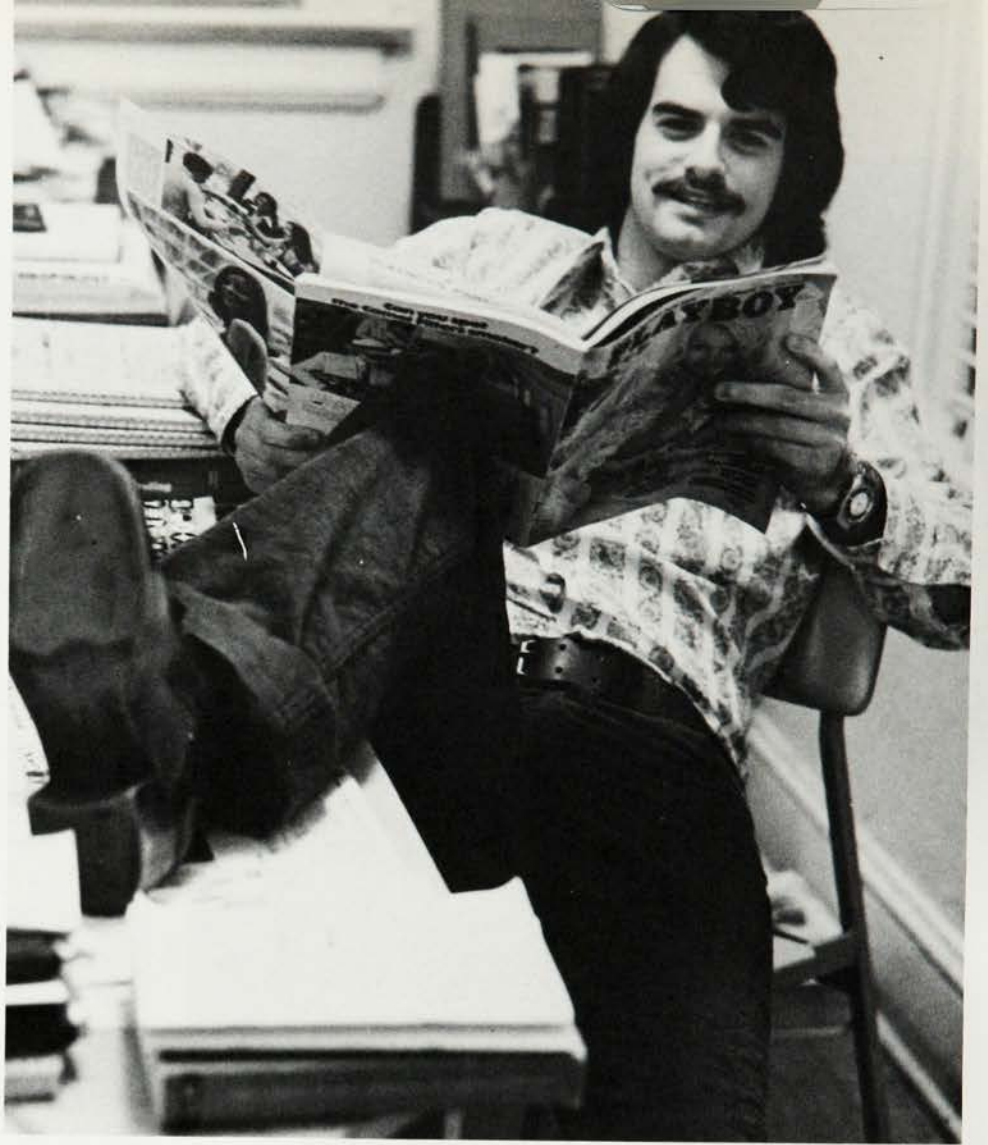
Peter Doukas



Steve Feinstein



Nathan Fishbach

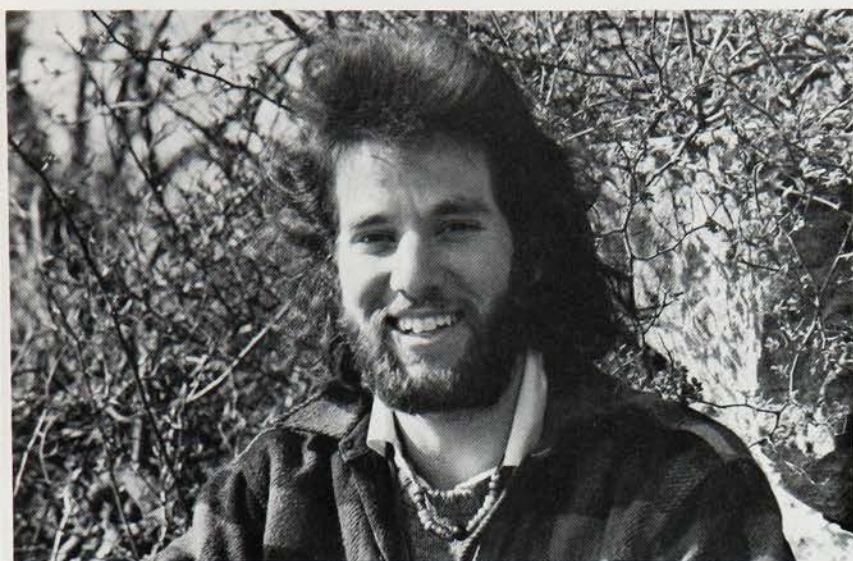


Richard Freedman

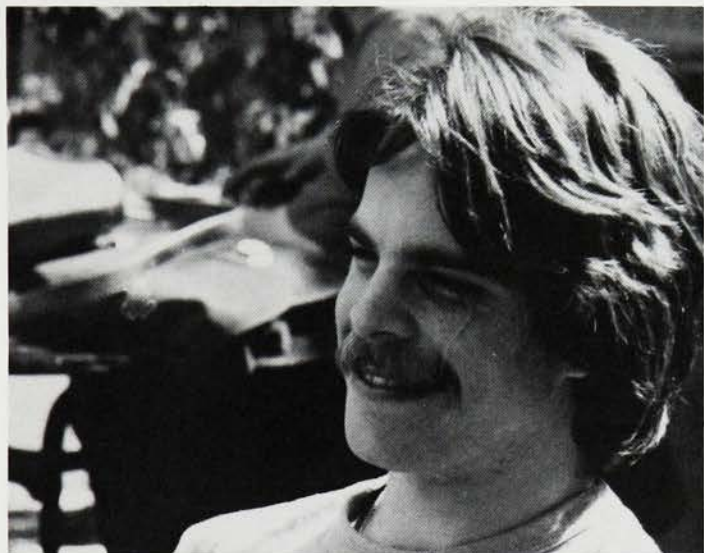


Sara Gold

Julie Gerdnic



David Goldstein



Mark Goldman



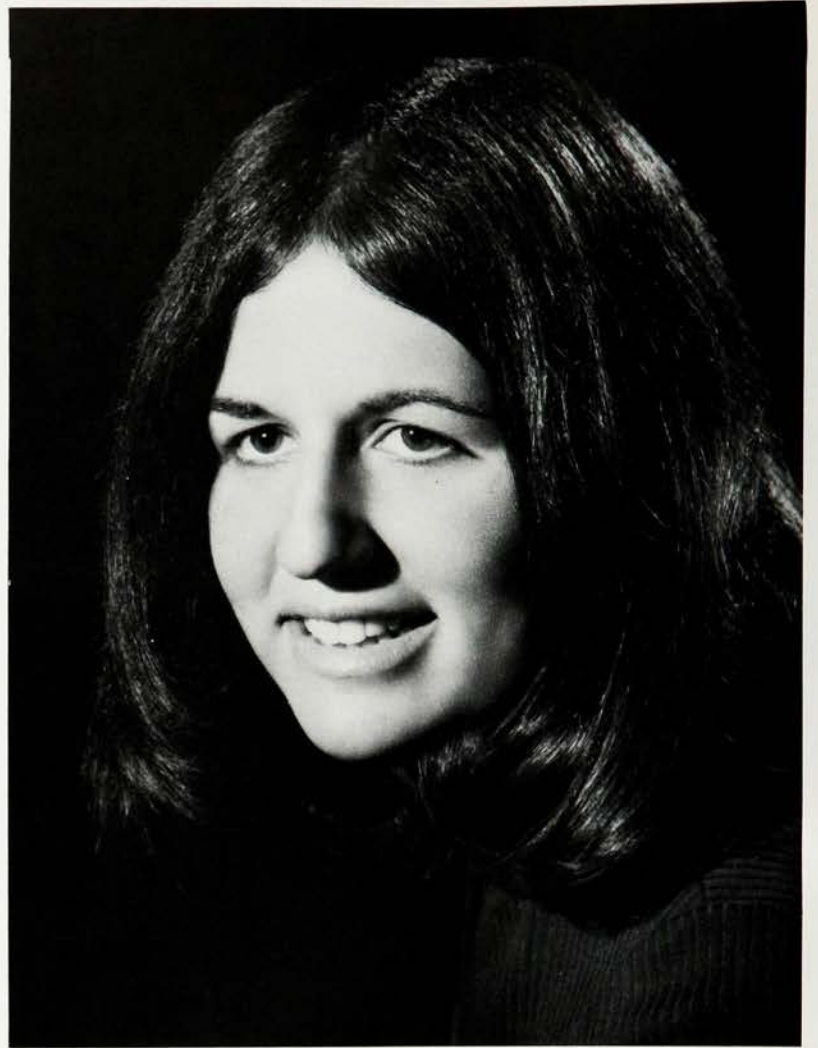
Stuart R. Gorenstein



Nancy Gordon



Susan Gottlieb



Emily Greenfield



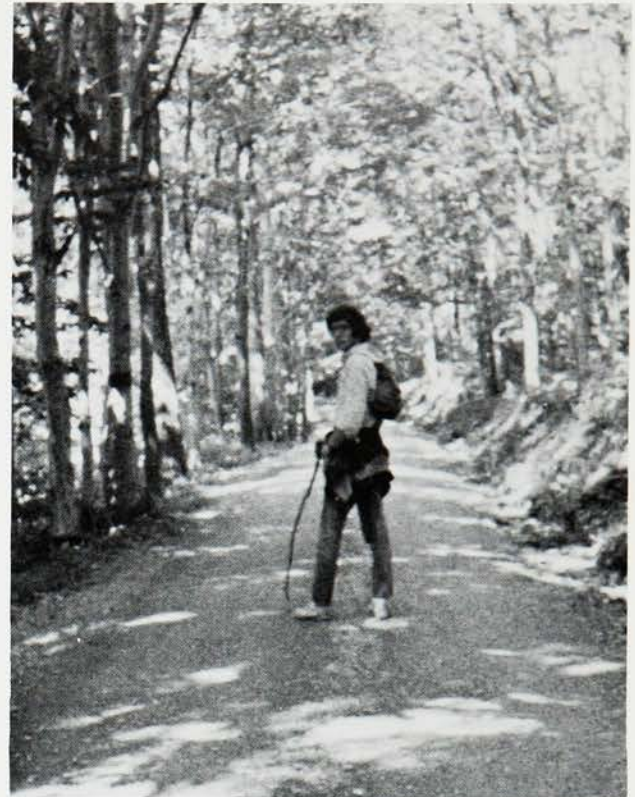
Theodore Jabara



Mindy Kaplan



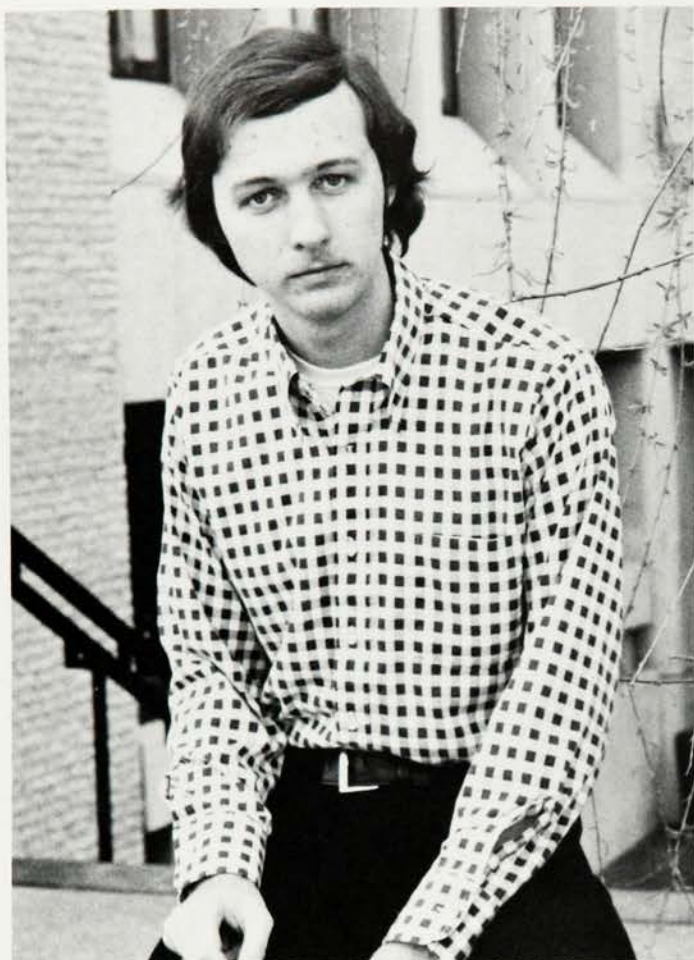
Barbara Katz



David Markowitz



Front Row — Keith Rey, Billy Warner, Paul Leeds
Back row — Bonnie Sager, Ellen Welsh, Holly Graham, Wendy Leeds



Charles Marsteller



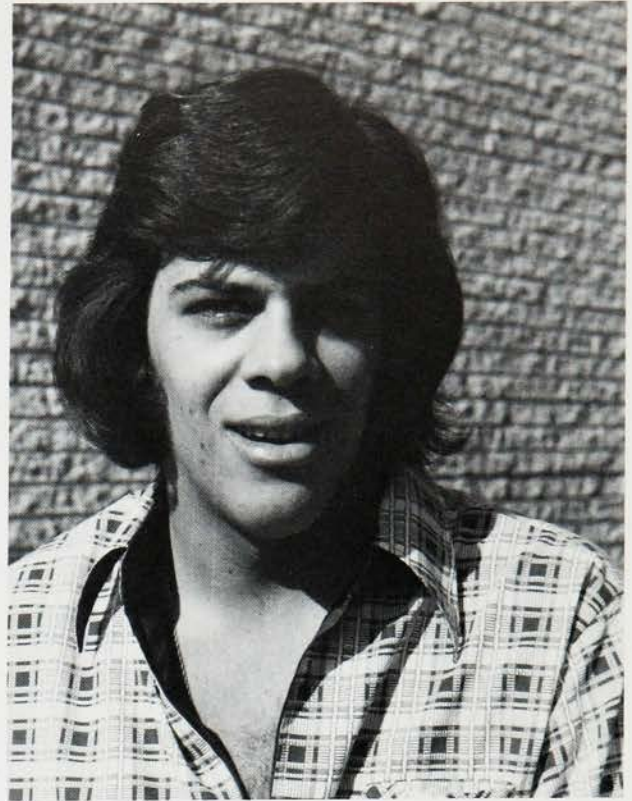
Adrian Meyer



Allan Mekles and Barbara Goldstein



Frederick Morris



Richard Penn



A. Scott Cauger



Richard Pober



Larry Rosenberg



Suzanne M. Rosenman

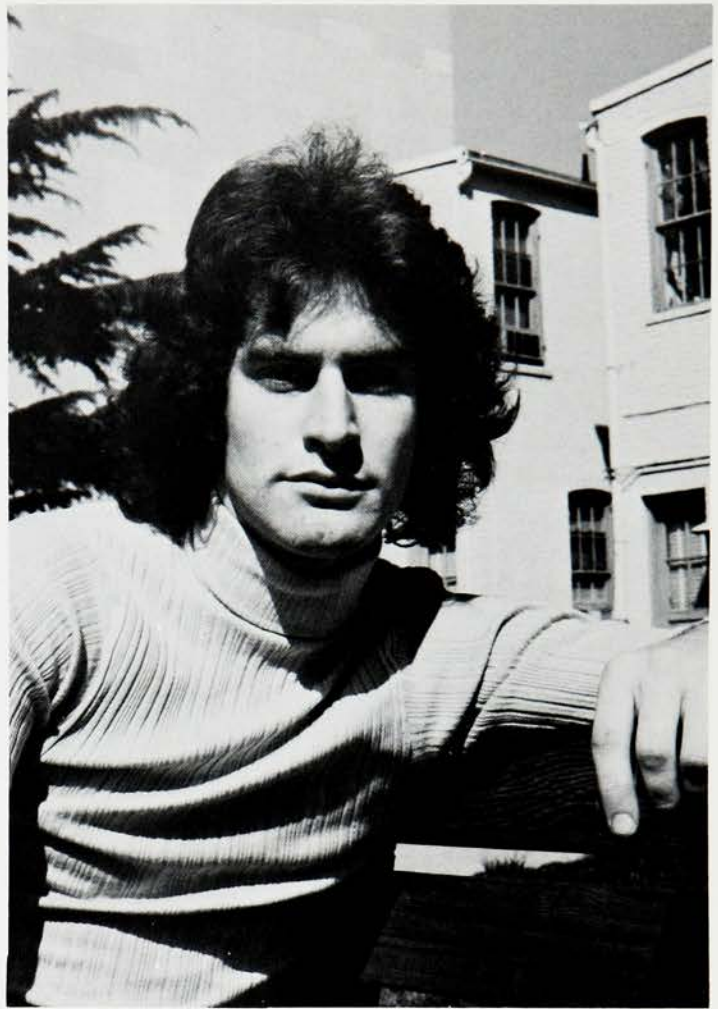


Richard Schattman

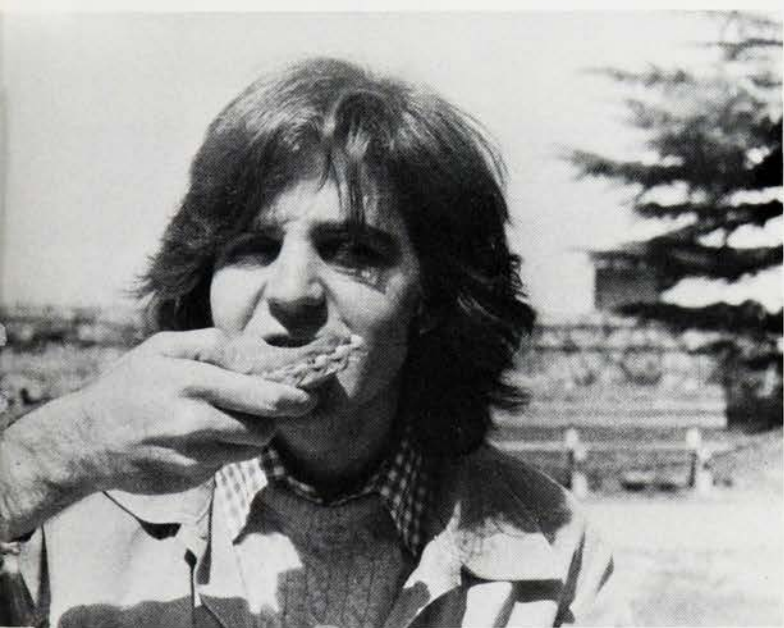




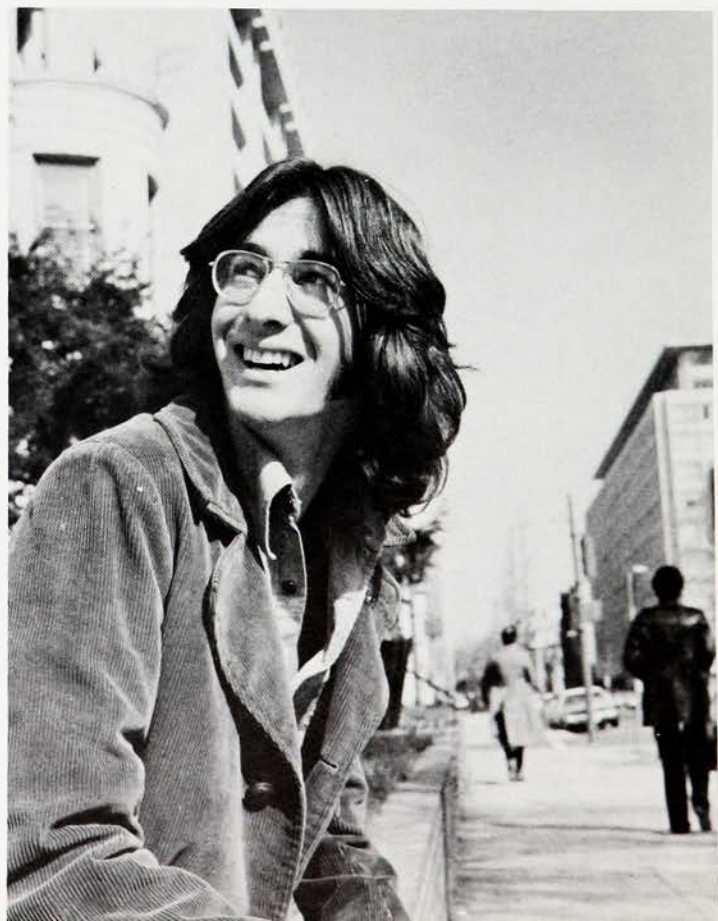
Hilary Resnick, Donna Fletcher, and friends



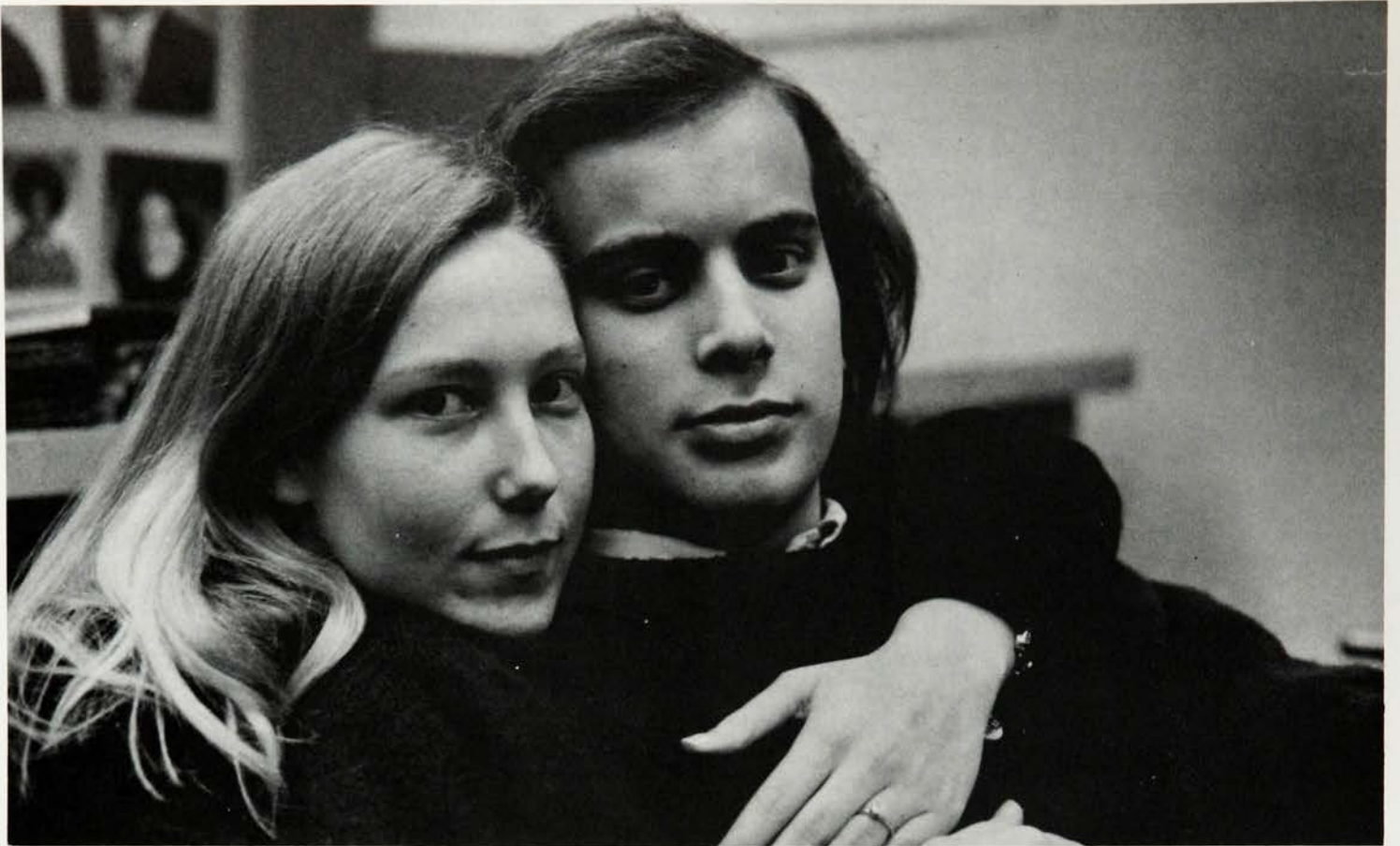
Larry Schwartz



Richard Schiff



Peter Segal



Judy Shasky and Jerry Nadler

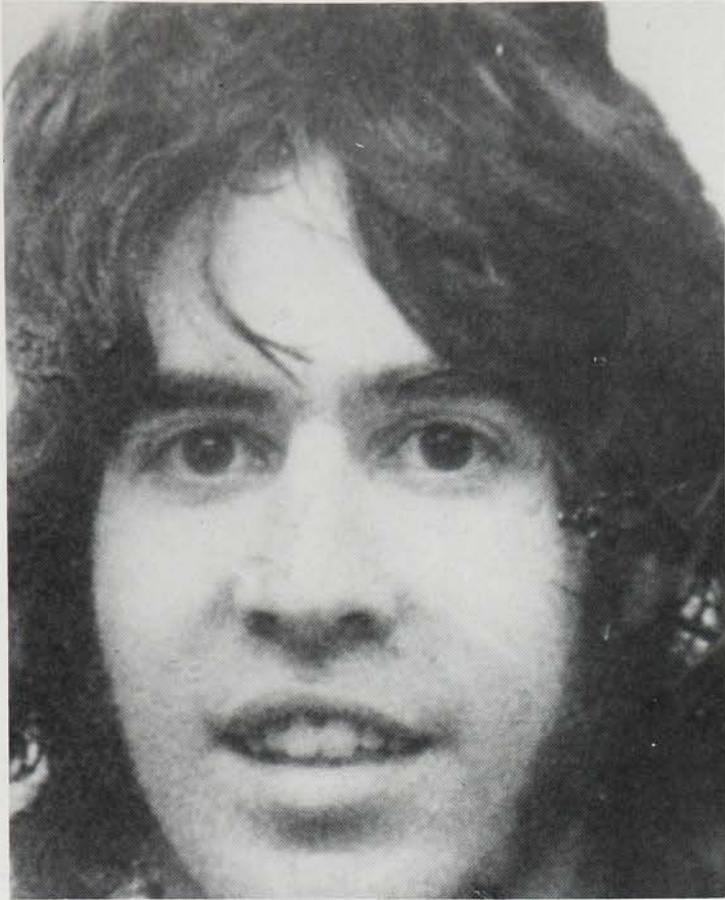


Kathy Sheeran

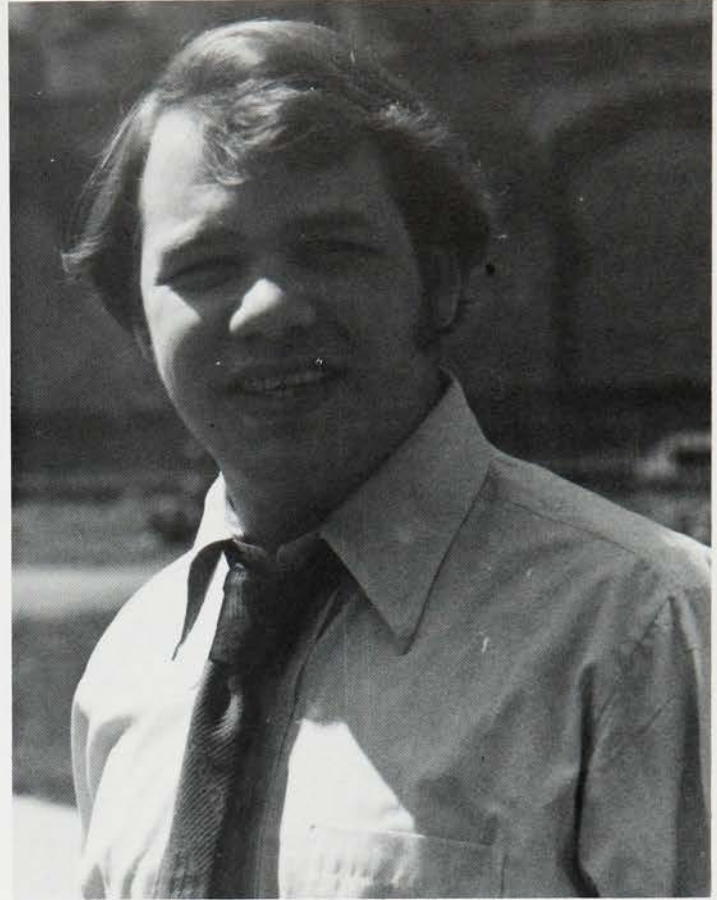


Ellen Siff

Susan Fishman



Jeffrey Sloane



Stephen Skardon



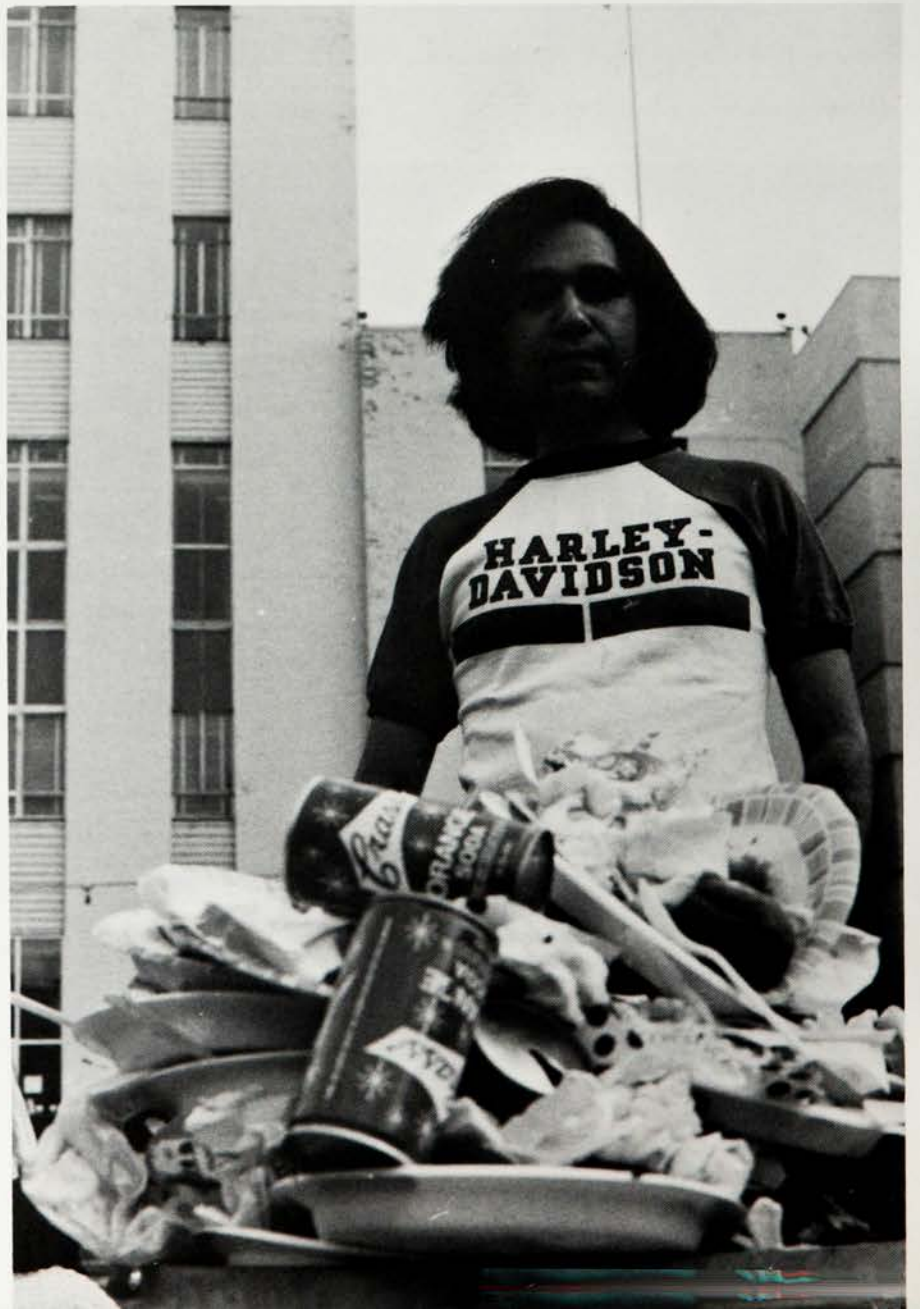
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Michael Zuralow



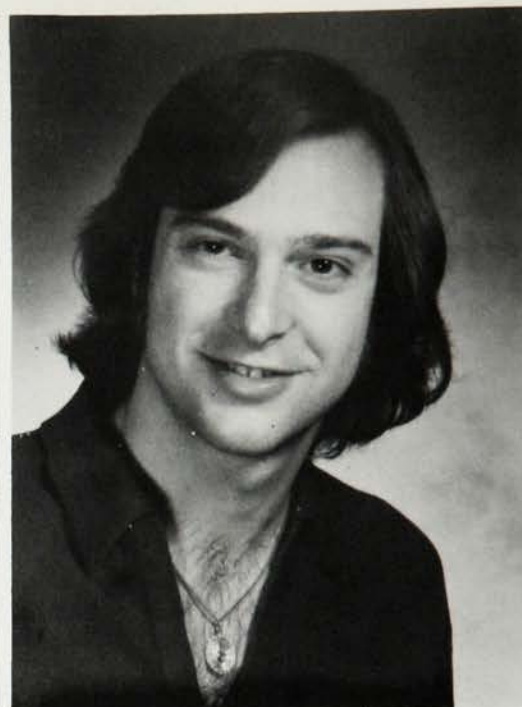
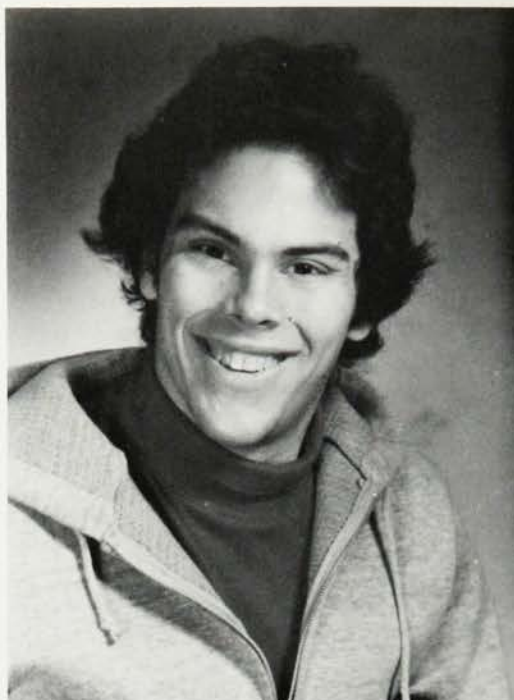
Michael Teplitz

Joanne Smoler





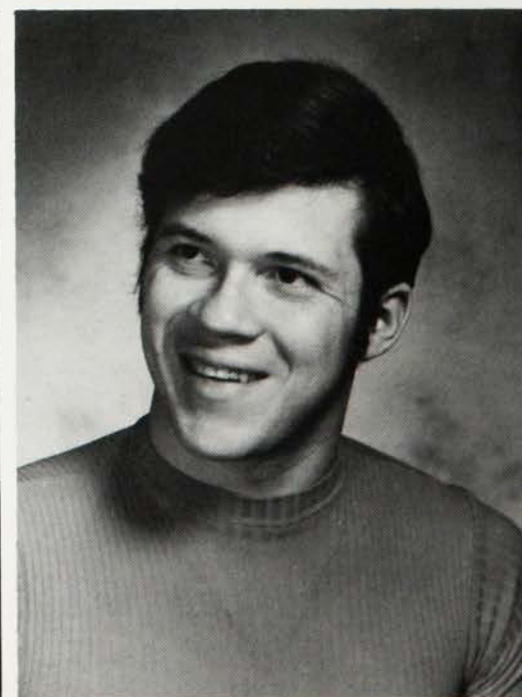
Mitchell Abramowitz
Mark Ames

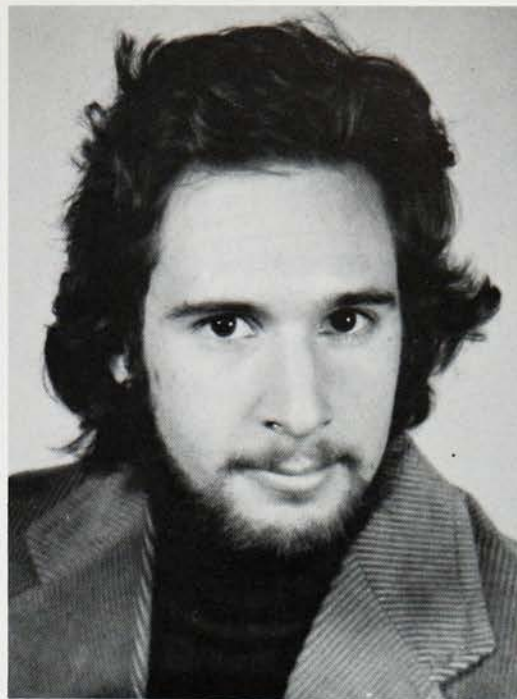
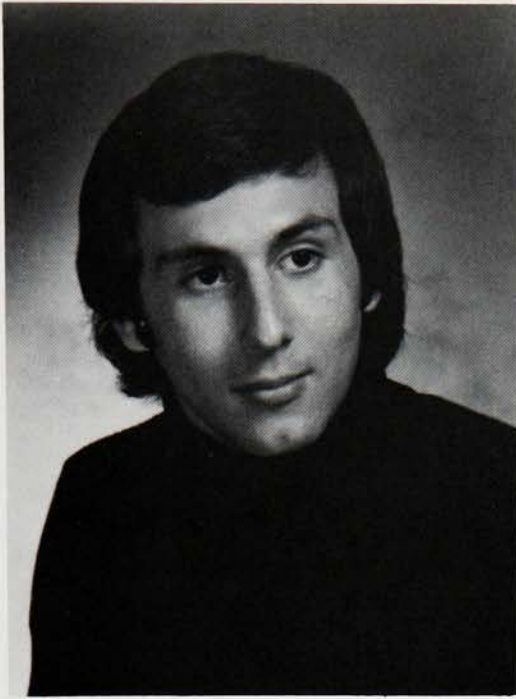


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Mark Anker

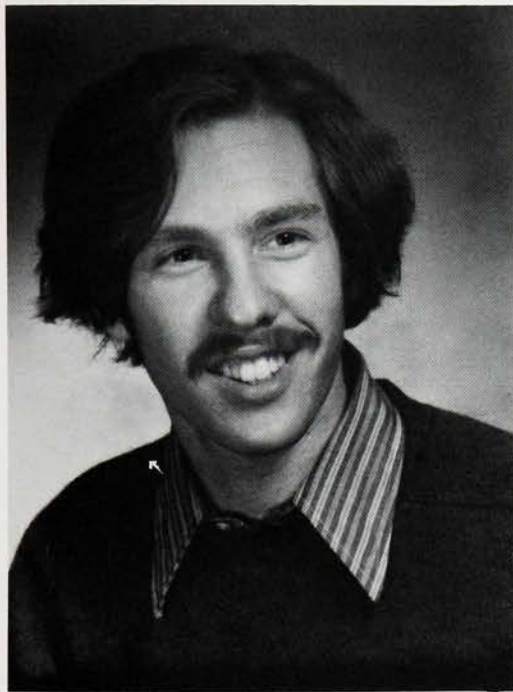


Deborah Baillie
W. King Banks





David Barren
Andy Basser



David Basch
Barbara Becker



Mollie Bell
Patricia Bellman

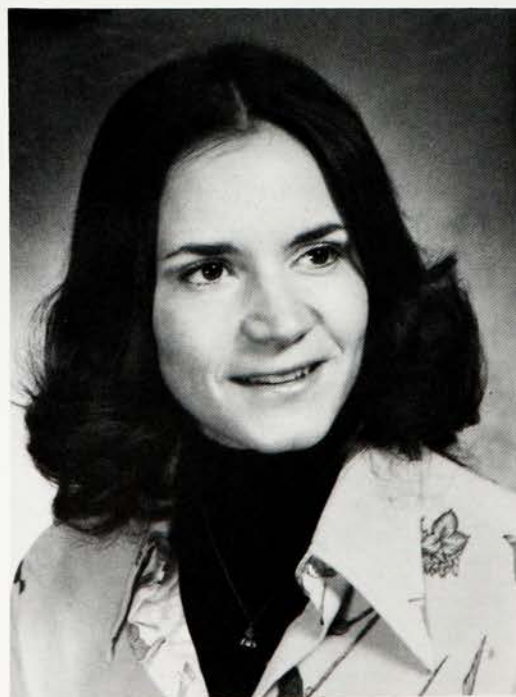
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Debbie Berlin

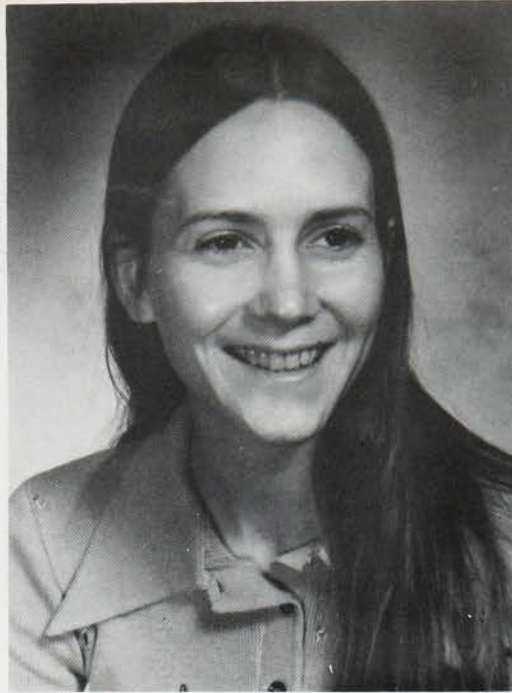
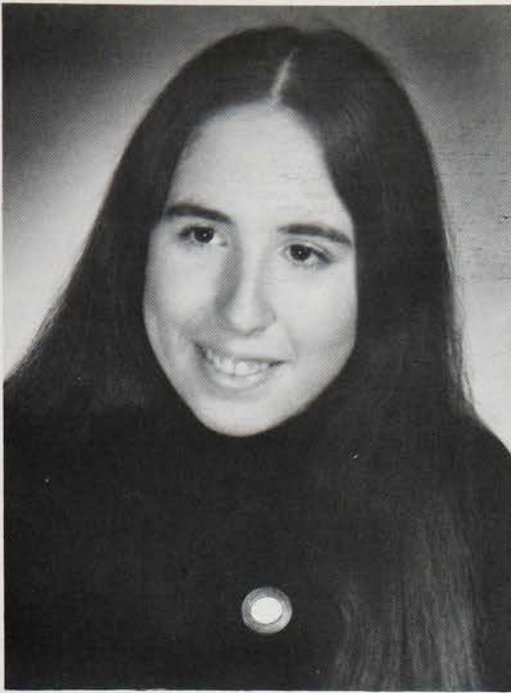


Jill Berman
Karen Berman

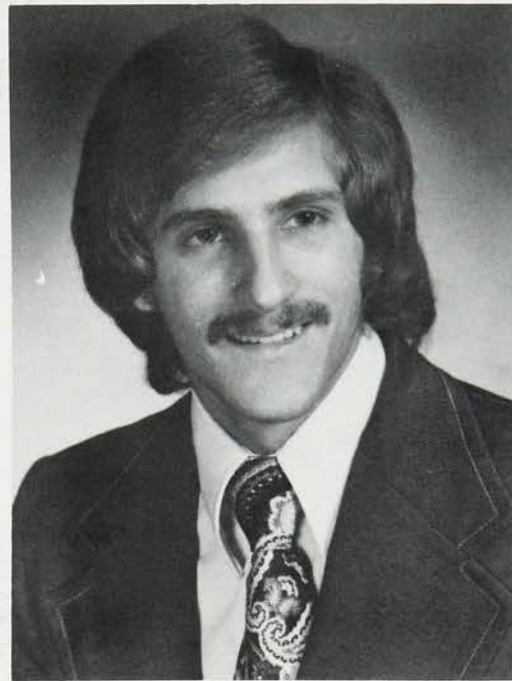
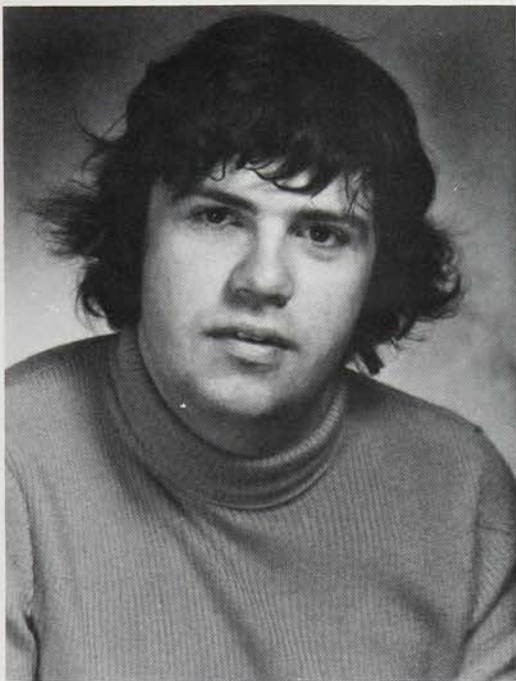


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Nancy Birnbrink

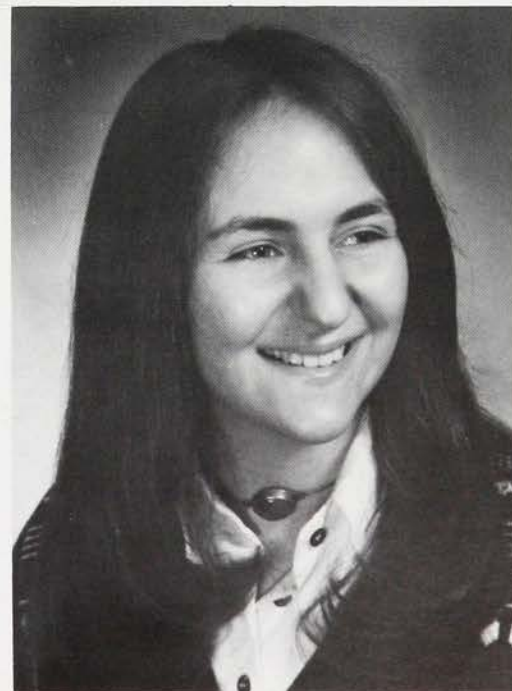




Diane Blagman
Margaret Blasgetta



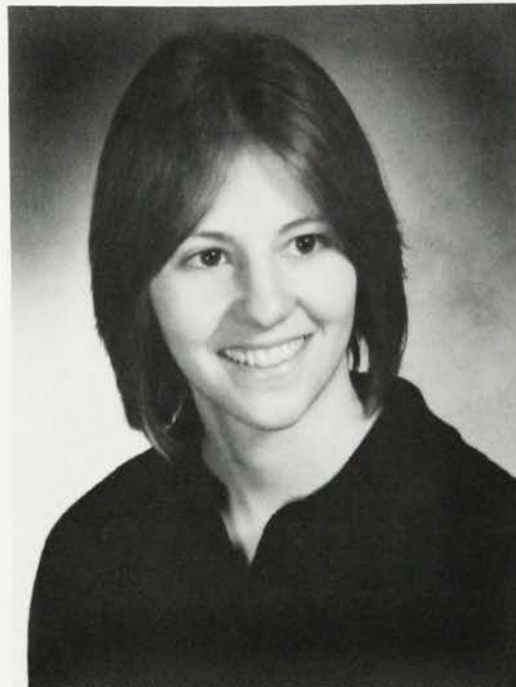
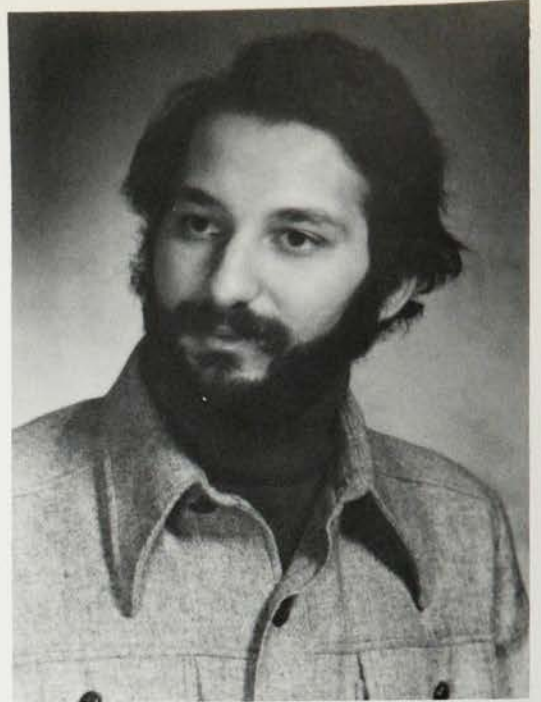
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Jerry Bloom



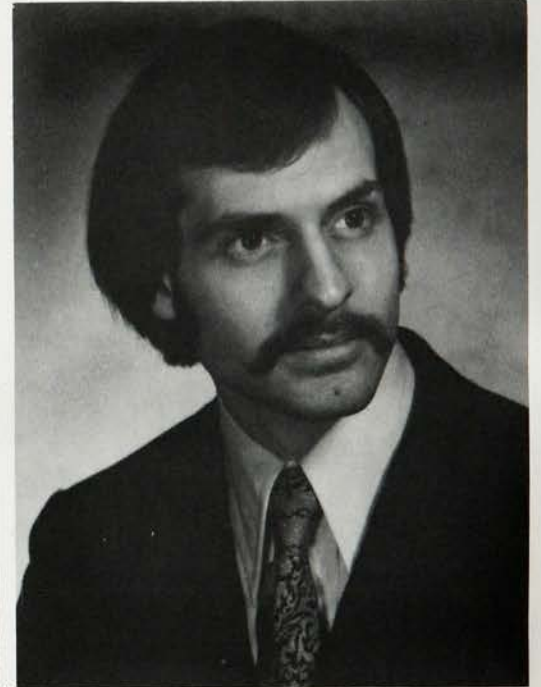
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Lenore Borowsky



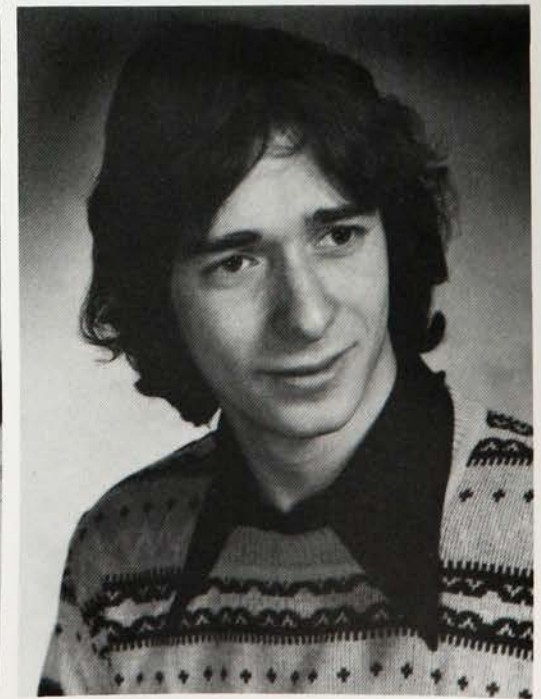
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Peter Bourlas



Lisa Bramson
Jan Broulik

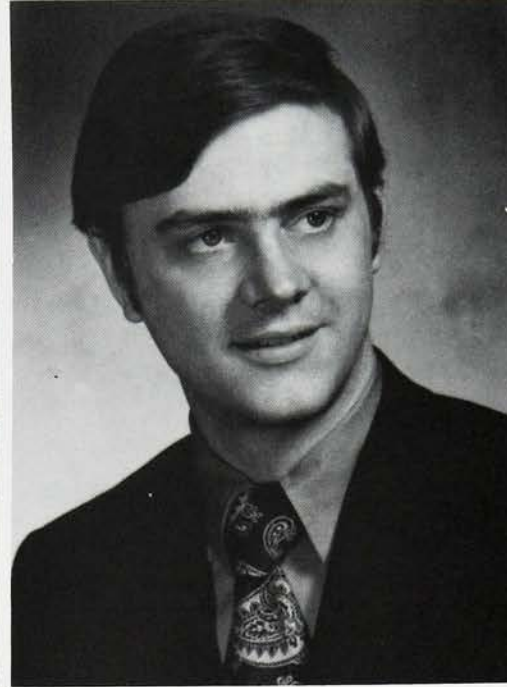
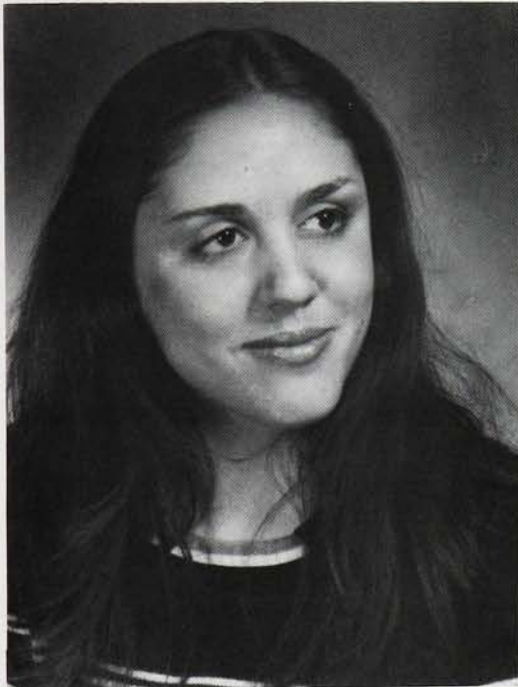


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Martin Brown

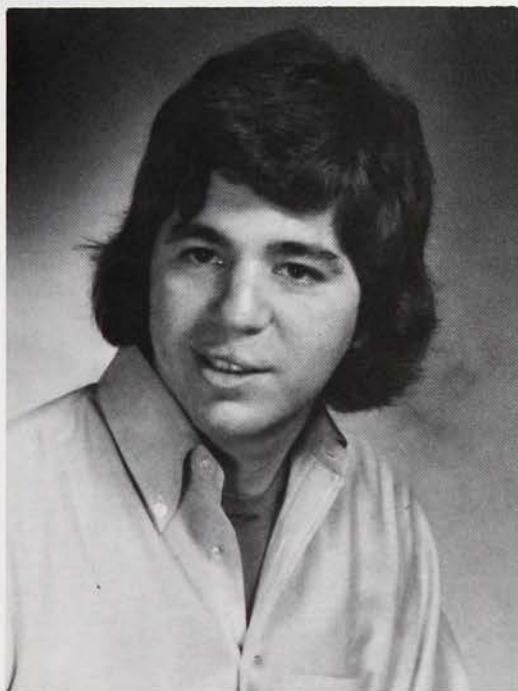




Larry Cabanatan
John Buchanan



Carol Camnitz
Mike Carroll

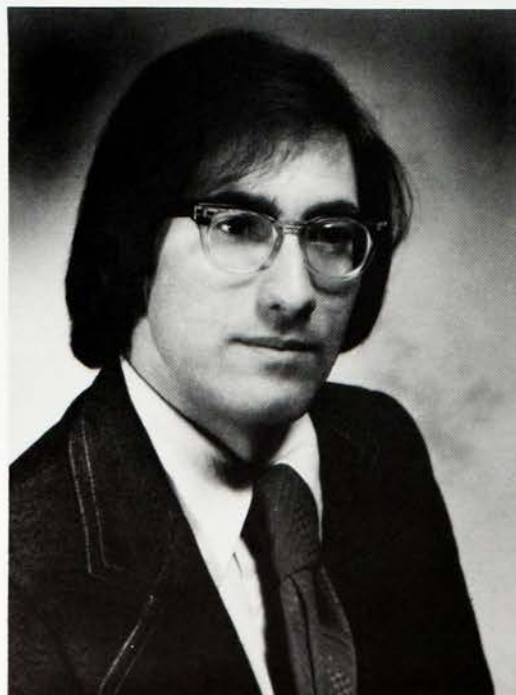
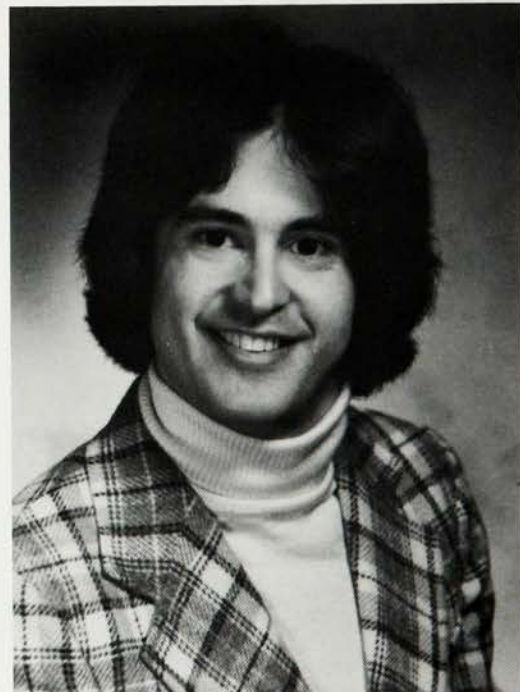
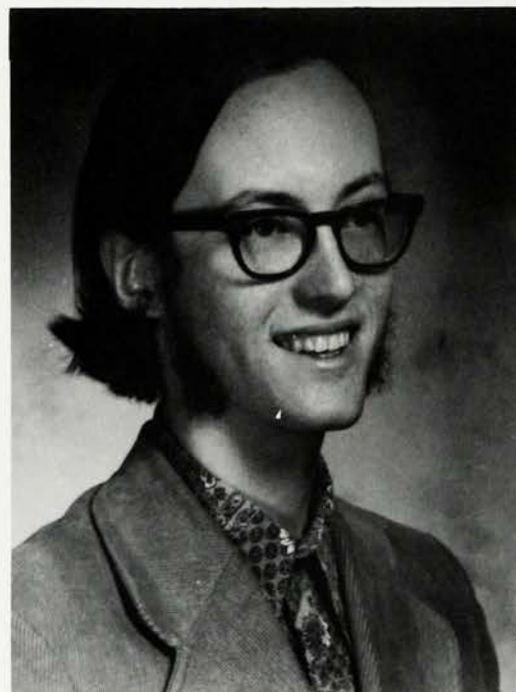


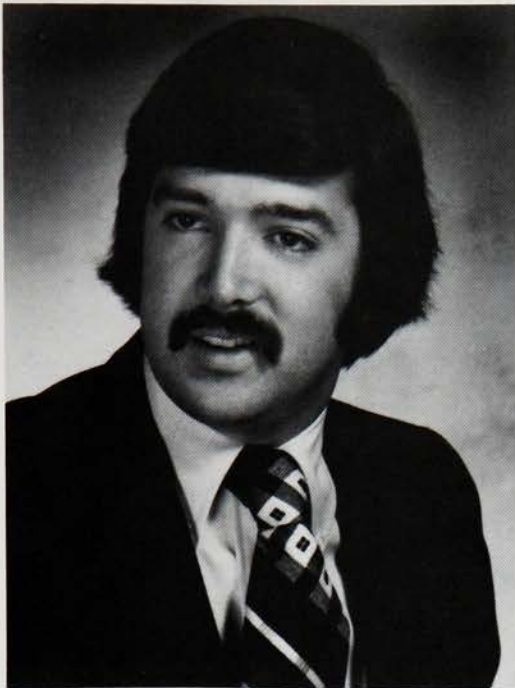
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Matt Cazan
Carolyn Chambers

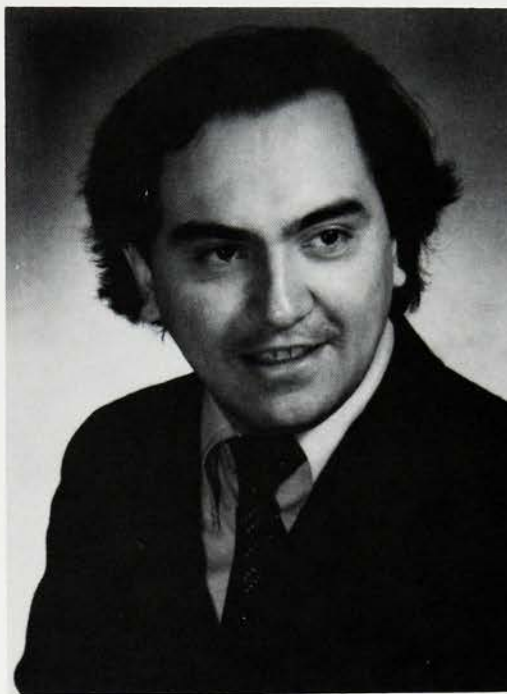
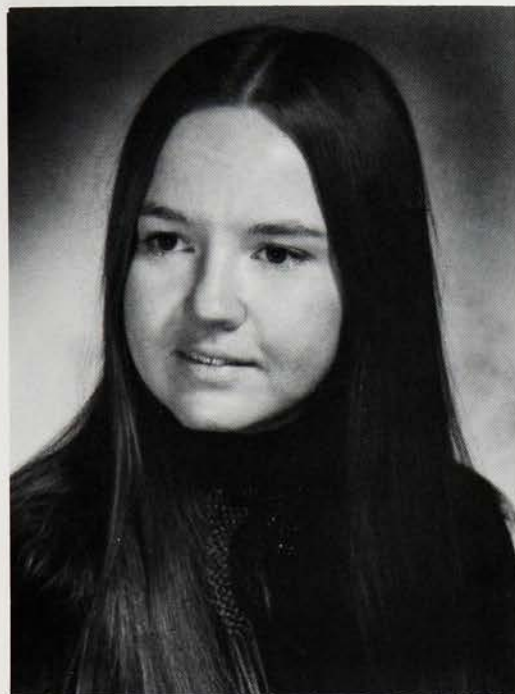


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Dan Cohen

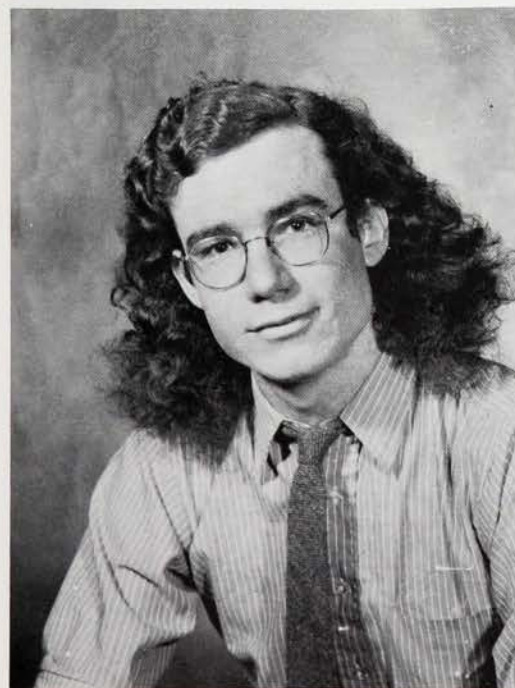




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Steve Cornier



Maggie Crossgrove
Nelson Cuellar

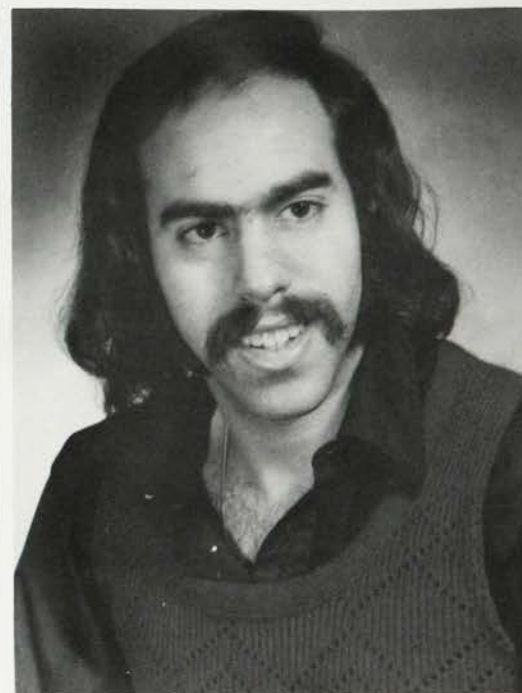


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Marian Davidson

Bob Dannenfelser
Christine de Angelio



Karen Diener
Robert Doueck

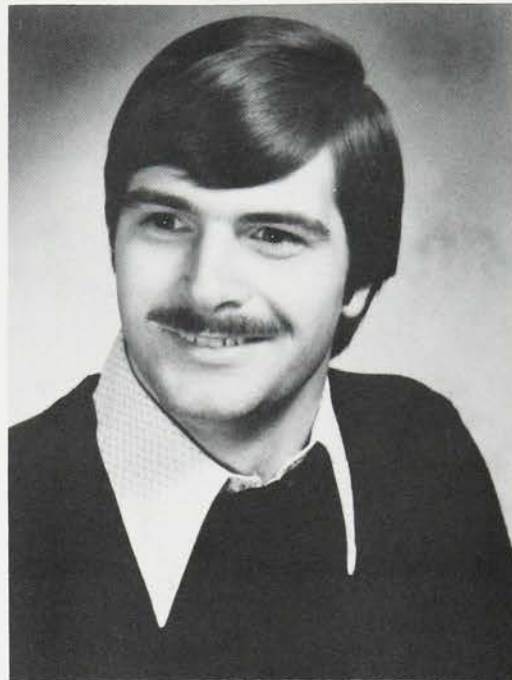


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Teresa Elmendorf





Arlene Entine
Ellen Emory

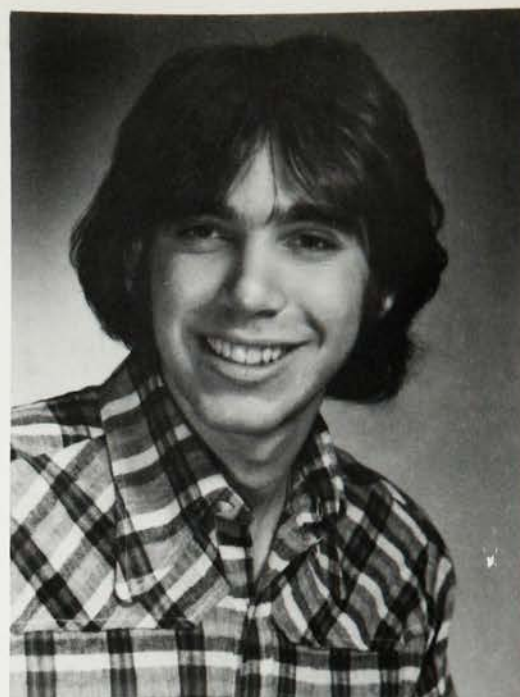


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James Evans



Nancy Evans
Cindy Fagge

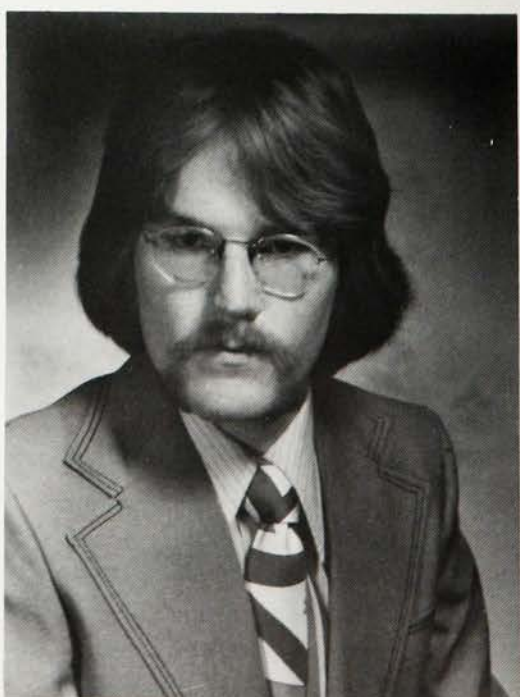
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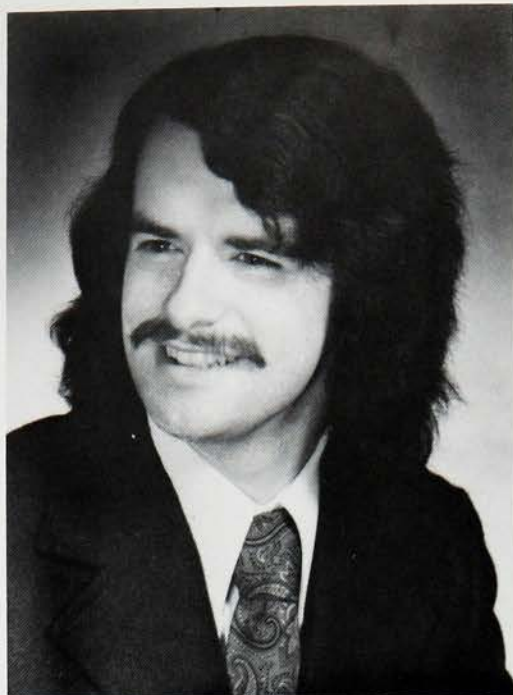


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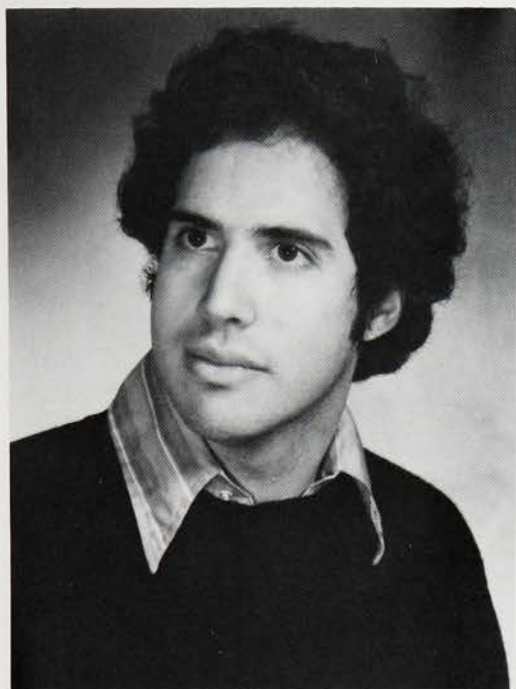


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Joseph Flynn

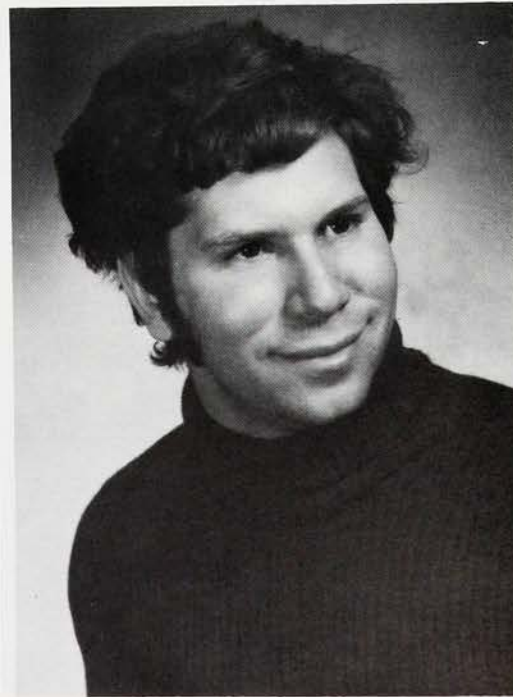




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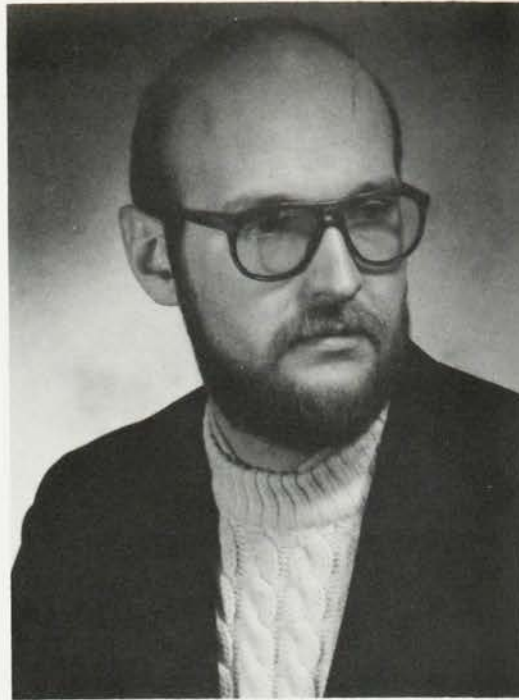


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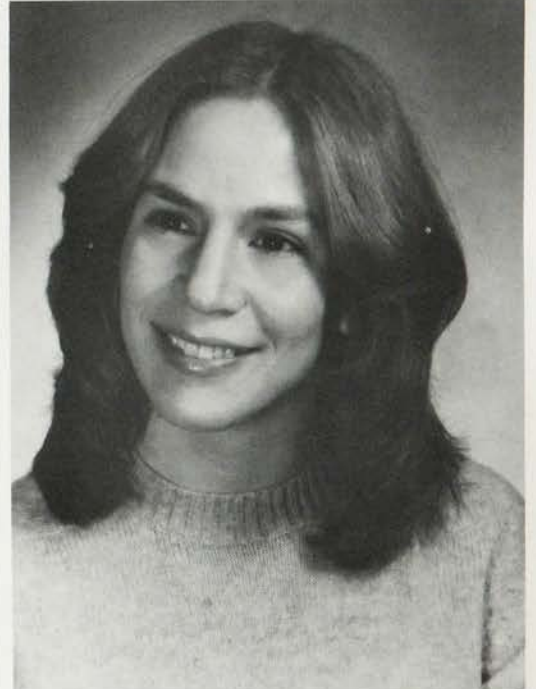
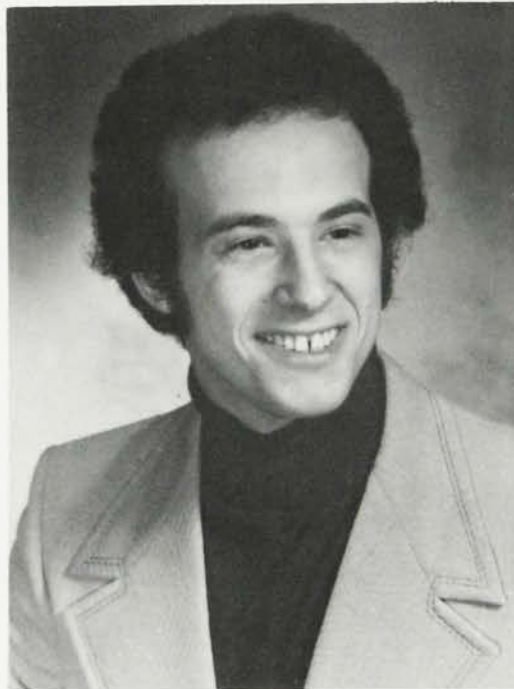


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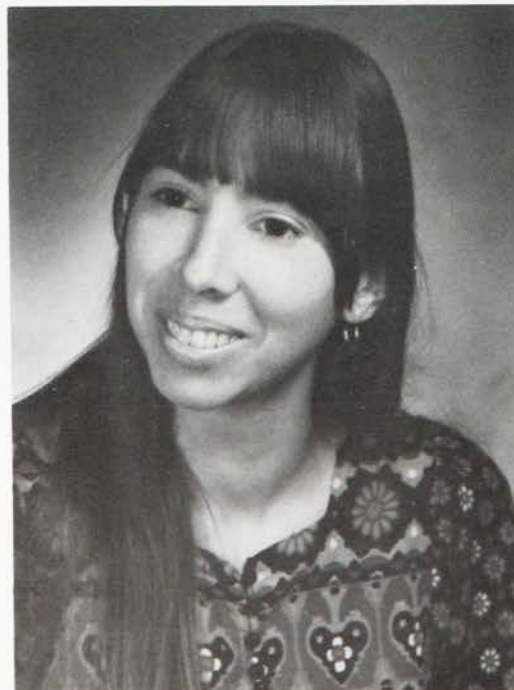
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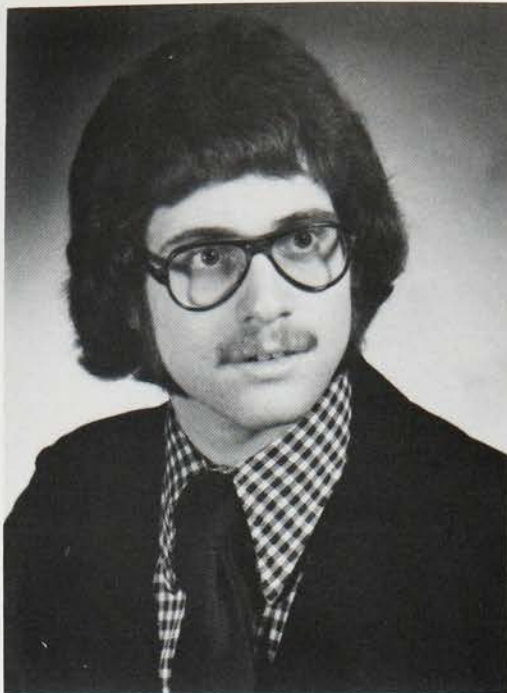
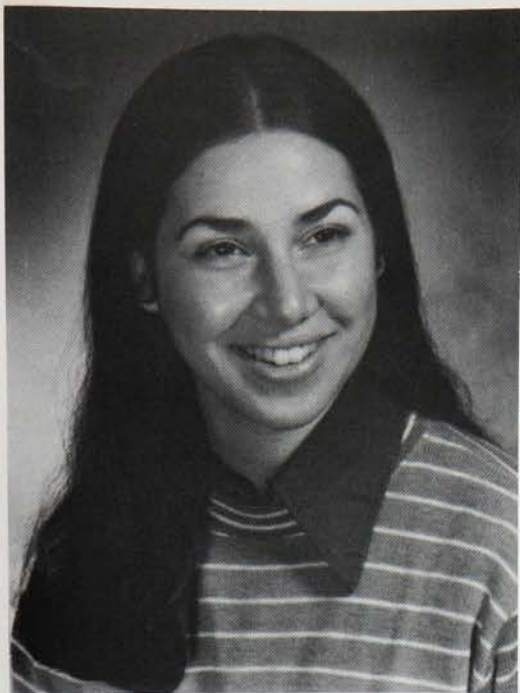


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Linda Glynn
Yvonne Gidel

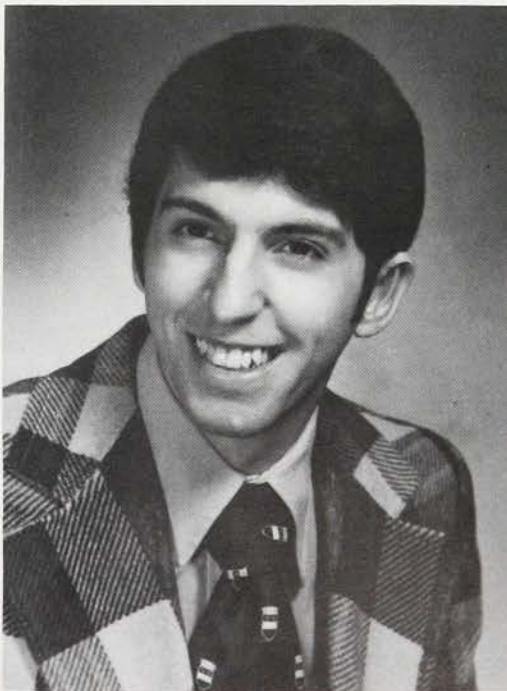
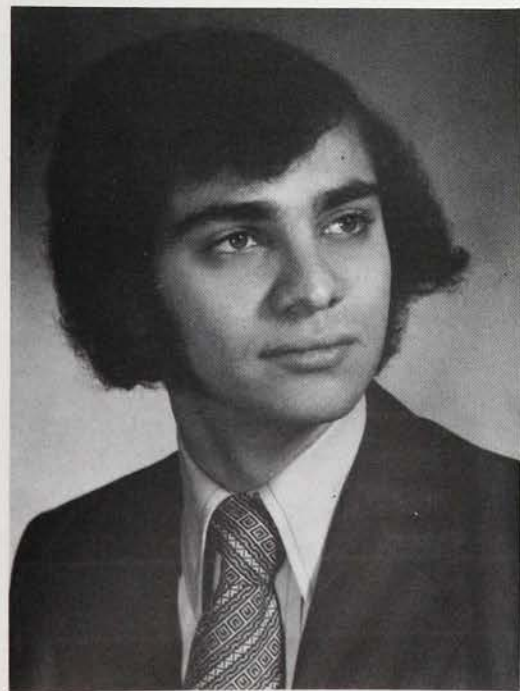




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Jeffrey Goldshine



Carol Goodman
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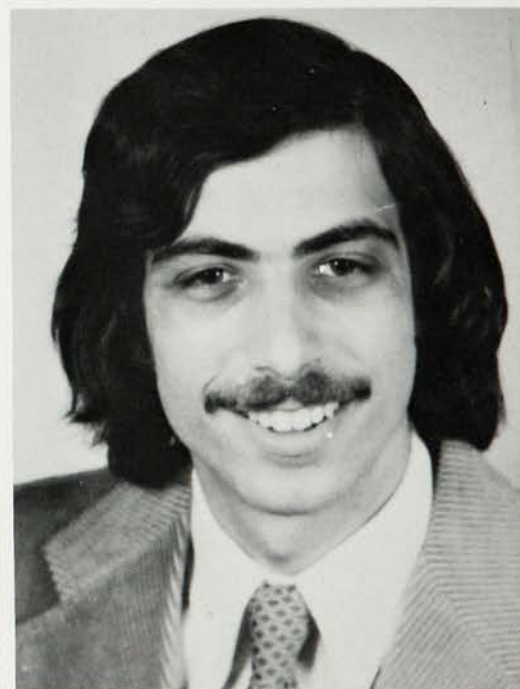
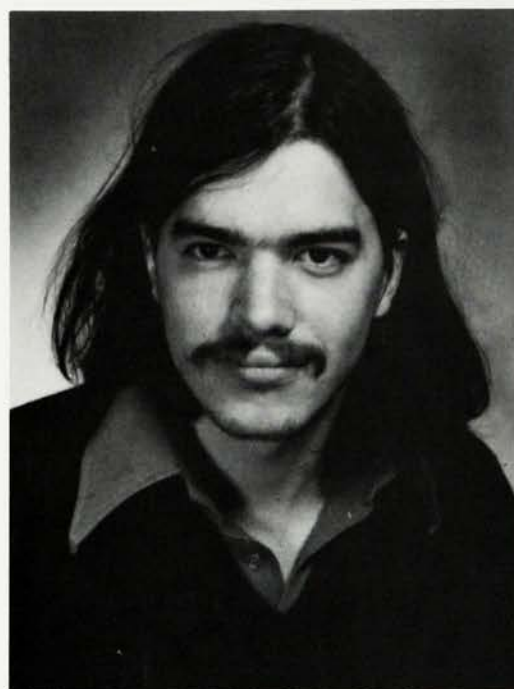


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Stephanie Grunberg
Mary Ann Gula

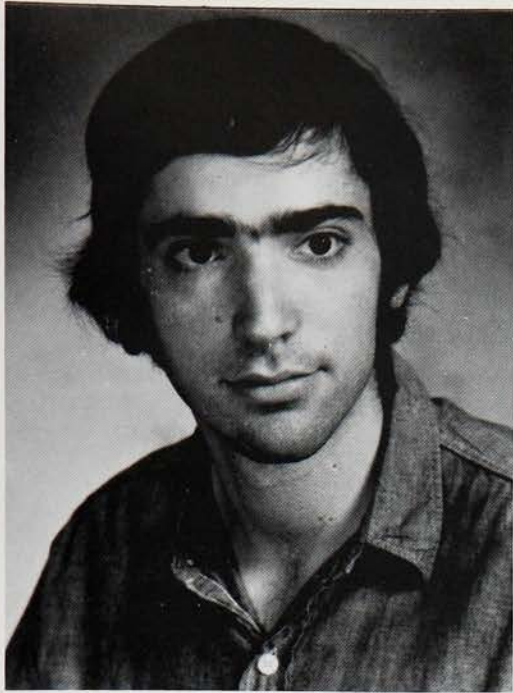


H. Anders Gyllenhaal
Bob Gilbert

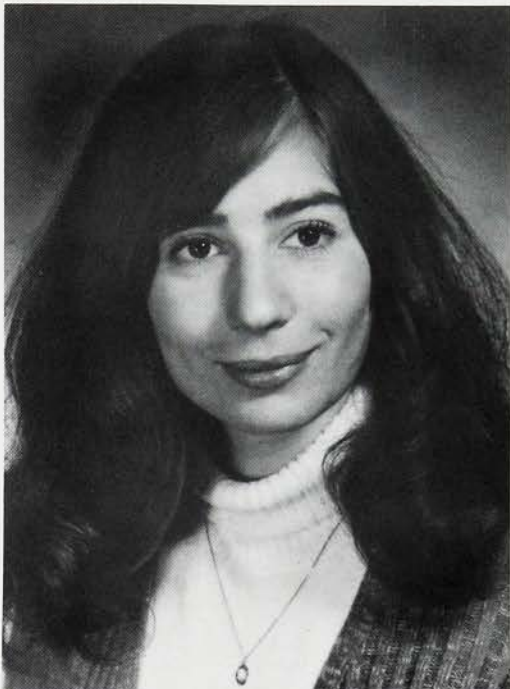


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Roni Halper





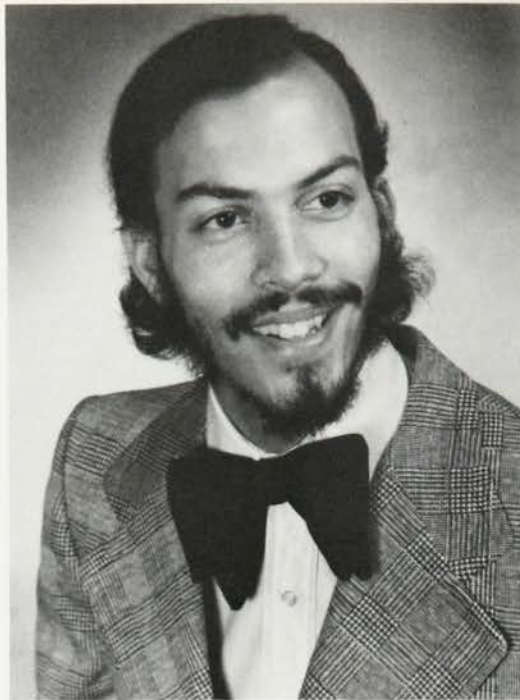
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Anne Higgins



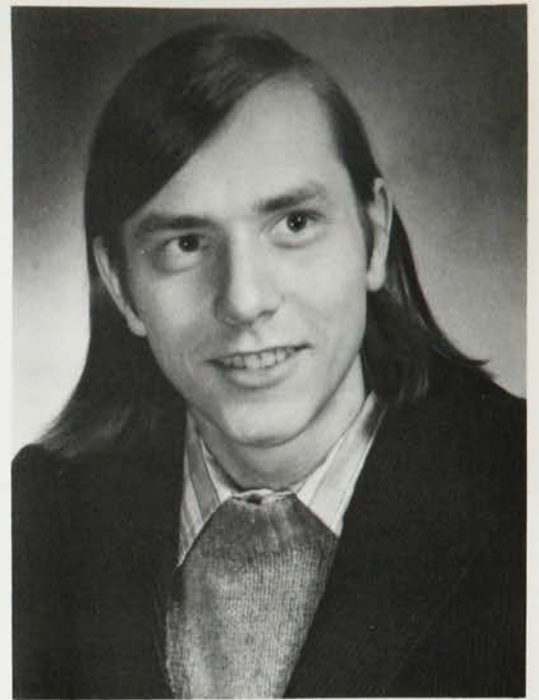
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JoAnn Hoffman



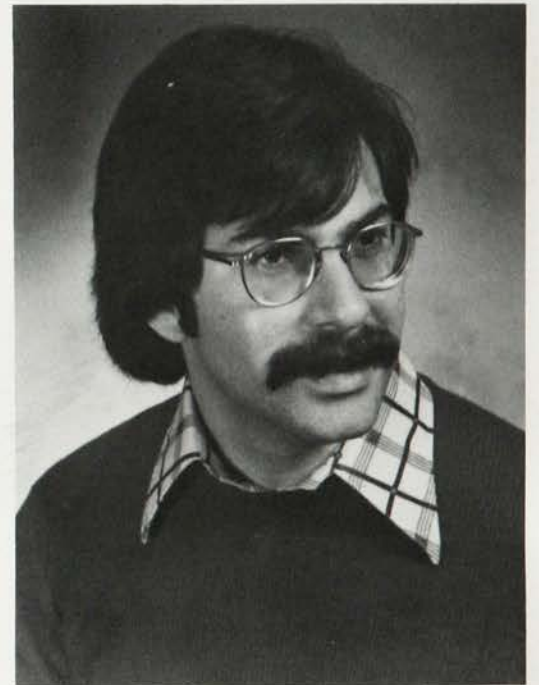
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Alice Housman



Jeff Hurd
Craig Indyk

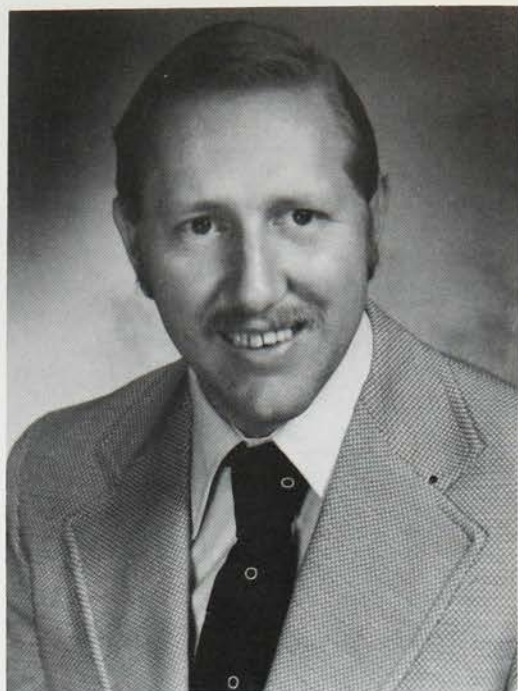
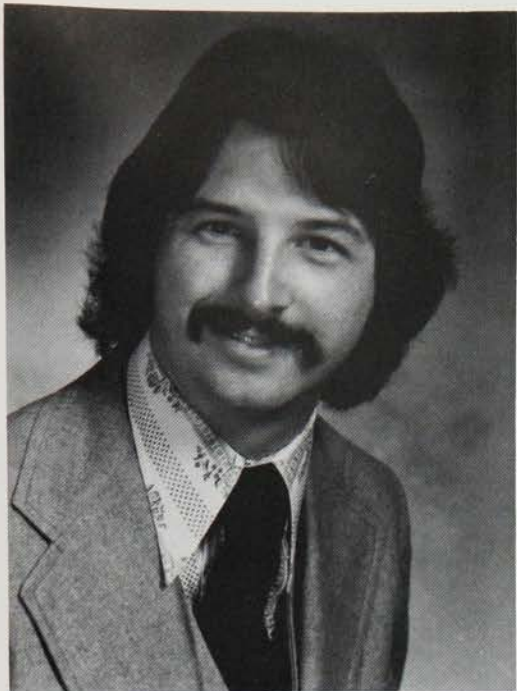


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Steve Jasper

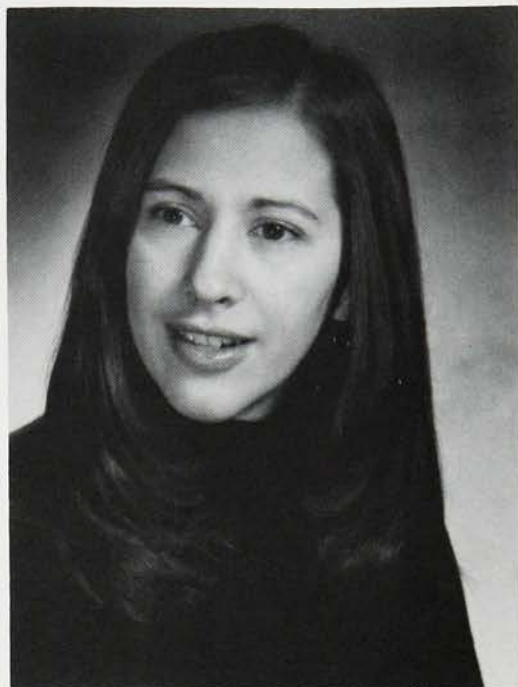
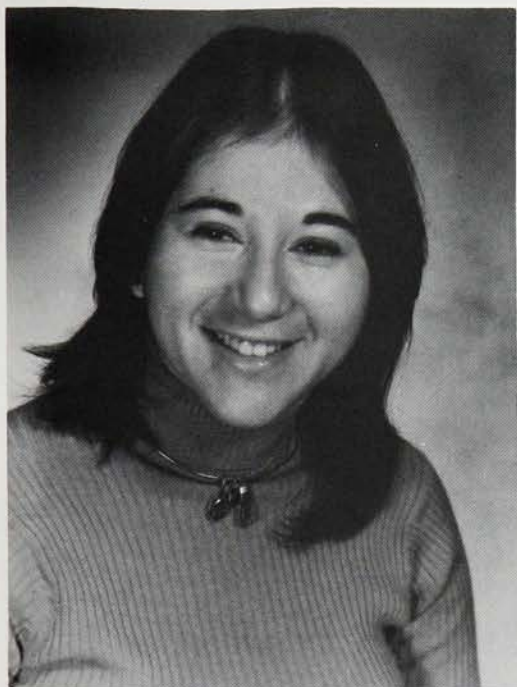


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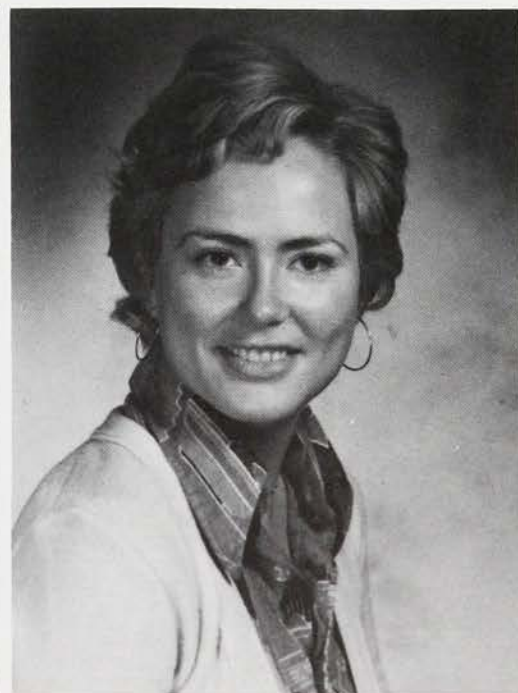
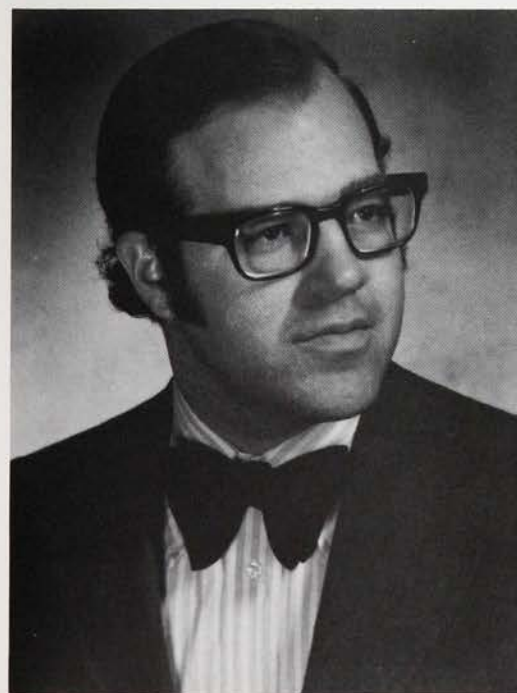




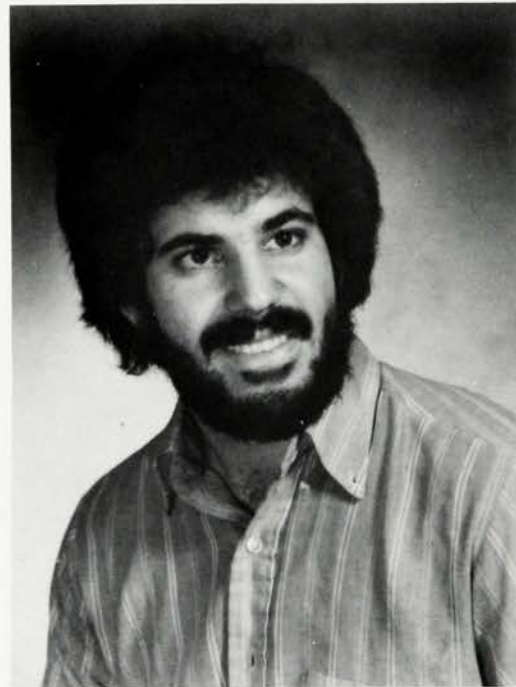
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Dave Johnson



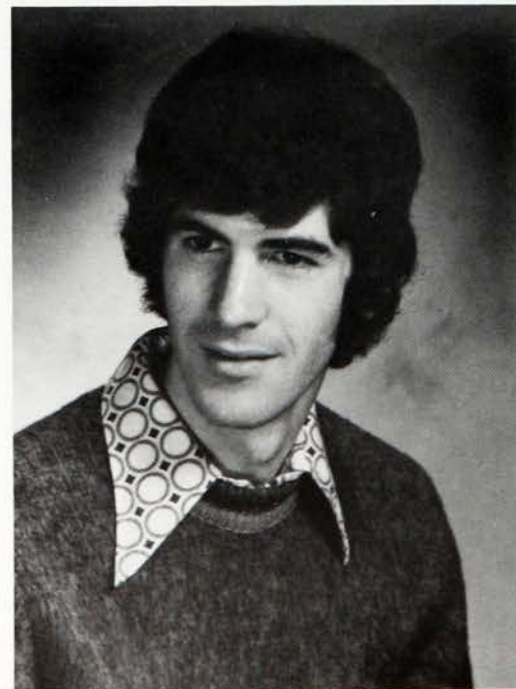
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Lisa Katz



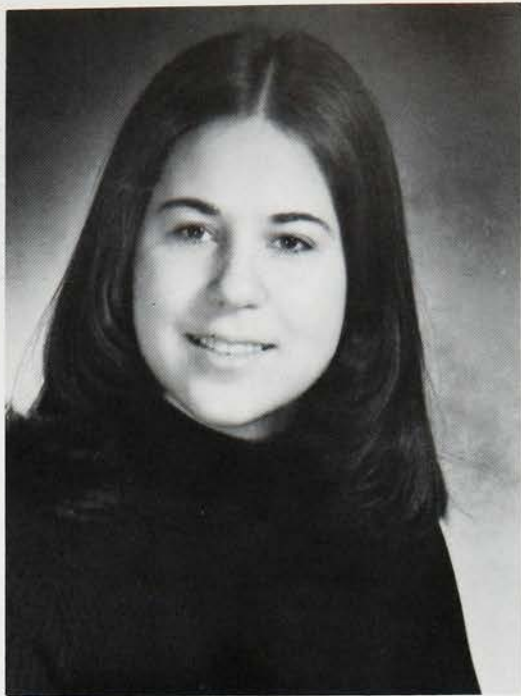
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Lee Kingham



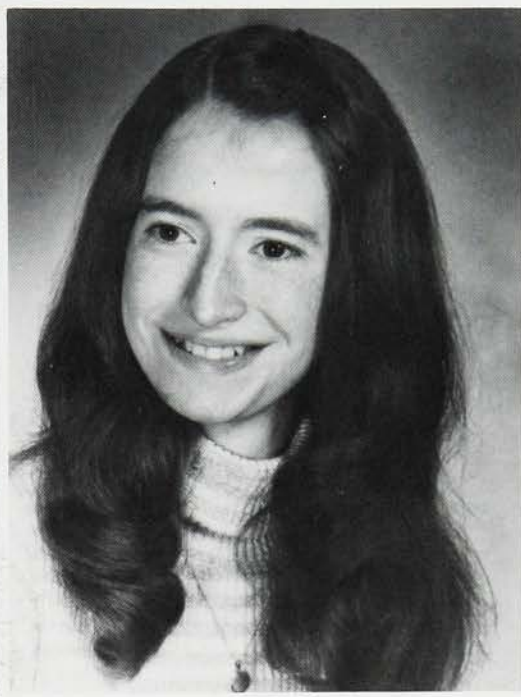
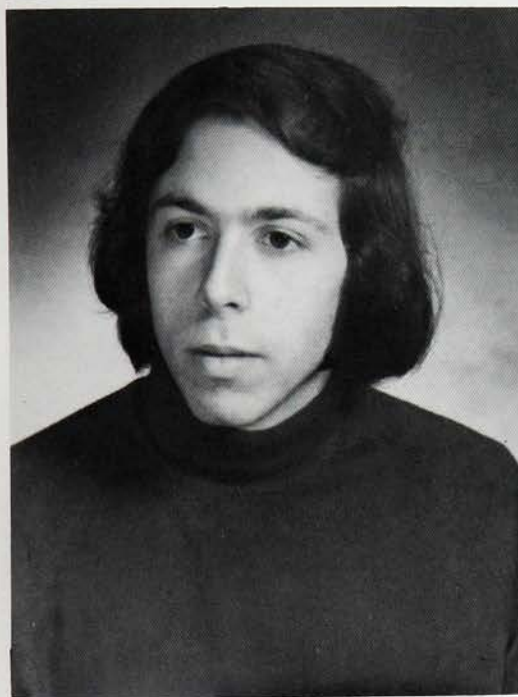
Samuel Kleiman
William Konick



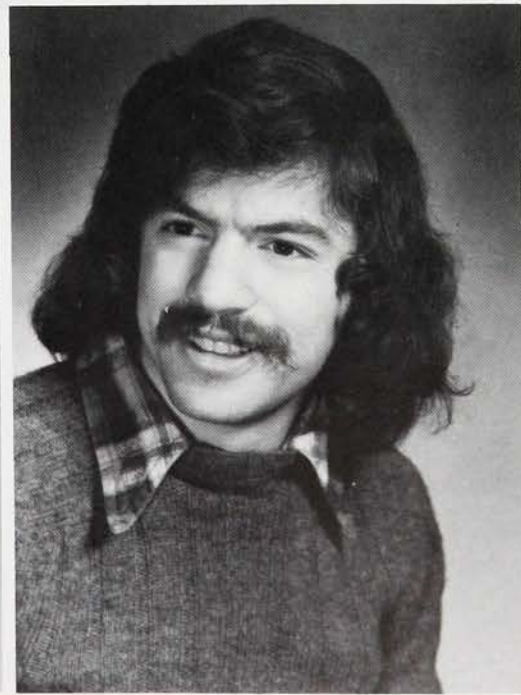
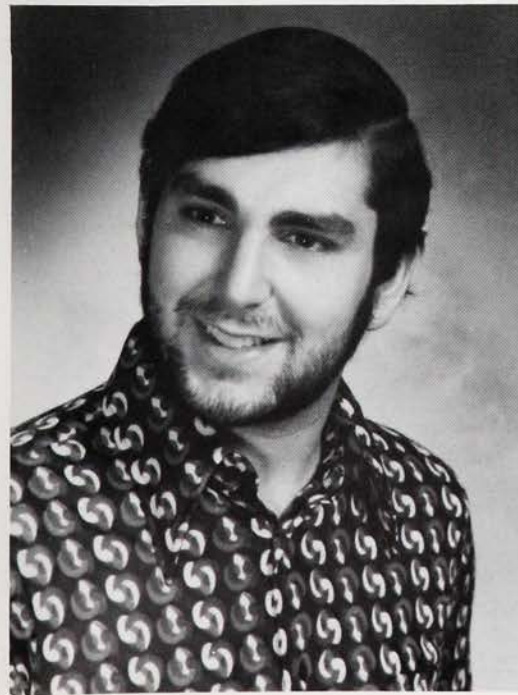
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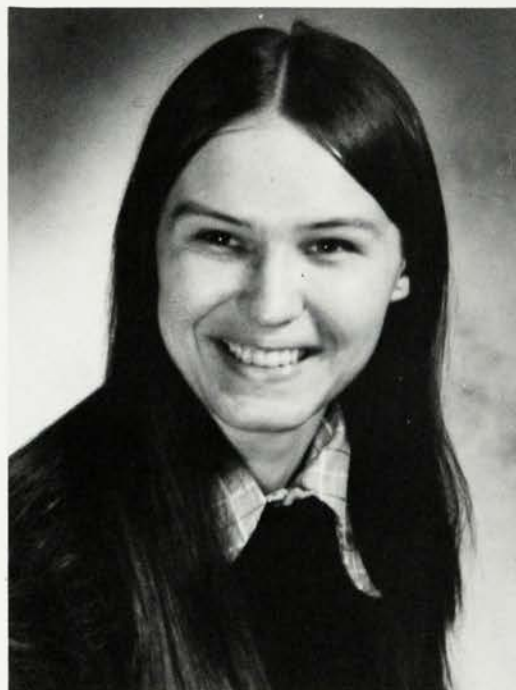


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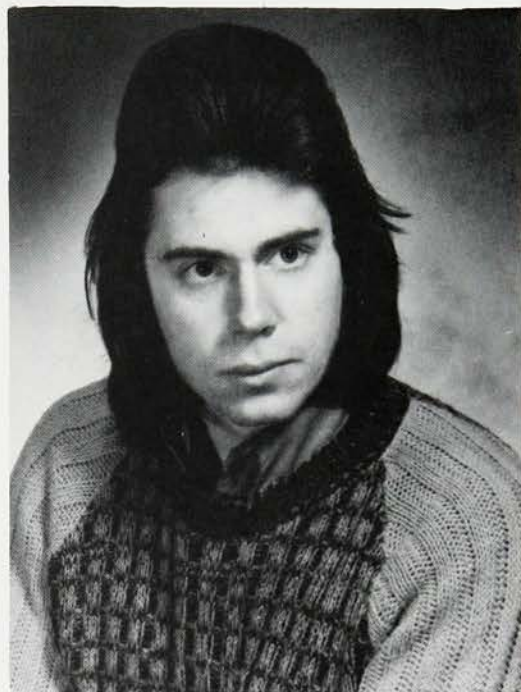
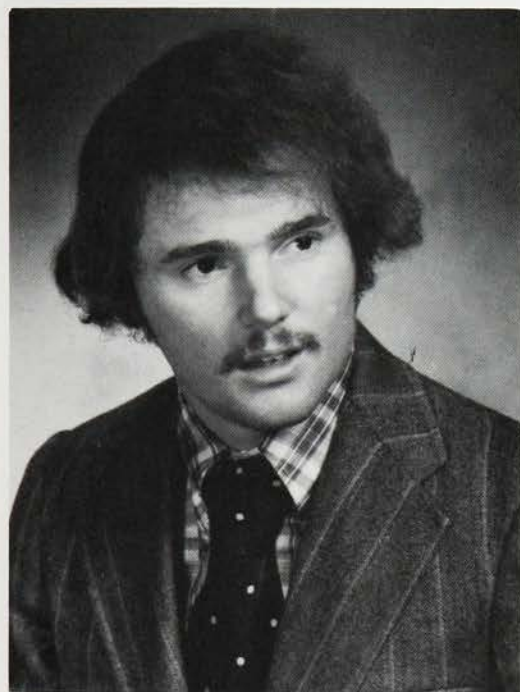


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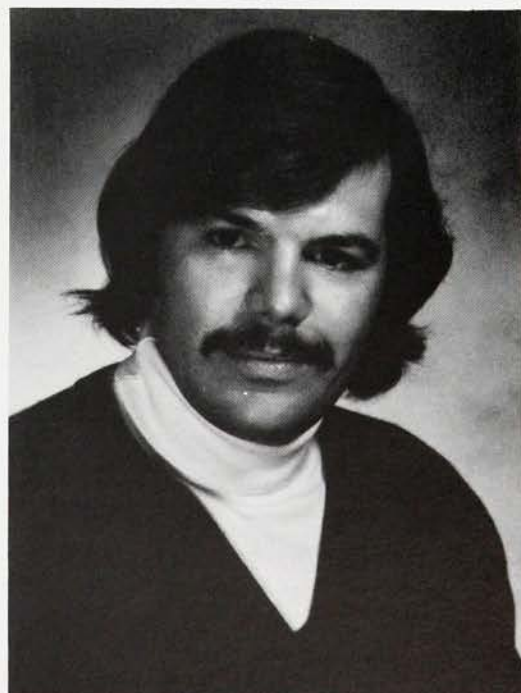




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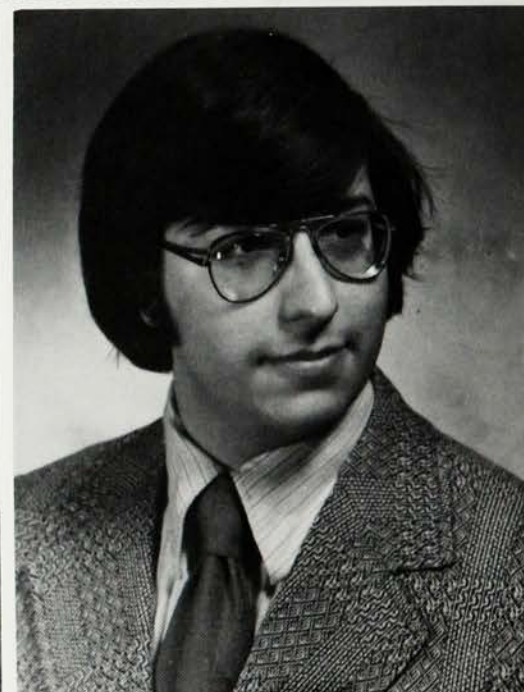


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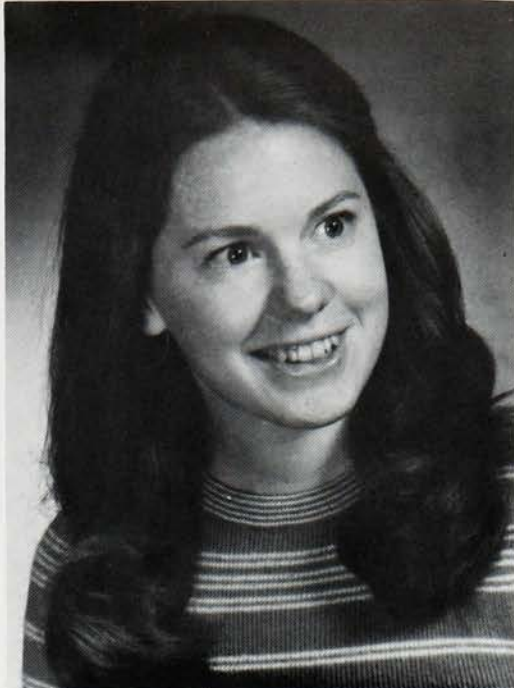
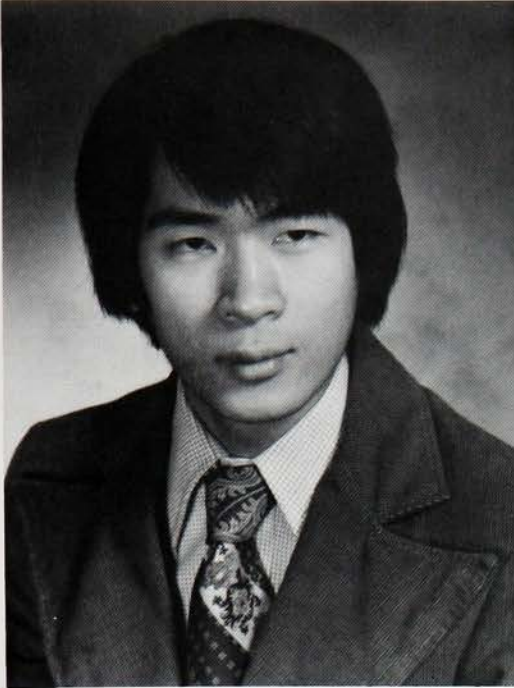


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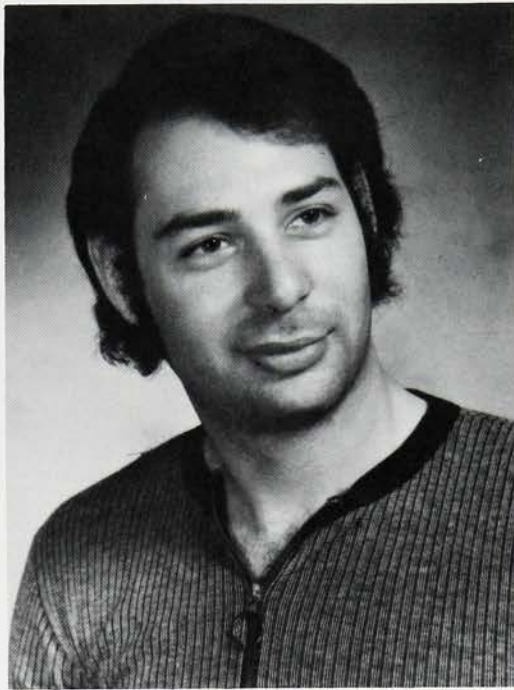
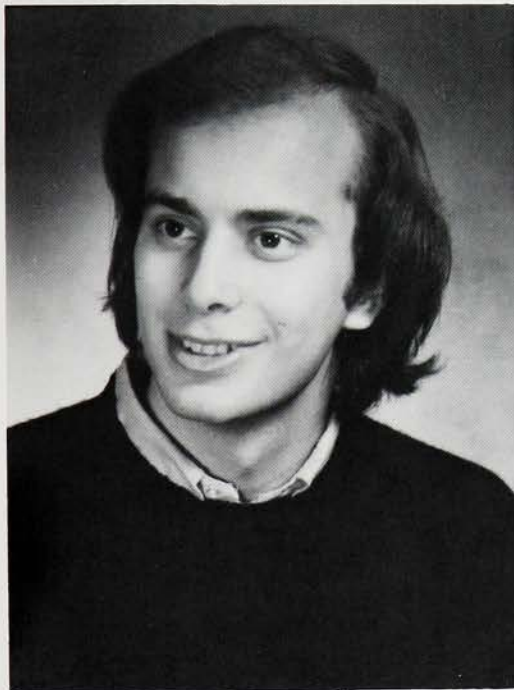


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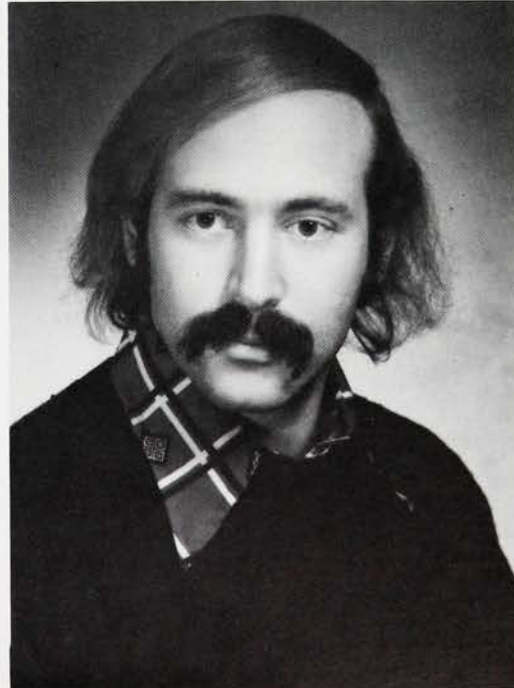




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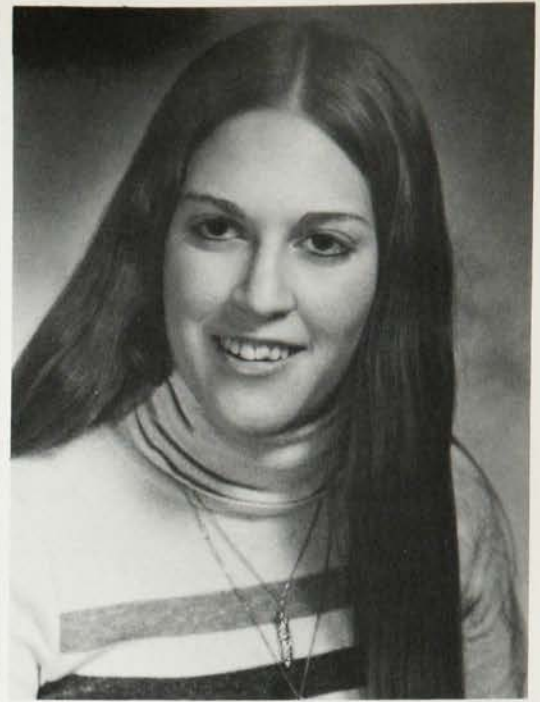
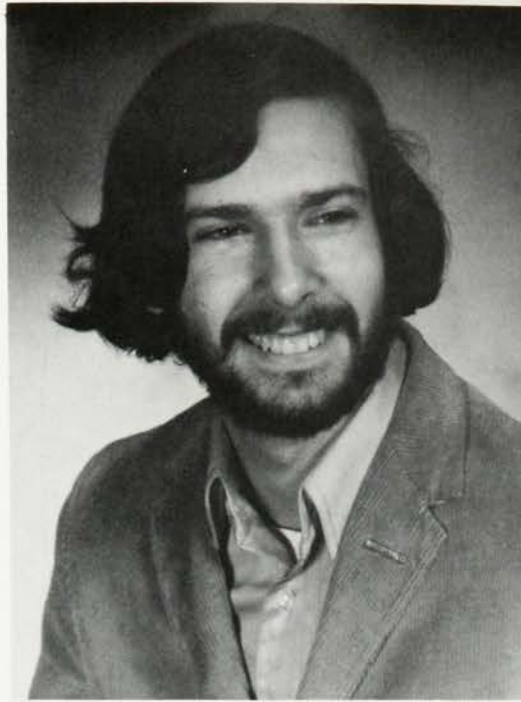


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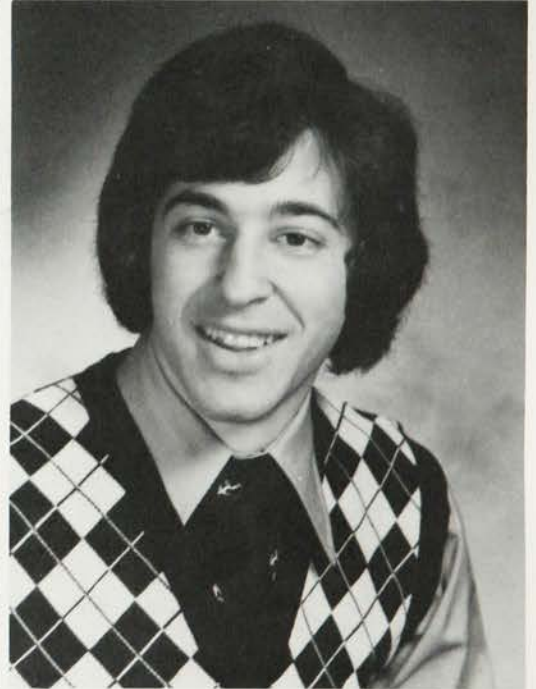
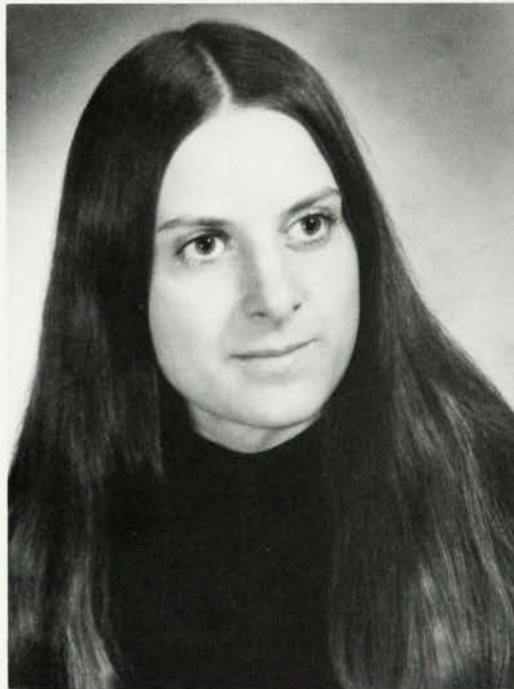


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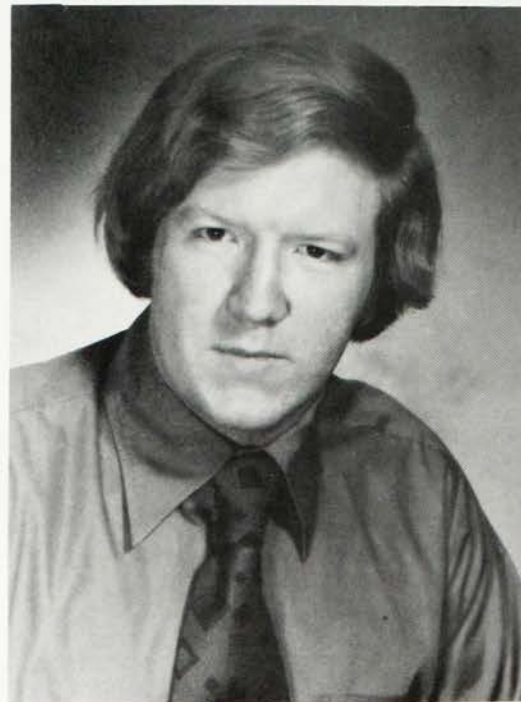
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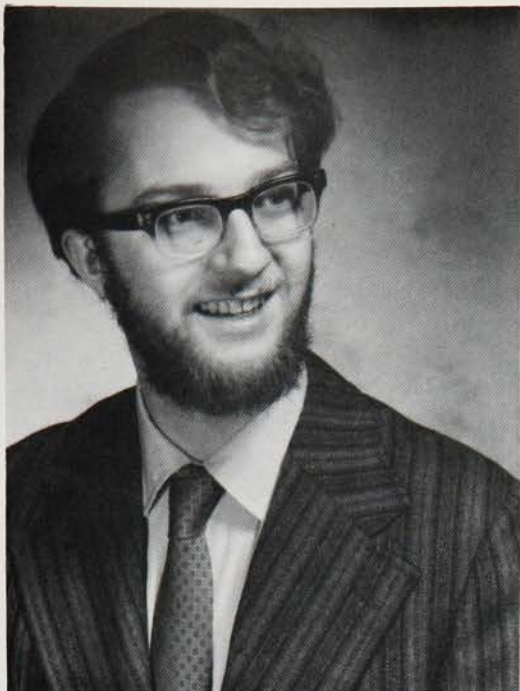


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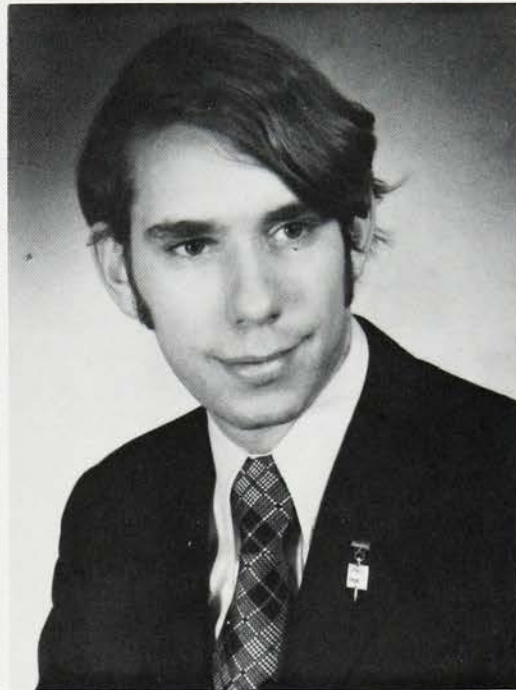


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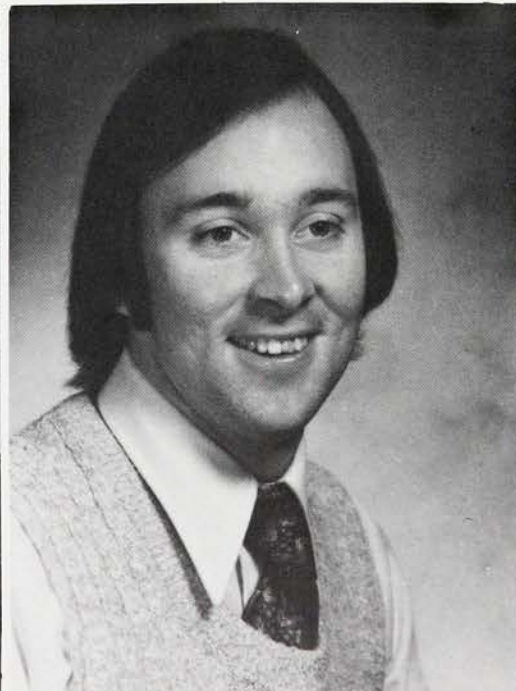
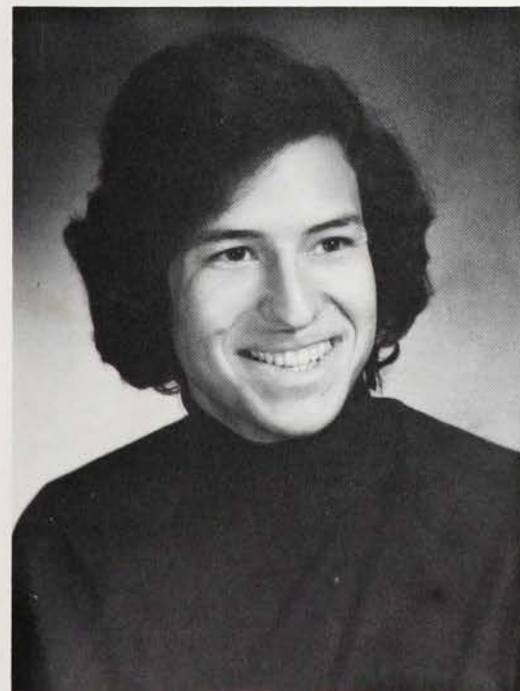




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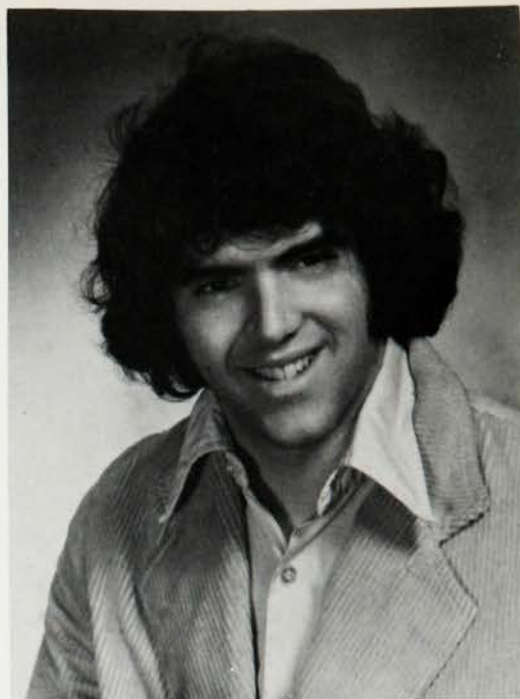


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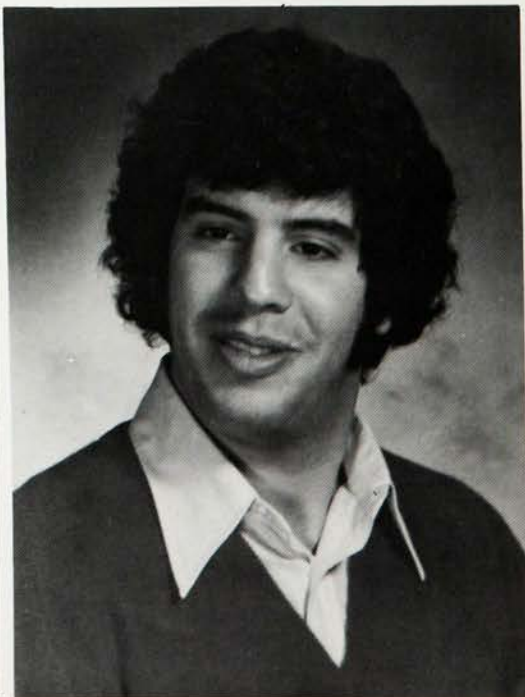
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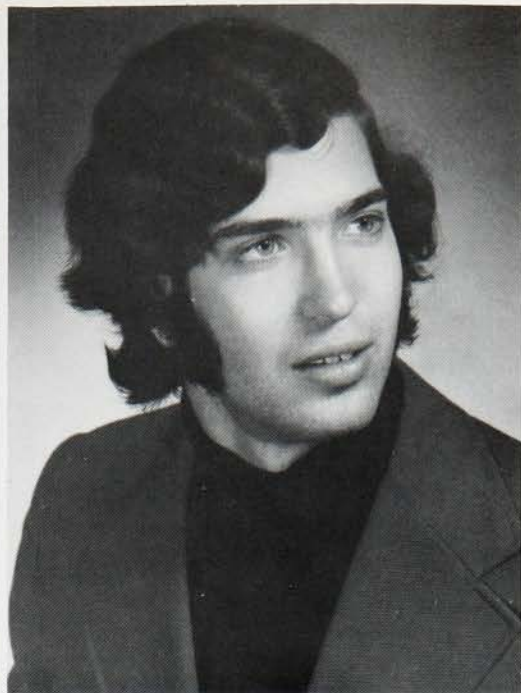
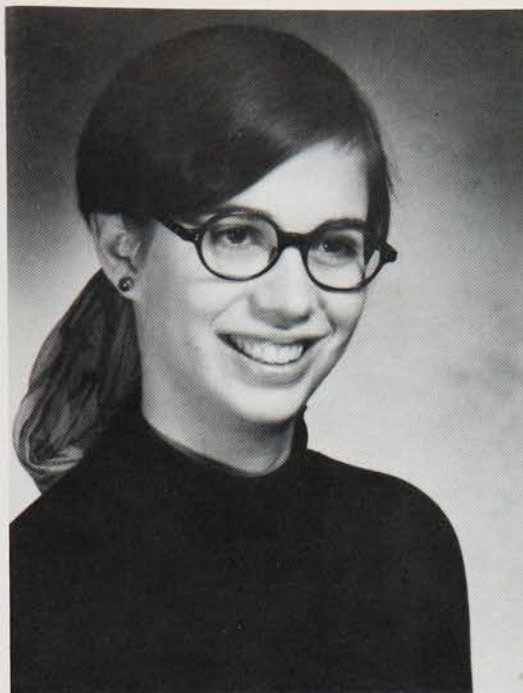


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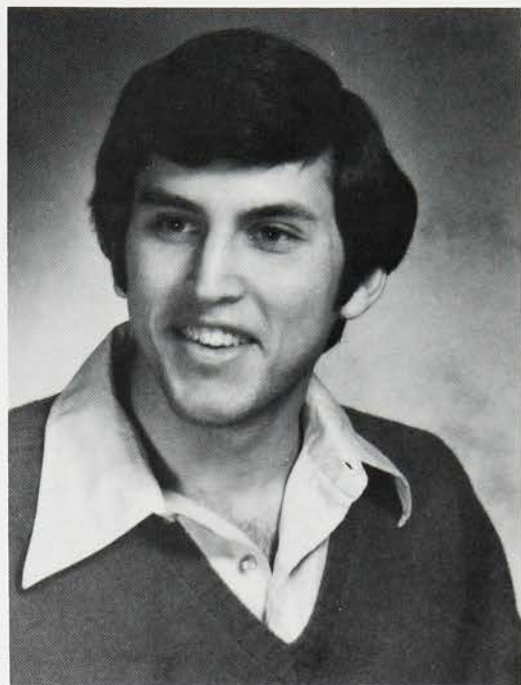


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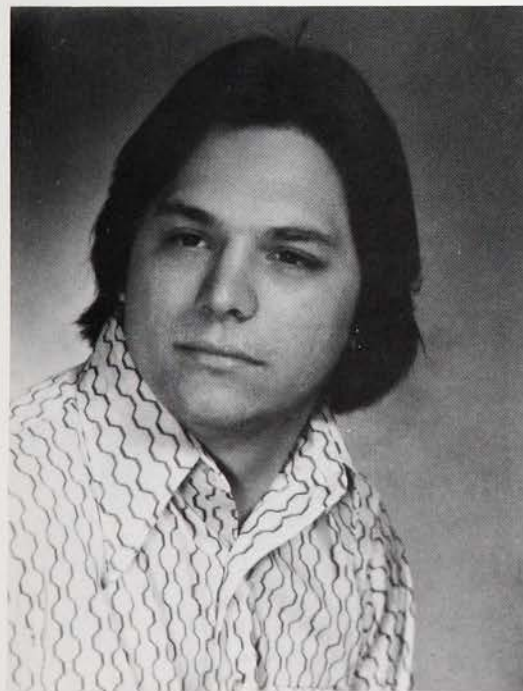




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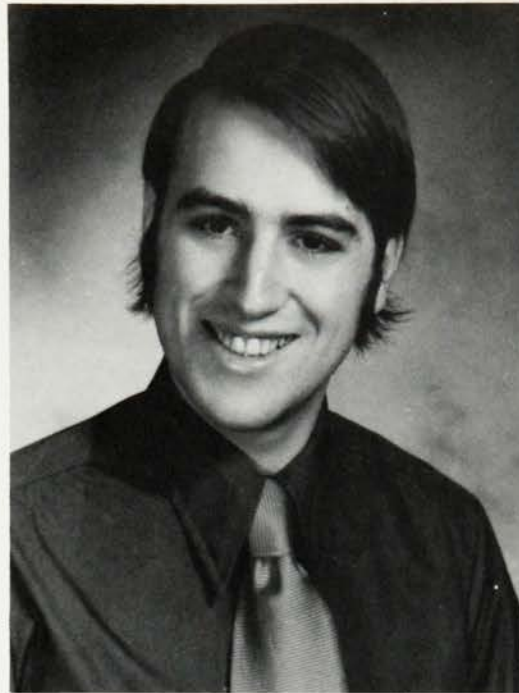


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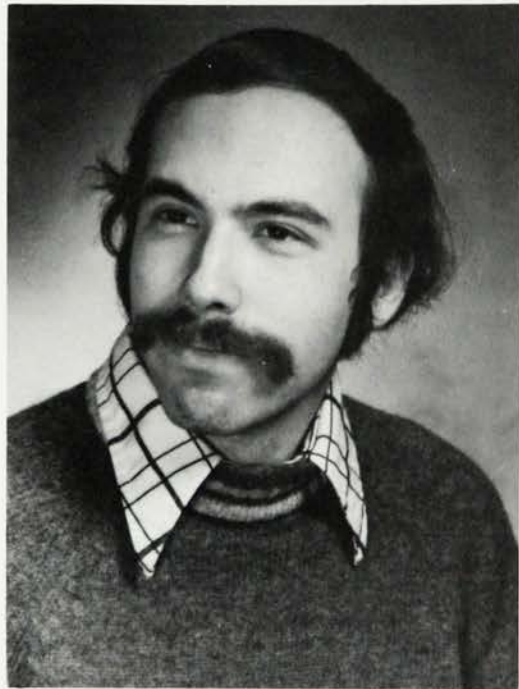


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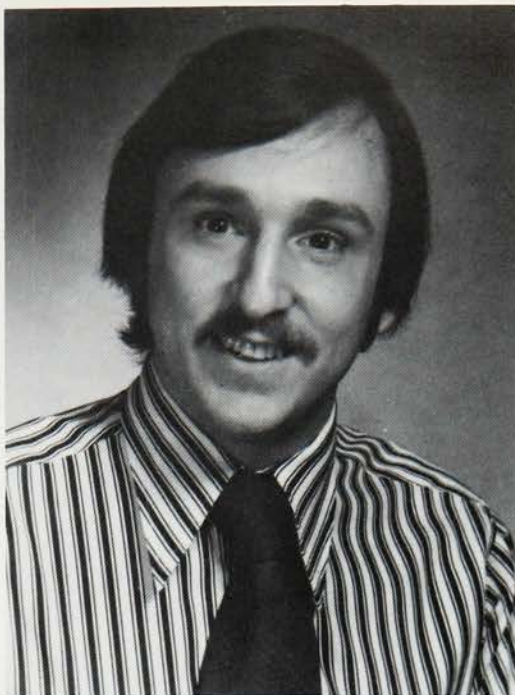


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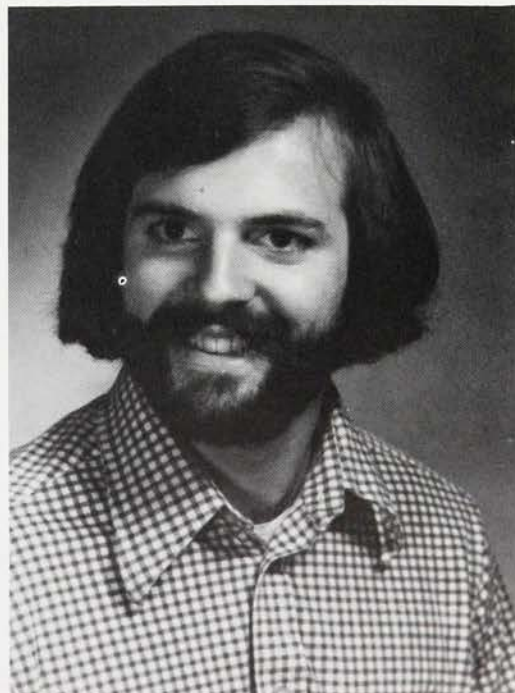




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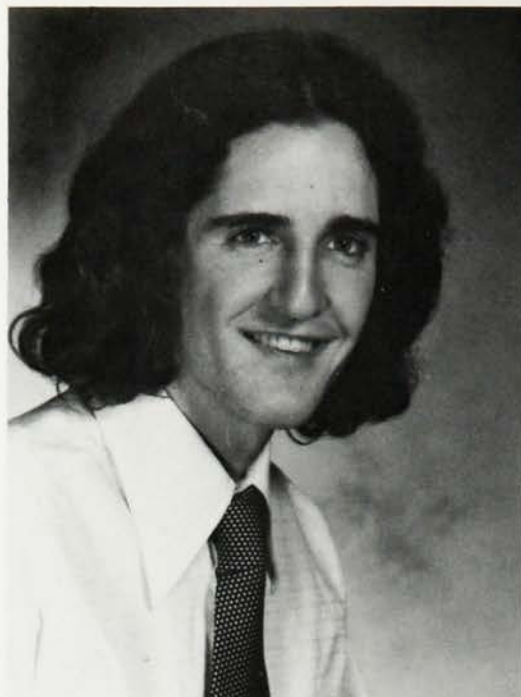


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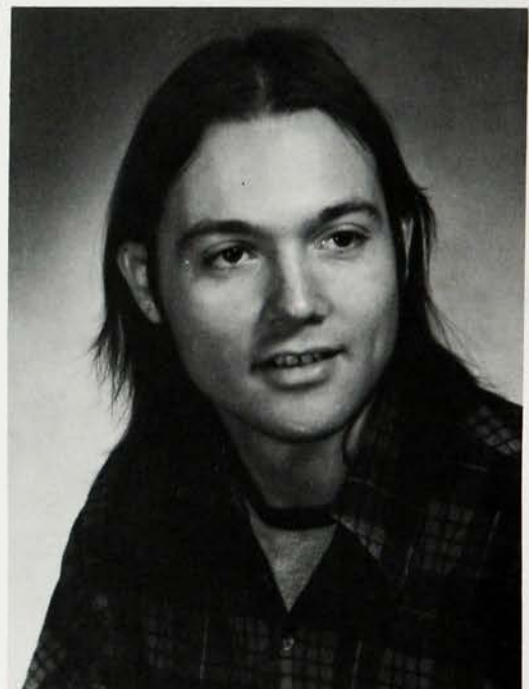


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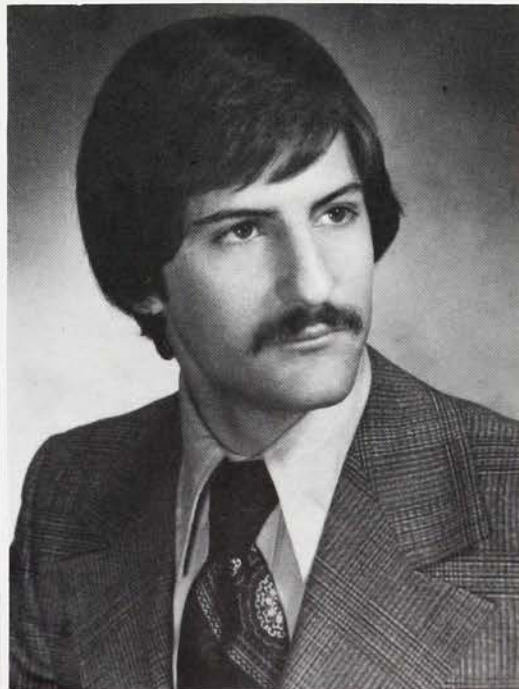
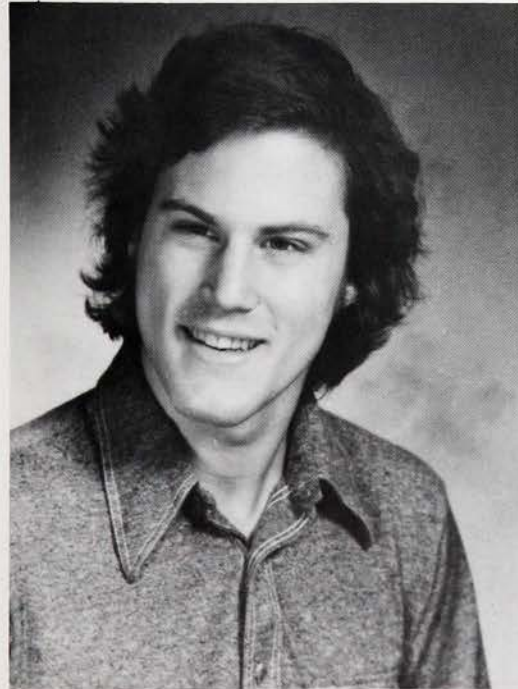




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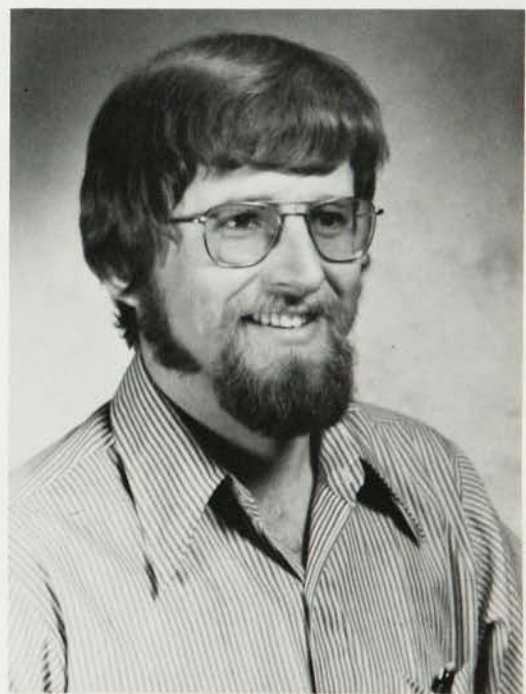
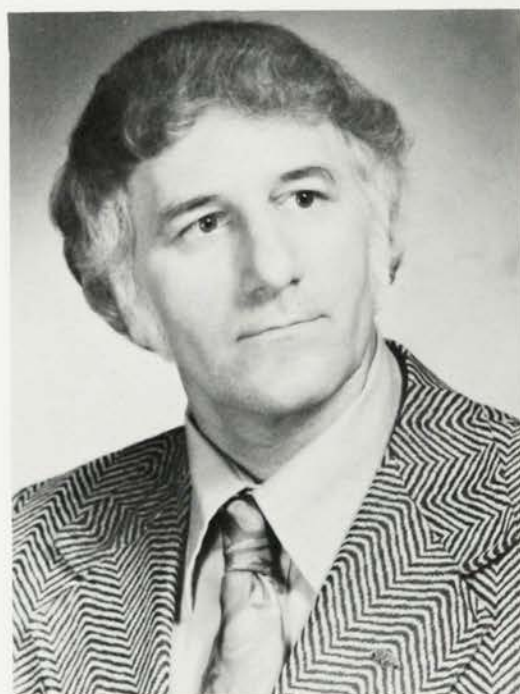


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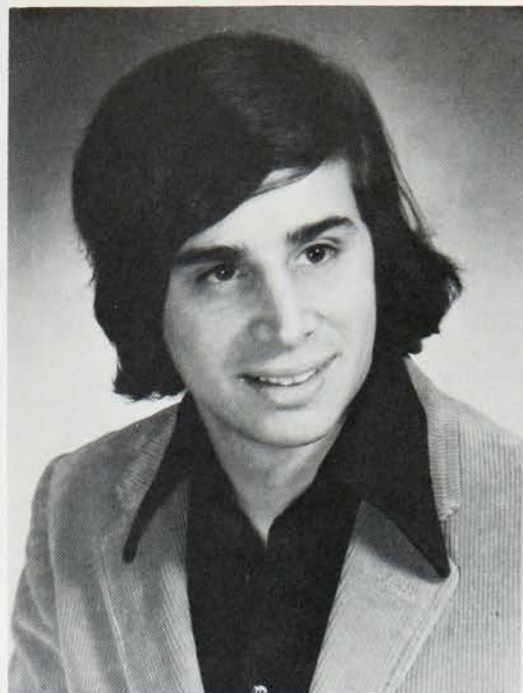
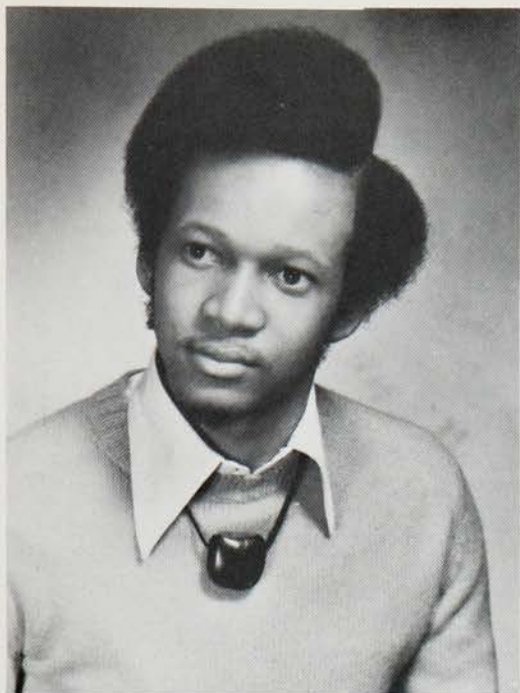


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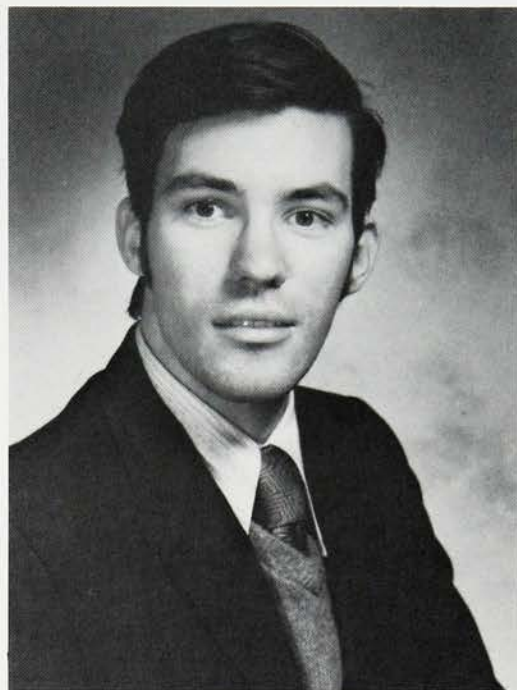
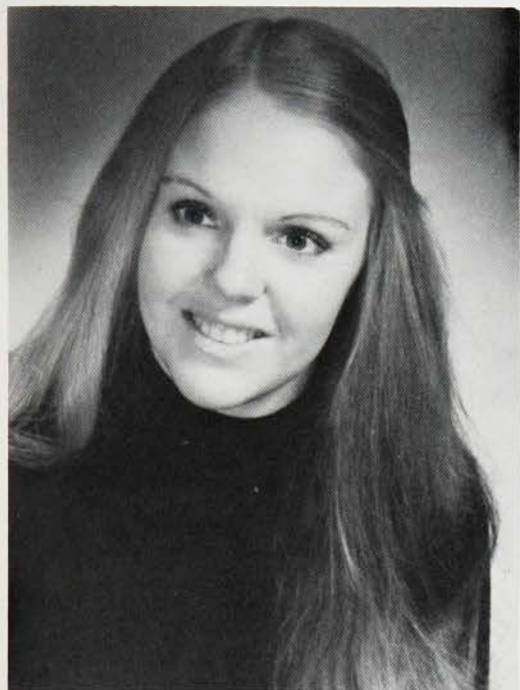


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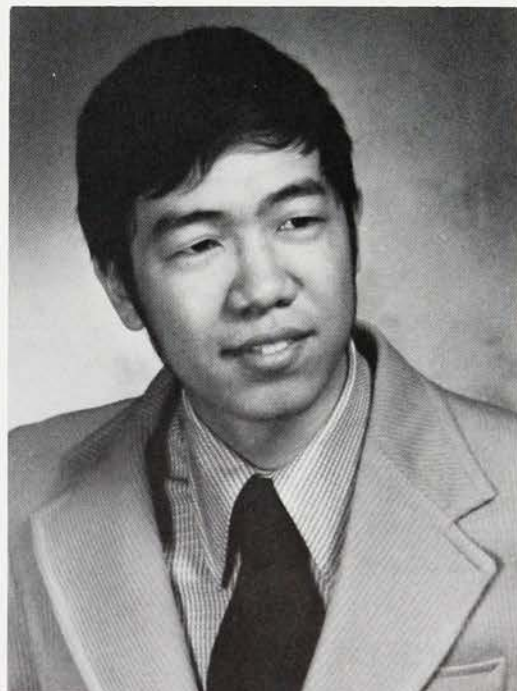




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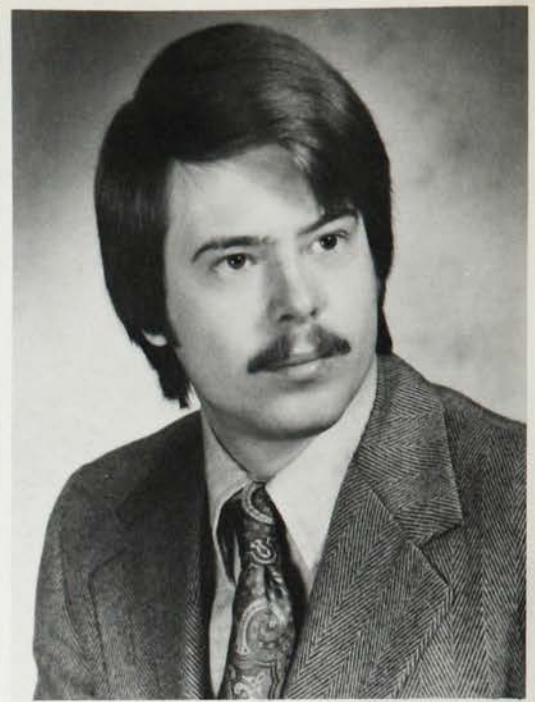
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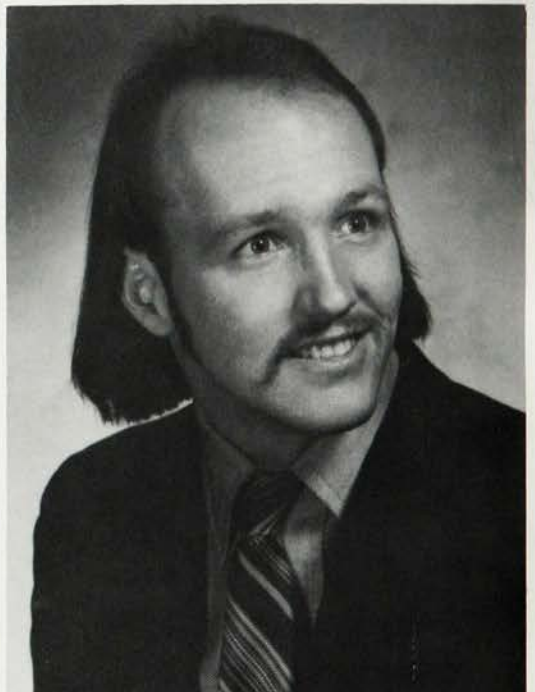
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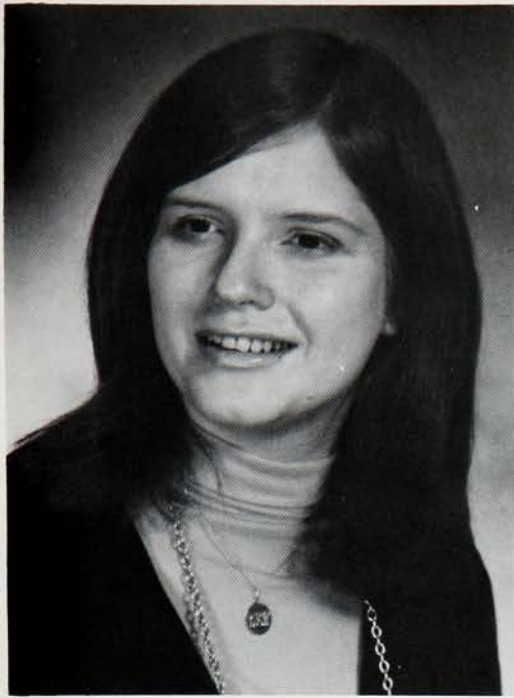


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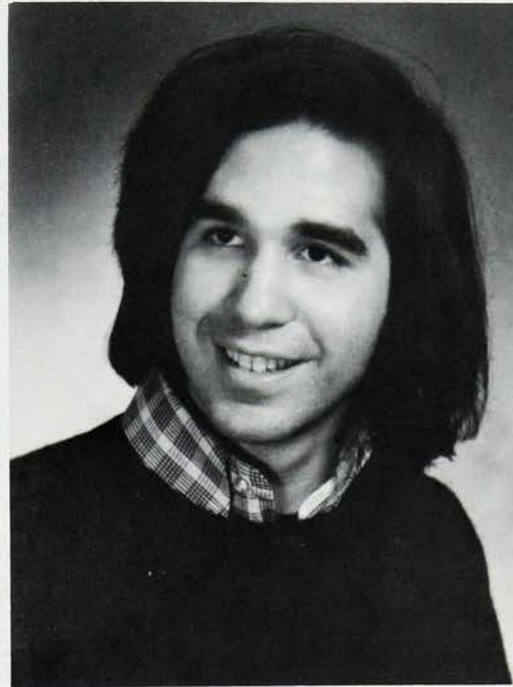
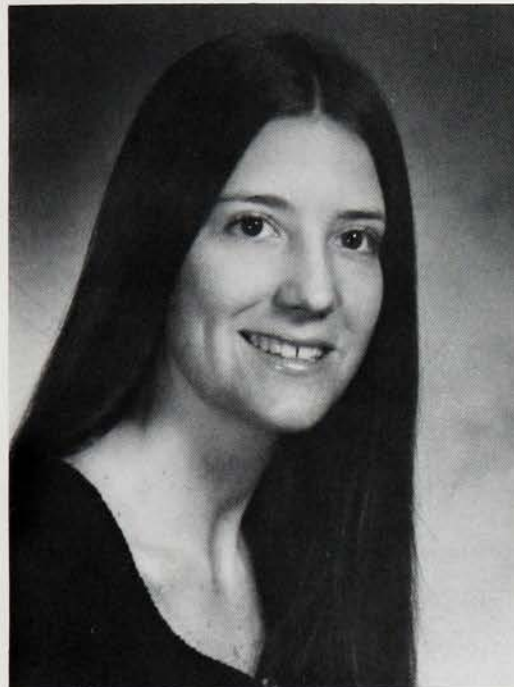


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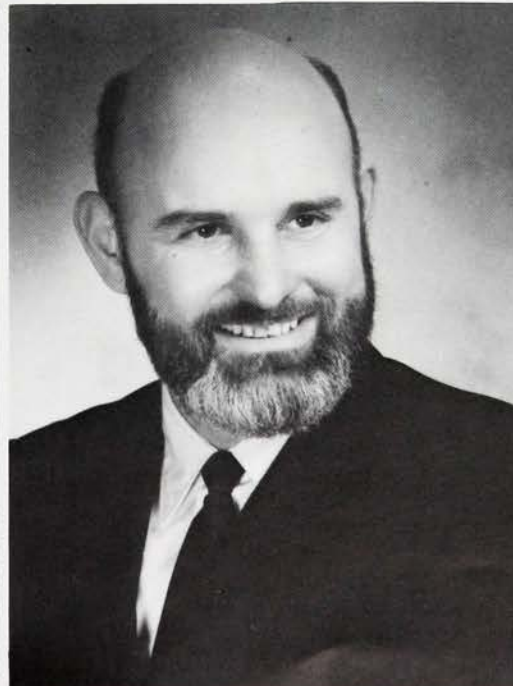
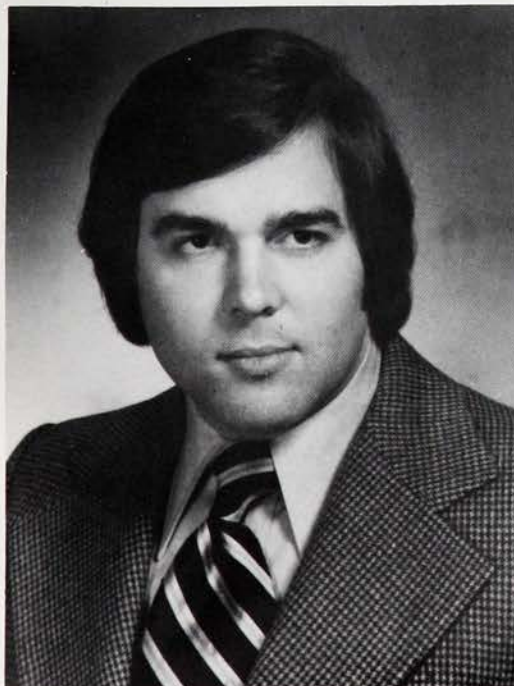




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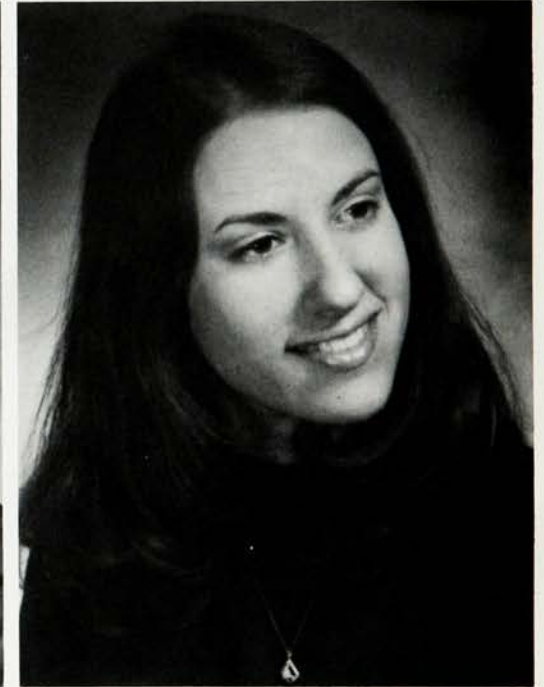
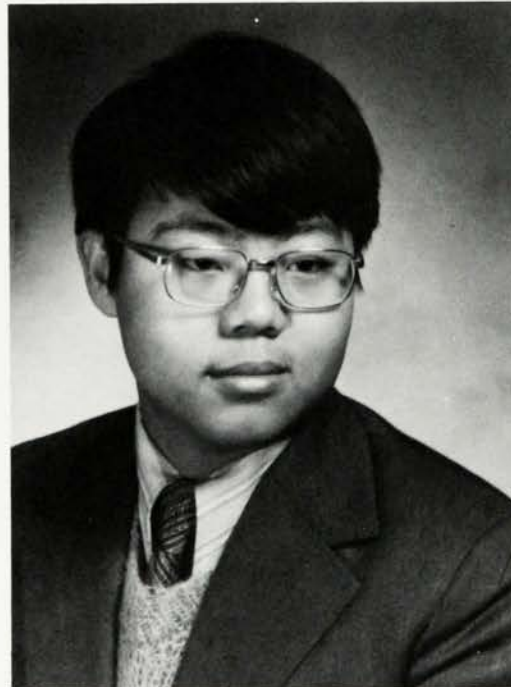


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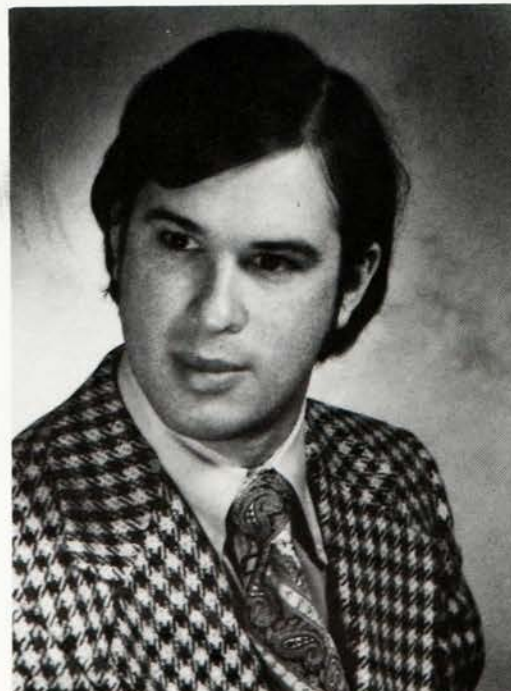
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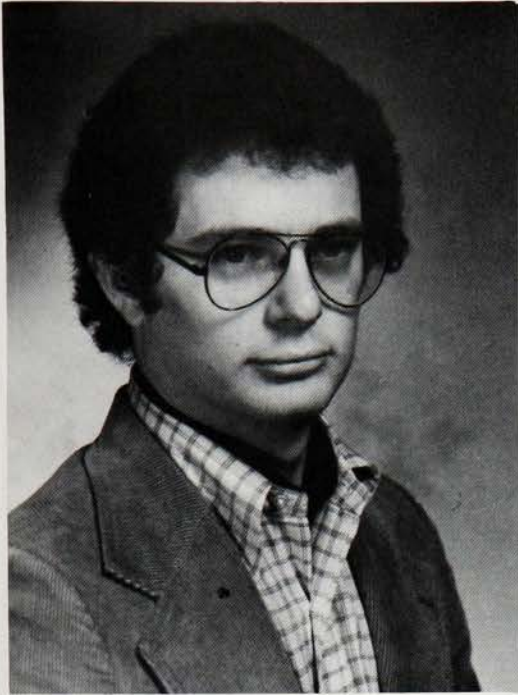


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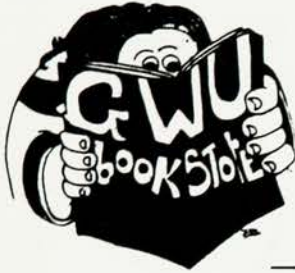
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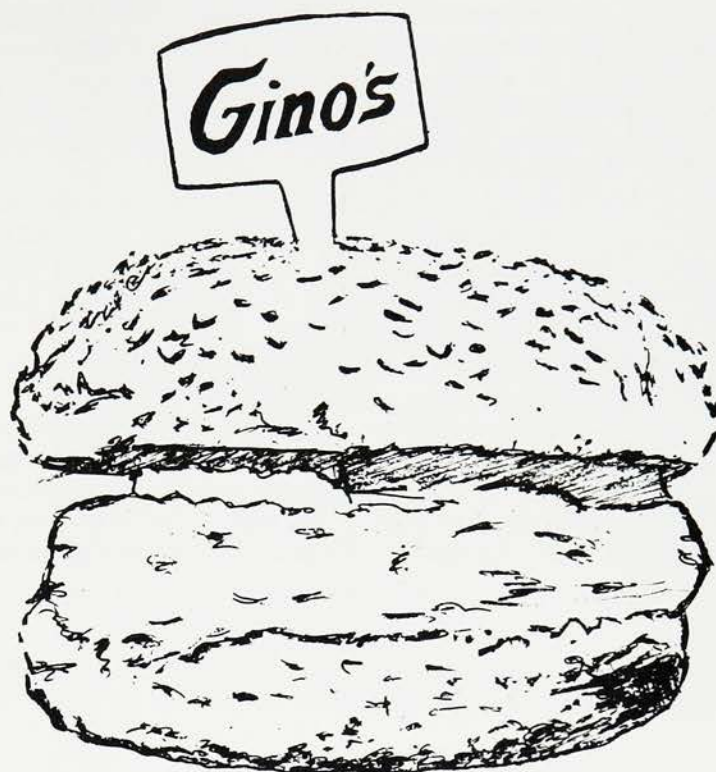
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This page was purchased by Allan Mekles at Martha's Marathon of Birthday Bargains.
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Dear Mom,

As I now prepare for the most difficult period of my life, I am extremely happy that most of the problems that have confronted you during the past four years have been solved. At this time in your life be concerned with your own happiness. A mother with your qualities deserves only the best. The love, kindness, and understanding that you've given me will always be remembered and will serve to motivate me to achieve the highest standard of excellence.

Love, your son,
Allan

Dear Dad,

As a young man who was unable to explain and understand his emotions, I was unable to appreciate and accept the teachings that a mature man attempted to show me. Now that I've graduated I have learned to have the greatest respect and love for you. I only hope that one day I'll be able to fit in your shoes. When that day comes I will be a man. Thanks for everything that you've done for me.

Love, your son,
Allan

Dear Dr. Cumella,

Love is an emotion that few people understand. To give of oneself is an act that few people practice. To understand is a quality that few people possess. In my eyes, you depict the qualities not of a man but of a God. I hope that one day I'll make you proud of me. I will only be happy if you are.

I love you with all my heart,
Allan

Dear Friends,

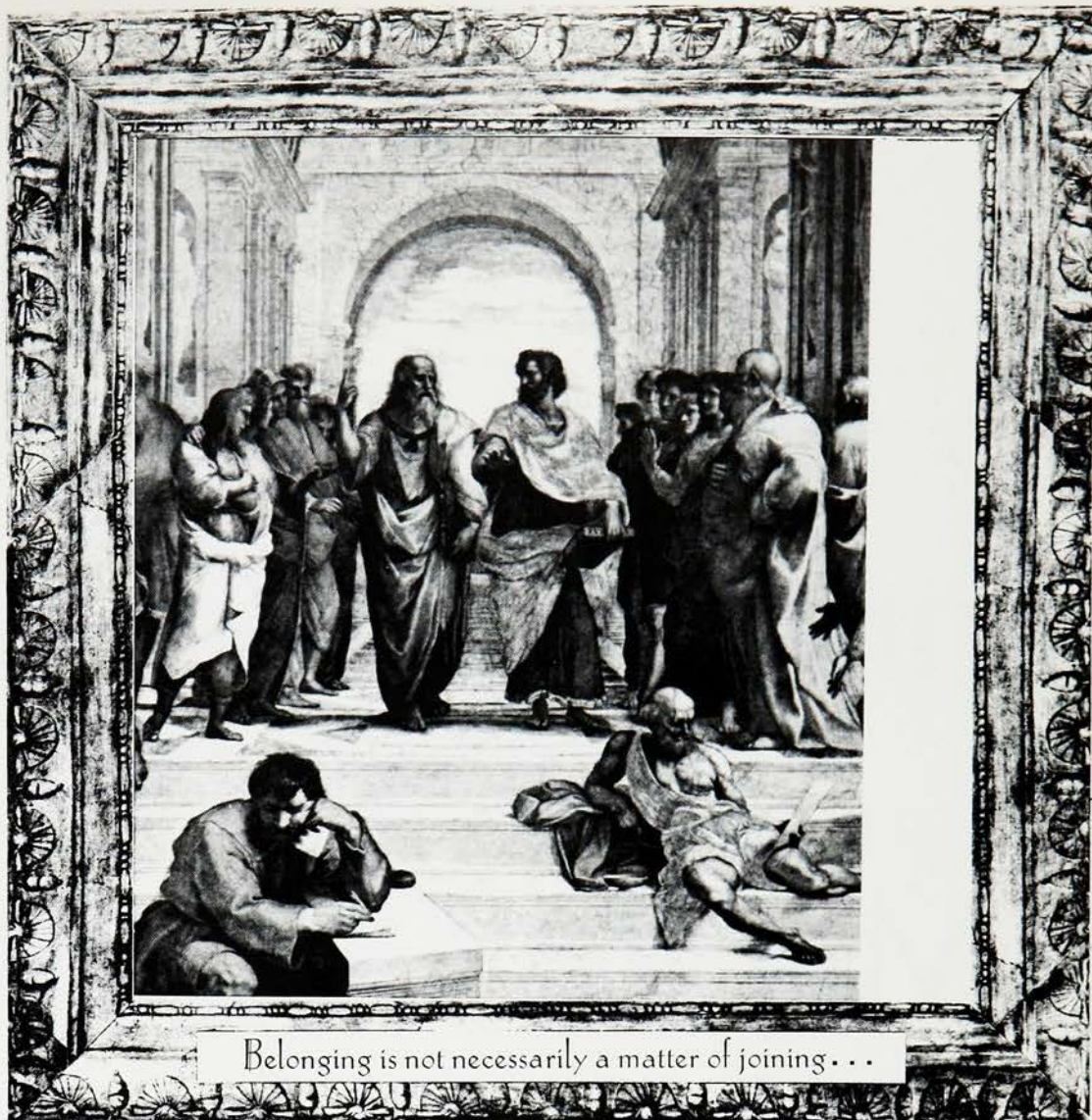
You are all aware of the problems that have confronted me during the past four years. Your everlasting friendship has been the source of the happiness that I've enjoyed during the past four years. I wish all of you the best health, happiness, and love. Good luck!

Love,
Allan

A special thank you to Dean Robert Rutledge who has helped me immensely over the past four years. Good luck to all my brothers!

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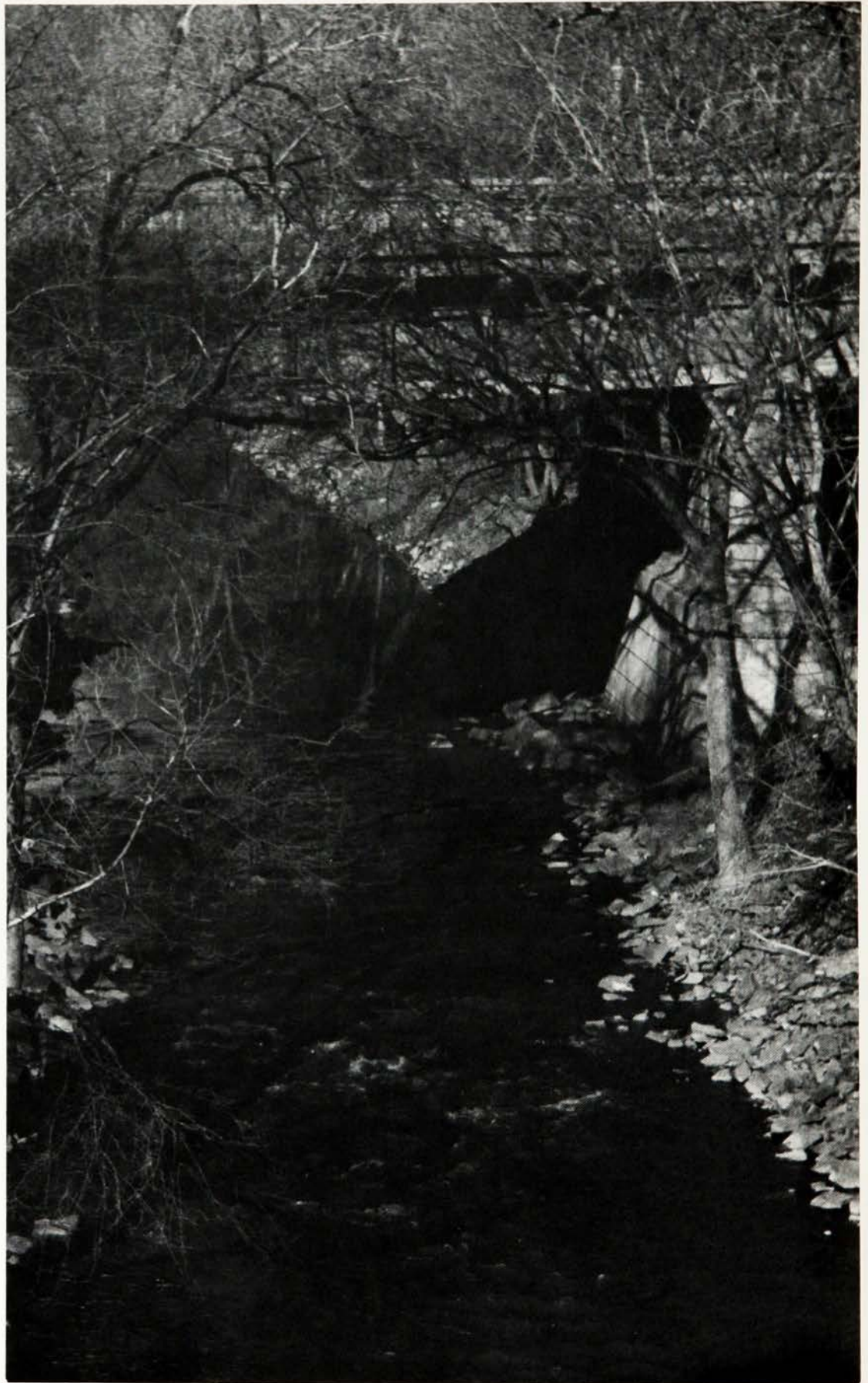


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EPILOGUE

Several people have helped out in various ways which cannot go without being acknowledged. Coy Harris, our representative from Bradbury-Keller, has been helpful in every part of our operation. He was always there to help when the going got rough. Without the cooperation of Mark Leemon and the Hatchet Composition Shop staff it could have been a lot worse. The staff is indebted to them for their time and effort. Thanks also to Art Buchwald who boosted our morale when time was running short and the book had to be completed.

Finally, there were those who helped me make it through the year intact. They are Jill Ellis, Ken Longo, Tyrone O'Neal, Karen Shapiro, Allen Schnapp, Rock Scully, Alan Trist, the Grateful Dead, and Mark Weisman and the crew from Brookline. Many thanks to Sheryl Gordon who inspired me to get it all done on time.

—Jeff Wice

You're sick of hangin' around you'd like to travel,
Get tired of travellin', you want to settle down.
I guess they can't revoke your soul for tryin',
get out of the door, light out and look all around.

Sometimes the lights all shine in' on me,
Other times I can barely see.
Lately it occurs to me,
what a long strange trip it's been.

Truckin', I'm a goin' home,
Whoa, whoa, baby, back where I belong.
Back home, sit down and patch my bones
and get back truckin' on.



